

Chapter 00 – Azkaban

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Summary: Harry Potter has been sentenced to Azkaban Prison Harry Potter died in Azkaban prison. However Harry Potter never went to Azkaban Prison. Why is he still roaming the Wizarding World very much alive, well and innocent to boot?

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Ministry Of Magic – Level Ten: Courtroom 5

Harry struggled against the vice grip of his captors as they dragged him from the court room.

"LET ME GO!!! I'M INNOCENT!!! I DIDN'T DO IT!!! LISTEN TO ME!!! I'M INNOCENT!!!" Harry screamed as he trashed. However his words landed on deaf ears as the two Aurors dragged him out of the courtroom through a side entrance, and down the hall.

"Hold still you... Oomph!" The Auror prepared to land a savage blow to silence his captive only to feel a sharp dizzying pain to his skull. Harry's manacled hands had managed to swing his chain directly into his captor's face.

As the large man doubled over in pain, his head clutched in his hands, Harry saw his chance.

"What the?" The other Auror spoke in surprise as he stared at his downed partner. "Argh!" The man cried out mostly in surprise rather than pain, Harry had delivered a sharp kick to his shin. The next thing

he saw was the metallic glint of chain links as they came smashing into his face. Just like his partner before him, he doubled over. Gritting his teeth in pain, but determined he push himself straight only to be brought down again by a well place foot in his neither regions. In a silent scream the Auror's eyes rolled back in a dead faint.

Once again, bringing the chains of his manacles down upon the back of the first Auror's head, Harry watched in mild satisfaction as the man crumpled downwards, unmoving.

'Funny how the smaller one put up more of a fight.' Harry mused.

Crouching over both the men, Harry checked they were still breathing. Sighing in relief, he proceeded to relieve them of their wands. His tactics may be a bit underhanded and brutal, but he certainly wasn't a killer.

Finding two wands on the first guy and one more on the other, Harry tried them out with a simple Lumos charm. Both wands from the first Auror worked alright as the beam of light emitted from the wand's tip. Whilst not as good as his phoenix feather wand from Olivander's, it would suffice. He wasn't in a situation where he could have pulled a Malfoy and demanded what he wanted. The third wand, when tried, didn't light up, instead it just gave out a few sparks.

'Incompatible.' Harry gritted his teeth. Deeming the wand useless to him and not wanting to leave his opponent a weapon, he snapped the wand cleanly in two. The Boy-Who-Lived watched in slight fascination as sparks shot out briefly from the unicorn's hair now protruding from the wand's core.

Tossing the remnants of the weapon down at the Auror, Harry assessed the situation that he was in. He was alone, everyone was against him, currently standing with two downed Aurors in a long corridor in the Ministry Of Magic. He had on his person, two wands and ... and... his glasses. Oh, and his hands were still manacled as

well.

'Not much really, most of my stuffs at Hogwarts.' Harry grimly thought. 'Worse comes to worse, I could use fat and skinny here as human shields.'

There were two doors on either end of the corridor. One led back to the courtroom, the other, he had no idea.

'So what to choose... decisions... decision...' Returning to the courtroom would be suicide, previously during his trial, there had been numerous witches and wizards present, not to mention the eight Aurors positioned around the room. 'Well six now.' Harry glanced down.

The large Auror was coming around slowly. Sighing, Harry bent a knee and delivered the first Auror his partner's similar treatment. The man tensed up, his eyes and mouth shot open in a silent scream before fainting.

Dumbledore and his friends wouldn't be in the courtroom, so he wouldn't run into them. Fucker Fudge had barred them from attending. Even if they were there, he had nothing against them. They believe in him, not to mention he was with them when the crime was committed. It was so far the only thing keeping him going.

'That and probably the largest dose of adrenaline ever.' Harry thought as he felt his heart pounding in his chest.

Dumbledore, who was the head of the Wizengamot, wasn't in attendance as his "position as Harry Potter's Headmaster and mentor would affect his judgment". Fudge had put it. His friends were of close relations to a suspected criminal and thus weren't allowed to attend.

'Bullshit!' Even Lucius Malfoy had Narcissa's presence at his trial.

Fudge just didn't want witnesses contradicting his accusations of the Boy-Who-Lived. The bastard didn't even permit the use of Veritaserum when requested by the accused and some Wizengamot members, said it was too expensive and rare to be used in so trivial a criminal case.

Apparently there had been a battle at Hogsmead and he, himself had been see collaborating with the Death Eaters in the cursing and hexing of the townspeople with one or two Unforgivables. Haven't they ever heard of Polyjuice potion, and they call themselves Wizarding folk.

So the question now was, should he return to the courtroom and battle his was out of the Ministry? The good point was that he would be on somewhat familiar ground and he had an idea of what he was up against, that and most of the occupants could have left already. However, the room could still be filled as it would be after a trial of the Boy-Who-Lived, no Boy-Who-Killed would probably be his new title after the Prophet got wind of this story, not to also mention the fact that he was one guy up against the whole ministry.

'Good odds. They probably need backup.' Harry thought sarcastically.

The door down the hall was an unknown factor. One, whoever or whatever was behind that door was expecting him, however he would have the element of surprise. The Auror's no doubt, there had to be at least one, where expecting a nicely trussed up Harry Potter instead of a two wand armed Boy-Who-Lived. Two, he wouldn't know what was the next room's layout and where it would lead him. That and he better think fast as the courtroom as no doubt expecting the Aurors back.

Coming to his decision on choosing the lesser of two evils, Harry went down the hallway. Reaching the door, Harry examined it. Simple door handle, no locking charm, maple wood, easy to break

down despite one strengthening charm. 'Gung ho, it would be then.'
He concluded as he raised his wand.

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Ministry Of Magic – Level Ten: Prisoner Transit Room

Auror Smith Nickleson sat at the four sided table in the Ministry-Azkaban Portkey Room. His two other friends on either side of him. All three of the Aurors were currently engaged in a contest of wills, a battle of minds, a challenge of wits and a war of confidence. What else would Aurors do while off duty in the Ministry-Azkaban Portkey Room other than play poker.

Currently Jefferey Steen had gone out to get them all a drink. As Smith waited for the commonly slow Junior Auror he glanced at his teammate's faces. They all had the same look on their faces, they were all resisting the urge to take a peak at Jefferey's face down hand. Currently the pot was sitting at a good 120 Galleons. Enough to make any Auror a very happy man for the next two weeks.

Once again Smith glanced towards the clock at the far end of the wall. One more minute before Jeffrey's time was up. The idiot had already been gone nine minutes, one more and his hand would be negated. The auror on his right once again looked at his hand a frown upon his face, was it the truth or a clever fake, Smith didn't really care as the minute hand on the clock signaled Jefferey's time up.

"Finally!" The guy to his left said impatiently. "Lets get this over with. Two pair." He said showing in his hand two pairs of kings and jacks.

"Ha! Three of a kind!" The other opening three eights.

Auror Smith couldn't believe it. This was his lucky day. "HA! COME ON!!! FULL HOUSE!!!" Unfortunately Auror Smith's good day wasn't going to last. As of that moment the door to their room exploded

inwards, a large portion of it impacting upon his head.

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Ministry Of Magic – Level Ten: Prisoner Transit Room

"Stupefy." Harry muttered pointing one wand at a different Auror. The one to his left wasn't fast enough and was thrown across the room from the sheer amount of power Harry forced through the wand to get it to work.

'Alright, less power the next time.' Harry made a mental note as he saw the last conscious Auror roll out of the way.

"Captivitus!" The Auror pointed his wand over an overturned table in which he had taken cover.

"Protego." Harry whispered lazily putting up a shield whilst standing out in the open.

The Auror obviously a green cadet assumed he had hit Harry as he hadn't heard a spell. Sticking his head over the table a round black circle filled his vision.

"Stupefy." Harry rolled his eyes watching as the Auror's head fell against his wand tip.

"Idiots. Then again I didn't really expect much when Fudge's in control of the Ministry." Harry sighed as he looked around the room, taking in the table of cards, he snorted. 'Laid back too from the looks of it.'

Bending down to retrieve the Auror's wands Harry felt a funny feeling in the back of his head. It wasn't Voldemort. It was the funny feeling that he had forgotten something. Something important.

Cards.

"Ah! Bugger!" He swore as he shot up only to hear a shaky voice shout out, "STUPEFY!!!"

Harry's thoughts as he felt his strength leave him and the weakness set in was, 'Four hands, four players. Missed one.'

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Location Unknown

"Enervate."

A surge of energy shocked him from the darkness. The feeling was something similar to waking up on Christmas morning. That weird feeling waking up with too much energy despite not getting enough sleep the night before.

That feeling didn't last, the rust of energy soon ebbed away leaving him slightly exhausted, a side effect of the Enervate Charm. It caused a built up of strength in a person but left them slightly drained after the initial rush.

"You sure you did that charm right?" A voice was heard above him.

Harry did the smart thing, lie still and feign unconsciousness. It had been drilled into him since the start of his sixth year. The Order had finally seen reason to train him in extra defense, instead of leaving him to fend for himself like the last four years.

Since he was somewhat retired and still owed his old friend Dumbledore a favor, Alastor "Mad Eye" Moody had taken up the once again available and cursed position of Defense Against The Dark Arts Professor. This of course meant that he was Harry's new personal instructor. Once Harry had gotten to actually know the battle

scared Auror, he had found the man was not as paranoid as everyone thought. He was much worse.

The poor man lived a life of constant assumed danger, believing that there was always someone constantly out to get him. Not much different from his own situation, he at least knew that there was a power crazy megalomaniac and his jerked up band of dumb assed circus troops who were out for his blood.

Of course Mad Eye didn't seem to mind his "unique" lifestyle. For all it seemed the retired Auror actually looked like he enjoyed it. The man always seemed to be itching for a duel, probably still living in his glorious days as the Ministry's top Auror. Not that Harry minded of course, but every once in a while the one eyed man did go some what overboard.

"Definitely. You saw me perform it." Another voice, deeper and somewhat muffled was heard next.

From the sound of it they were probably Aurors, two of them. Harry quickly reevaluated his situation. He did know where he was, he was lying face up before two Aurors with their wands drawn. They would have definitely relieved him of his previously acquired wands.

'What to do? What to do?' They would soon notice his act. Making a logical guess, Harry assumed he was now either in the Ministry or at Azkaban. Judging from the lack of light shining through his eye lids and the slight cold, he opted for the latter.

Escape from the inescapable prison would definitely prove to be a bit of a hassle. Human guards were positioned around the prison, last he had heard, not to mention the presence of the Dementors. Fucker Fudge had somehow convinced them to return to the Ministry's side. Probably been offering them the souls of any recently captured low ranked Death Eaters, like those that were mysteriously capture and never tried a few weeks ago.

'Bullshit.' Had been Harry's thoughts the moment he heard that particular piece about the return of the soul sucking bitches. Voldemort probably wanted his allies in a position where they could once again release his followers easily.

He didn't care what the bumbling buffoon of the Minister said. He had been proven true once again, when Voldie's top ranked Death Eaters he and his friends captured in the Department Of Mysteries months ago, had escaped four weeks after the Dementors were reinstated to the island fortress. Fudge of course blatantly ignored such a large breakout and reassured the public that the Dementors were truly on their side.

"Funny. He's still stunned. Do it again." The first guy was heard as Harry felt a boot prod his right side.

Not wanting another Enervate Charm, as its side effects would probably knock him out. His eyes snapped open and Harry found himself staring up at two men, dressed in dark blue robes. Both had their hoods up, the only indication of their surprise were the widening of their eyes. Snapping into action, Harry took a firm grip of the man's foot and gave a sharp tug. Rolling over on his left, he dragged the man further down. Releasing his hold on the ankle and propping himself up with his left elbow pointed skywards. In a push up position, he was rewarded with a sharp intake of breath followed by a high pitched silent scream.

During his training with his instructor, Harry quickly learnt that in battle, one does not win by the casting of spells alone, fast speed, creativeness, luck and a fair bit of foul play always helped. That and he noticed most law enforcement and Death Eater personnel were male in gender. Thus providing him with his favorite point of attack.

Pushing himself up with his hands, he lifted the front of his body first, tipping the man off him. Snapping his legs forwards into a crouched

position, Harry held his hand out to receive the man's wand as he dropped it in favor of nursing his gonads.

Not knowing whether the wand was compatible or not, He pushed as much power into the spell. "Expelliarmus." The spell hit dead center on the man's chest, effectively blowing him off his feet and into the wall behind him. A dull thud indicated the man had bashed his head, the body crumpled to the floor motionless.

"Stupefy." A stunner to the groaning man, and Harry summoned the second wand. Testing it, he scowled in disgust, it wasn't very compatible but it would work. Pocketing it against his usual habit of snapping, he had the weird feeling that he would need it later. Harry looked around finally taking note of his surroundings.

"What the hell?" Was the first thought through his mind.

He was standing in the middle of an extremely familiar round room. Completely painted in black and lit by blue flame torches, the circular room was ringed with doors, each spaced apart in perfect similarity.

Harry knew at once where he was with one look at the black unmarked doors, the blue flame torches and circular design. He was smack dead center in the middle of the Ministry, at its lowest level, and most secure area, the Department Of Mysteries.

Images of a dark sinister stone archway raised upon a great stone dais. A simple tattered curtain hung from it, fluttering softly in the still air, blown by an unknown wind.

The Veil Of Death. The Death Arc. The Netherworld Portal. Sirius.

'No! Sirius is dead. Get over him. He died an honorable death. He's someplace better now. Period.' He squashed down the memories of his disastrous fifth year.

Snapping back to the present he approached one of the doors. He yanked on it, locked. "Alohomora." He whispered, wand pointed at the handle. He didn't expect it to work, and it didn't. Using the flame curse Hermione used the last time they were here, he marked the door with a fiery red cross.

To his disgust and frustration, all of the doors were locked, not that he really expected them to be open. Contrary to his last excursion to this place, most of the doors had been open and no guards were present. The reason for this was due to the Death Eaters disabling most of the wards and neutralizing the sentries before hand, or so Dumbledore had said.

Another thing the Headmaster had told him was that the doors would only allow you entrance if your rank was sufficient. All you needed on you was a magically enchanted security card keyed in to your magical signature. The reason for the rotating room was to continuously shift the location of the department rooms. This was to prevent people knowing the exact coordinates should an invasion by Apparation or Portkey occur, despite the Anti Apparation and Portkey wards in place.

Frustrated he began to pace the room. Why was he here, and not being held in a Ministry holding cell or being carted off to Azkaban? Harry was slightly confused. What could the Department Of Mysteries want with him?

A sudden realization came over him. The only reason he was here would be that they were planning to execute him. One push was all it took, straight into the veil.

He had to hand it to Fudge, the idiot had really out done himself this time. Executing your political enemy off, no body, and no evidence, perfect.

A small part of him accepted this idea, he would finally be able to

rejoin his parents and Sirius beyond the veil, another wanted so badly to show Fudge up by escaping and giving the bastard a swift kick in the nuts.

He never got to complete that thought as a small click was heard to his left. Harry spun, a door was opening.

"Oi! Are the two of you done yet?" The Dragon... What the..." The newcomer also what Harry assumed was an Unspeakable went down to a stunner.

A jet of red light shot out from the doorway at Harry. A small shield charm and Harry returned fire. Five more simultaneous bolts of red flew at him. The man obviously had others with him. Harry's guess was five in all, judging from the number of spells being cast, unless one of them possessed multiple wands or they were all just really fast casters.

A small thought passed Harry as he fought back. Four men had emerged from the doorway, one wielding dual wands. All the spells the men had fired at him were mostly below sixth year and mainly harmless. They weren't trying to kill or harm him permanently, only disable and restrain.

'If that's the case. Bring it on.' Harry stepped up his attack and switched to a much more reckless offensive style. Powerful, destructive and downright lethal spells flew from the stolen wand. Each spell so overcharged they left hairs standing in their passing.

During the duel, the door had shut itself and the room's revolving had begun. Both the blurring of the background and the loud rumbling only served to add more confusion and chaos to the duel. Harry welcomed this, he had discovered that chaotic situations had the reverse affect of sharpening his senses and increasing his awareness. Adrenaline was a good thing when used right.

Five minutes into the duel and Harry had to hand it to them. The four of them were good, not that he wasn't shabby either, and it was four on one. He of course had the handicap of using lethal spell and them useless tickling hexes. All four of them had been casting their spells silently so apart from the strongest shield spell he knew, Harry didn't want to get anywhere near a spell he couldn't identify from the wand movements.

Side stepping two jets of light, Harry shot a stunner off to a man's right. Predictably he sidestepped into it, his momentum carrying his stunned body into his partners. In a few seconds two men were out cold. One of his other partners tried to help by enervating them, it was countered by another stunner, a body bind, a rope bind, a silencing spell and a localized shield charm.

Harry did all this with his back turned with only his shield and constant sidestepping to protect him.

"Raven five, get backup." The man equipped with dual wands shouted as the room stopped spinning.

The man, Raven five called out. "Raven Five, Tactical Operations." A door swung open and he ran for it.

Harry fired a stunner at the man's back hoping to take him out. What he didn't expect was for the other man to jump into the path of the curse willingly taking it. Harry let out a string of swear words as he saw the door swing shut.

'Back at square one. Stuck in a wildly spinning circular room with no exit.' He thought glumly.

Immediately the room began revolving again. Harry summoned all the wands to him. Panting and catching his breath as he tried out each wand, he racked his brain for what to do in his situation now. Any idiot would know that he was screwed, when the wall ceased

spinning, the entire Department Of Mysteries would probably flood into the room.

No change hoping that they would send a small four men team again. Come on, not to sound arrogant or anything, but he was the Boy-Who-Kicked-Snake-Face's-Ass-On-An-Annual-Basis. They were definitely coming in with everything they had.

And his day kept on getting better. Only one of the new wands was compatible. 'Perfect. Absolutely perfect.' At least he still had two somewhat compatible and one partially working wand.

Snapping all the other wands, he stood in the middle of the room and cast the strongest shield charm he knew. He poured all of his power into it, the wand not being his own, resisted slightly. Soon with two smoking wands in both hands, The-Boy-Who-Lived was enveloped in a powerful visible glistening white sphere.

'If I'm going down. Let it be so.' Pointing each wand in one direction, he pooled as much power as possible and waited. The room slowly slowed down, the flames on the torches regaining their vertical shape.

With a final clank the rumbling halted, the room stilled. Switching his eyes left and right, hands gripping the wands tighter he waited. For a few seconds there was silence. The torch's flickering flame casting unique shadows upon the walls.

Suddenly a door banged open, and another, and another. Multiple clicks were heard as doors opened and Unspeakables swarmed the main entrance. A smile crept up on his face, 'So be it.' Harry forced the magic through his arm.

"EXPLODRA!!!"

Twin pillars of power rocketed from the wands. Harry right hand lost

hold of his wand from the recoil, whereas his left bled from splinters when the wand shattered.

"DUCK!!!" A voice shouted, but it was too late.

Two simultaneous explosions ripped through the room sending debris and men flying in all directions. Harry noted with some relief that all of them had shields in place. While they wouldn't be fatally injured they sure as hell wouldn't be waking up in a few days.

Cradling his left hand, Harry glared through his glasses at the remaining conscious Unspeakables. All had their wands directed at him, wisely ignoring the moans and groans of their comrades. He noted with slight satisfaction that a few of them were wavering from fear.

Harry wouldn't blame them the sheer power he was now emitting from his shield was considerable, Moody would be so proud.

"Lower your shield and surrender." A man pushed his way to the front. He was definitely the leader.

"Infligo!" Harry shouted as he dropped his left hand to reveal his previously hidden wand. 'When all else fail, take out the leader.' The bludgeoning spell connected with the man's head causing it to snap back into the person behind him. At the same time multiple streams of stunners flew at him.

Incredibly strong assed shield or not, it sure as hell wasn't going to stop fifty stunners at once. The shield caved in under the relentless barrage and Harry knew no more.

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Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries

"Enervate."

Harry awoke to find himself thoroughly bound by the thickest ropes to a small wooden chair. Both hands securely tied to the chairs back, each foot to a respective leg.

"Good afternoon Mr. Potter." A voice said before him.

Lifting his head he stared into the eyes of a hooded blue cloaked man sitting behind a work desk before him. Twisting his neck sharply, Harry noted he was in some sort of office. A magical window lay behind the man, giving a nice view of a park.

The man himself sat hunched forwards, his elbows on the desk and fingers entwined to support his resting head. A bright red Unspeakable identity card with black letters could be seen pinned to his left breast robe pocket.

Dragon

Level Nine Clearance

So this was Dragon. One of the men mentioned him earlier. That was before he knocked him out. 'Level nine?' Harry quirked an eyebrow. 'Pretty high ranked too.' Something Harry picked up throughout his last sixteen years was that he despised most authoritative figures, especially Ministry ones.

"Or maybe I should say evening." Harry could make out a smile. "It may not look it but it's currently midnight." The man tilted his head, gesturing towards the window behind him.

Harry grunted.

"Not one for many words are you Mr. Potter." The man leaned back and reached into his drawers to retrieve a dull yellow folder. "Never

mind, I don't mind. Hmmm... let's see." He mused as he thumbed through the pile of paper within it. "Name, Harry James Potter. Born 1980 to James Tiberius Potter and Lily Rose Evans Potter. Parents murdered when at fifteen months of age. Sent to Muggle guardians until 1990. Currently attending Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Spends Summers at Muggle Guardian's house, remains at school over all holidays except last Christmas?" The man looked up. Seeing no reaction he continued.

"Best friends with Ronald Reginald Weasley..." Harry quirked an eyebrow at his best friend's name. No wonder he never told him. "And Hermione Anne Samantha Harriet Gwendolyn Geneieve (Ge-Nie-Ve) Granger." Harry goggled at his other friend's name.

'Damn. Fuck me.' Apparently Dragon had the same thoughts, as he was staring at the file in surprise.

"Spends last four weeks of Summer holidays usually at The Burrow. Owned by Molly Sabrina Prewett Weasley and Arthur Montgomery Weasley. Godfather, Sirius Orion Black, sentence to Azkaban for betrayal of the Potters and murder of thirteen Muggles and Peter William Pettigrew."

Harry immediately felt his anger bubbling. "SIRIUS WAS INNOCENT!!!" He roared back.

The man's eyes snapped back up to lay on Harry, a small smile could be seen forming on his face. "There, that wasn't so hard now, was it? All you needed was a little push."

Harry's eyes narrowed when he realized he had been manipulated into speaking. He bit his tongue and pursed his lips to a thin line.

"Alas, back to square one." The man shifted slightly in his seat. Harry caught a slight silvery glimmer within the man's robe. "Jumping on ahead." The Unspeakable flipped a few more pages forwards, his

body straightening up slightly. Harry caught what the silvery substance was. The man had an extremely long beard, it was mostly tucked within his robes.

"Ah here we are. Harry James Potter, accused for working in league with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, a.k.a, Tom Marvolo Riddle. Found guilty under suspicious circumstances and sentenced to life in Azkaban prison. Possessions and vault retained by Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. Wand destroyed."

Harry sagged slightly when he heard the last sentence. His wand, his only means of equaling Voldemort was destroyed.

The man gave him a slight sympathetic look as he closed the folder, as if saying he knew what was happening. Harry frowned and tried his best to reinforce his Occlumency shields. No matter how hard Moody had tried, Harry still had some problems grasping the concept of Occlumency.

"Harry you arrived at Azkaban prison a day before yesterday afternoon where you spent one night. You were discovered the next morning by prison guards. You died from your adverse reaction to the Dementors. Fudge was thoroughly investigated for corruption and tempering with crime scene evidence. He was found guilty together with his Senior Undersecretary Dolores Jane Umbridge. Both were sentence to Azkaban for life. Your case was reopened and you were found innocent. You were awarded the Order Of Merlin First Class Three times." The man said somewhat amused.

Harry was now staring at the man confused. He just heard he was dead. Yet here he was sitting, a bit tied up, but alive and well. Also wasn't he on his way to Azkaban earlier that day? Unless...

"You were kept unconscious for the last two days Mr. Potter. We didn't want to risk you escaping yet. You seem to be very resourceful when it comes to those situations."

"How? Why?" Harry choked out.

"Because Mr. Potter, we want to help you. We're on your side in this war. Not Dumbledore's Order, not the Ministry, but yours." The man reached into his robes and fished out a small red card with black letters.

Griffin 06

Level One Clearance

"Welcome to the Unspeakables Mr. Harry James Potter." The man said as he released Harry's bonds with a very familiar wand.

Eleven inches Holly, nice and supple.

"That's my wand."

Author's Note:

There you have it people the prologue to my second Harry Potter Fanfiction. I hope this turns out as well as I hope it would.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Review Replies:

Erm... How am I suppose to reply when this is the first chapter posting? Hmm... Oh well, I guess you all will have to make up for it by reviewing more in later chapters. LOL

Thank you.

Chapter 01 – Welcome Griffin 06

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Quidditch Pitch

Dead.

Deceased.

Gone.

Expired.

Finished.

Departed.

Perished.

Offed.

Snuffed out.

Done for.

Buried.

Erased.

Passed away.

Defunct.

Washed up.

Checked out.

Belly up.

The big sleep.

Dozing with the fishes.

Flown to the big Quidditch pitch in the sky.

Hanging with the big guy.

Bought the farm, left the building.

Kicked the bucket.

Bit the Bullet.

Six feet under.

Pushing up the daisies.

Electroencephalographically challenged?

He still couldn't believe it. His best Mate, his brother, his companion, Harry James Potter, had finally left them. He hadn't gone down wand blazing and cursing at dark wizards or popping off quietly in his sleep, but in a dingy filthy god forbidden ten by ten feet jail cell out in the middle sea on a dark forbidding island.

Ron had always believed that Harry was impervious to death. His best friend had shrugged off death more than three times already in his short life. Heck he had shrugged off the darkest of all unforgivable killing curses at the mere age of one with only a scar.

Each of his friend's near death experiences throughout the years had left him with a certain memento. Harry had three scars to show for his adventures, two on his right arm, both from the basilisk and

Wormtail's knife. The last being his famous scar from the somewhat failed killing curse.

Now here he was staring at the body of his friend lying in the velvet lined coffin, his body unmarked by this latest event. The funny thing was, most people sent to Azkaban usually held out for a week or so. It was in a way ironic that what most people were able to survive, his friend, couldn't for a single day.

It must have been horrible. He knew Harry's greatest fear were the Dementors. They gave him visions of his worst nightmares. Compared to normal people, Harry's nightmares were like the comparison of a fluffy kitten to a starved lion. It was no wonder his friend hadn't made it a single night.

He reached over and stared at the face of his best friend. He looked peaceful, a serene look of calmness over his face. The body had been cleaned and dressed in emerald dress robes. Harry's somewhat long hair had been slicked neatly back and tied up in a pony tail, his cursed scar in plain view, just above his right eye.

"We won't lose hope Harry. We'll keep on fighting mate. Say hi to everyone up there for me." Ron spoke to his dead friend in a subdued manner.

In a last favor for his best friend, he reached over into the coffin. Tugging a few strands of his fringe hair out from the pony tail he ruffled it slightly before laying it over the scar. Harry had taken to growing his hair out over the last year. Even though he tied it back, he still left the fringe covering his scar.

"Goodbye mate. See you in a couple of years." With that Ron gave a short nod before going to console a sobbing Hermione.

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Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Quidditch Pitch

It was pretty weird in a morbid sort of way. He thought as he stood a distance away from the coffin. He leaned back upon one foot, locking his knees to support his weight as he surveyed the surroundings again.

Thousands of witches and wizards had turned up for his funeral service, and it wasn't even midday yet. The line of magical folk wanting to pay their respects to the late Harry Potter was so long it extended out the gates of the school and into the town of Hogsmead.

He should know, he had been standing in the blasted line since the crack of dawn.

He sighed, 'All this just to see some dead guy in a coffin.' He held that thought for a moment. Fine maybe not just some dead guy. It was Harry Bleeding Potter The-Boy-Who-Has-His-Name-Hyphenated-With-One-Too-Many-Titles. Maybe it was worth taking a look at him.

The man rolled his eyes wondering why he was thinking these ridiculous thoughts, when he himself had spent the last four hours in line.

'I'm definitely blaming my morbid sense of curiosity.' He mused as he looked around once again.

The funeral being such a public event, posed an almost irresistible opportunity for Voldemort to stage a mass scare attack. Unfortunately for the Dark Wanker, Albus-I-Have-Too-Many-Names-Dumbledore had organized the funeral. That meant Alastor-Swivel-My-Eye-Moody was in charge of security.

The paranoid man could be seen prowling the edges of the pitch with

his wand out and mumbling to himself. No doubt the Order would be here as well.

It wasn't really that hard to miss really. If one looked, one could see there were multiple Phoenix Agents and Aurors discreetly patrolling the outer edges of the Quidditch pitch, the school grounds and the road leading to Hogsmead. Heck there were a few undercover Unspeakables among the crowd. Not that he could see them of course. They were much too good to be identified.

As he drew nearer to the coffin he placed a look of indifference over his face. Off to the side were a few benches for the deceased closest friends. The most prominent sight among the mourning people was a group of red heads, the Weasley family. They were the most subdued of the lot, the matriarch of the family was currently sobbing her eyes out on her husband's shoulder.

A bit further to the left was the aged Headmaster of Hogwarts looking every one of his one hundred and fifty years. To his left was the hunched over form of the Werewolf, Remus Lupin. He stared at the man for a while.

He felt sort of bad that they were going through this, but now was not the time, he had a job to perform. Closing his eyes and trying his best, he squashed all emotions with his small grasp of Occlumency.

Leaning slightly forwards he stared at the preserved body in the coffin. So this was how the savior of the Wizarding world was to be buried. At least someone had decided to cover up that ridiculous scar of his. All in all, whoever had done this had to be given some credit. Harry Potter did look quite dashing in Wizarding robes. Only problem was, he was slightly dead at the moment. Oh well one couldn't be too picky. Still he did look good in emerald robes.

Seeing as he had stood in front of the casket for a bit too long staring. The man decided to give a short bow. Shrugging his shoulders, he

turned and made his way towards the gate. He had seen what he wanted.

Harry Potter was dead.

This suited his plans perfectly.

Emerald eyes blazed with power as the man threw his hood over his raven locks. It was time to get to work.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Quidditch Pitch

Albus Dumbledore stood alongside the Weasley family as they grieved for someone they considered their own son.

He gave a deep sigh. For someone who prided himself in being able to foresee events before they happened, he had been extremely short sighted with issues concerning one Harry Potter. Perhaps it would have been better if he hadn't interfered with the boy's life in the first place.

The old man turned to the person sitting beside him. Brown hair lay tussled in a mess as the person held his head in his hands.

Remus Lupin, the last Marauder had probably no one else to live for. After the loss of his three friends, the man had fallen into depression. Only the thought of meeting Harry Potter, the last remaining link to his friends had kept him going. Dumbledore had already decided to keep a closer eye on the man in case he went off the deep end.

Six months ago, the death of Sirius had hit the man pretty bad. Once again both he and Harry had fallen into depression.

It hadn't lasted very long thought. That he was glad for. Remus had

already experienced loss a few times in the past and it wasn't so much as a shock to him as it was fourteen years ago. Still the man knew he had to be there for Harry, and had pulled himself together.

Harry on the other hand was a bit different. At first the boy had fallen into a state of shock then sadness. It was expected when someone had lost the only father figure they had. It was a bit strange however when the youth had gotten over the death of his godfather after only two weeks of mourning.

He had of course talked to Remus about this. The man had been visiting Harry quite often after the holidays had begun. Judging from the way Remus had worded his answers, he had guessed that either Harry had gotten over the loss as he didn't really know Sirius that well and therefore wasn't that attached to him.

No. Albus didn't think that was the answer. It would most probably be that Harry had come to accept that Sirius death was not his fault and that his godfather wouldn't have wanted him wasting away at his death.

This was of course proven to be the case later in the year. Albus himself had offered to tutor the boy. Predictably, with his relation already strained with Harry, the child had declined. Instead an alternative was reached. Alastor had been called in to tutor him instead.

Harry's forte being his determination had ensured his rapid learning in almost all fields that the ex Auror taught him. His Occlumency on the other hand never did progress very well. Harry at best had only been able to throw off a mind attack seconds after it was launched. He never did get the hang of completely creating a barrier around his mind, much less create fake memories and emotions. At least he was strong enough to block out Voldemort.

There was one subject that Harry had surprisingly stood out well in

though, physical combat. It was quite hard that one could visualize the timid quiet conservative boy as a powerful quick and deadly martial artist.

Alastor had of course started him off with a few simple moves that he knew when Harry asked about getting out of someone's hold. Harry then, on his own, had researched the Muggle art.

When enquired by his tutor he had replied that it was the perfect outlet for his anger and stress. He of course excelled at it as Severus could testify.

The Potions master had bore witness to one of the duels between Harry and Alastor, where Harry had won by utilizing agility and physical attacks to bring down his opponent. Severus, being himself had scoffed the boy saying he had been lucky and that Alastor was in fact pretty much lame with his wooden leg. This had of course prompted a new duel. Severus had known about Mr. Potter's lack of knowledge on spells far beforehand, a weakness he was hoping to exploit. He however didn't expect Harry to rush him and utilize his now famed "Squirrel Move".

It was a memory that the Headmaster and probably Harry himself had stored in a Pensieve. The "Squirrel Move", as Harry called it, was in truth, very simple.

"Just go for the nuts." Was all Harry had explained after Severus was on the floor clutching his bruised family jewels.

After that comment, anyone dueling Harry never forgot their protective charms. This of course didn't hinder him much.

"The human body had plenty more areas of soft tissue." He had commented, "Furthermore, if one kick doesn't work, just do it again and again. One of them is bound to get through." The boy had then proceeded to kick Snape multiple times in the groin till he

relinquished his wand.

Albus gave a slight chuckle at the memory. Severus was seen prowling Hogwarts with a slight limp for the next two months. Magic, after all still had its limitations.

Remus, sitting beside him had lifted his head at the foreign sound coming from the Headmaster. The man stiffened before jumping to his feet looking around wildly and frantically.

Albus was beginning to worry at the man's sanity when he suddenly calmed down and began to chuckle.

"Remus, are you feeling alright?" He asked in concern. The poor man must have finally snapped.

"Never better old chap, Never better." The man replied completely out of character as he made to leave the Quidditch pitch.

Dumbledore was about to follow man fearing he may do something stupid when the screaming sounded.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Quidditch Pitch

Anthony Blackwood. A pureblooded Wizard from a pureblooded family snarled as he shot off another curse into the crowd gathered for Potter's funeral. The disgust he had at these Witches and Wizards paying their respects to a Muggle lover showed in his voice.

The Dark Lord would soon put them in their place.

Potter's funeral wake was the perfect place to stage an attack. Prominent magical folk had gathered in one small place that was easily accessible. The anti apparition wards didn't matter much, the

Forbidden forest was nearby and provided an easy entry and escape route. Add to that, a reward had been offered by the Dark Lord to the Death Eater who could bring him Potter's severed head after the attack.

This was his chance. It was simple. Enter the service as one of the brat's worshippers with his group of Death Eaters, cause mayhem, severe the head, piss on the body and leave via the forest. Easy, what could go wrong?

Anthony Blackwood being a pureblood had of course never been introduced to Murphy's laws.

'What can go wrong, will go wrong, and would do so in the worst way.' That and 'Don't tempt fate. She's a bitch.'

This being the case, he had trained his wand on a new target after the thoughts passed his mind. His target, a man cloaked in blue and very out of place in the screaming crowd was walking calmly. However as he begun to utter a curse the target's eyes widened. Anthony was slightly stunned as bright emerald eyes bore into his own.

Anthony Blackwood never knew what hit him after that. One moment he was standing ready to curse. The next he was on the floor clutching his bruised gonads after having been introduced to the 'Squirrel Move'.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Quidditch Pitch

Harry stared at the idiot Death Wanker before him rolling in pain. Delivering two more kicks to the man's privates and finally one to his head, he succeeded in knocking him out.

He sighed as a Wizard ran past him screaming in a high pitched voice. Idiots the whole lot of them. Didn't magical folk have a shred of logic. It was simple. Three hundred people in crowd, twenty Death Eaters.

'Count you simpletons. You out number them, a simple pile up would probably suffocate them to death.'

He sighed.

Such a public funeral was just asking for an attack anyway. This would probably cause a new shit storm for the new Minister. Politicians, they were all alike, idiots. True, Dumbledore was one, however his first job was of an educator. True politicians like Fudge boy were idiots.

And like any true politician, the highest level of satisfaction was the role of Minister Of Magic. Harry shook his head in disappointment, the new Minister would probably be an idiot as well. Served the bastard right anyway, what was he thinking?

'Probably trying to gain more support by portraying me as a martyr.' Harry snorted, 'Hope he enjoys the attention the media will be paying him now.'

'The Funeral Of Harry James Potter'

Now that was an interesting thought.

If he were to have a funeral, which he was, in a roundabout sort of way, he would probably have a nice small, Death Eater free one over in the Godric's Hollow Cemetery.

The group that followed him to the Ministry last year would definitely be there. Remus and the Weasleys would definitely attend. Dobby too, 'Can't forget him.'. Probably get Tonks and Moody as well, both

hadn't pissed him off anytime lately.

Who else...

Harry seemed to be forgetting someone in his list, definitely not Voldemort. 'The Dark Wanker'. Snape? Harry snorted, 'Yeah right.'. Dumbledore? 'Maybe'.

Now he remembered.

Draco.

Why?

Mainly because the ponce would definitely show up to gloat. Then of course all the guests present would have a reason to kill him off. The Wizarding world would understand, it would be for a better cause after all.

Harry made a mental note to include that in his will the next time he updated it.

Seeing that the Death Eater before him was out cold he decided to make like an idiot and leave the area. The Aurors and Unspeakables could handle this. Just in case, he gave the unconscious man another blow to the balls. The man whimpered and Harry shrugged. He didn't really care.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Twenty Four Hours Before Attack On Hogwarts

Harry stared at the piece of wood nestle in his palm. He looked up a guarded expression on his face.

"Let me get this straight. You want me, to join the Unspeakables." He stated pointing at his chest.

"Perhaps you didn't catch me the first time Mr. Potter. I didn't say join, I said welcome. I have taken the liberty to fill your particulars. You have been in our employ since this morning. Here you'll need these." The man slid a few more items across the table.

Harry's eyes scanned the items. One was a wrist holster for his wand and the other was a small booklet.

Seeing his raised eyebrow the Head spoke. "It's a handbook given to new Unspeakables. Helps them familiarize themselves to the place."

"Tell me for I'm curious. Why are you recruiting me and how did you go about faking my death?" Harry enquired in a neutral tone his mind working furiously.

"Ah... misdirection Harry, misdirection. The eyes see, the ears hear and brain believes. A simple Polyjuice potion, a few of your hairs, one soulless criminal in Azkaban and presto, permanent dead body."

Harry recalled back in his fourth year that an escape from the Wizarding prison was made possible with the same technique by replacing the missing body. A unique side effect of Polyjuice was that if the drinker died while in disguise, that person would remain permanently stuck in that form.

"As to why we would want to recruit you. You're resourceful, loyal, determined, skillful, aggressive, when you need to be and let's not forget, no one would notice you gone now. Perfect skills for an Unspeakable." The man finished in a satisfied tone.

"Interesting. Tell me. If I'm dead wouldn't there be some kind of funeral service. I mean, I am the Boy-Who-Lived." Harry said the last word sarcastically.

"Funny you should ask that. Your wake happens to be tomorrow at Hogwarts."

"Let me guess. This was the Ministry's idea. Do they realize that such a public event is just asking for Voldemort to show up and cause a shit storm?"

"I have anticipated this and have assigned a few Unspeakables as guards. They are highly train and experienced."

A minute of silence followed as both men stared at each other.

"I wish to attend." Harry spoke suddenly.

"That is unacceptable. You are needlessly exposing yourself to danger. Furthermore there are other things that will require your presence."

Harry stared directly into the man's eyes. "As you wish Mr. Flamel."

The Unspeakable's eyes widened.

Harry took advantage immediately. His hands gripped the edge of the desk as he slipped off his chair. Sliding beneath the desk, he knocked the chair out from under the Unspeakable.

Suddenly losing his support the man pitched forwards. His chin impacting on the edge of the desk. The whiplash was probably a bit too much for the man and he fell into unconsciousness.

'Score' Harry thought. Now he had something else he could add to his resume.

Harry James Potter

Whooped Lord Tom-I-Suck-At-Anagrams-Voldemort-Riddle five times (More or less just lived to tell the tale).

Super Seeker boy (Though I did fall off my broom a couple of times).

Walloped forty foot legendary Basilisk (Had help from a Phoenix and a hat though).

Won Triwizard Tournament (It actually was a draw).

Kick snarky assed overgrown bat boy Snape in the gonads (Yes. I am proud of it).

Destroyed twinkle toes Dumbledore's office and being let off (It was his fault really).

Knocked out Nicholas Flamel without lifting my wand (Damn I'm good).

Harry looked over the form of the downed man. The man was practically a living fossil. He had suspected that the Alchemist had either given Dumbledore a dud stone back in first year, or had more than one stone. It was the only explanation as to why he was still kicking.

It was probably the first. From what he had read. It was an extremely random business making a Philosopher's Stone. Not ever attempt yielded successful results. That and the ingredients must have been rare. Furthermore, if three first years could make it through all the defenses, who would entrust the stone to that kind of defense. Dumbledore had been counting on the mirror and the castle ward's to protect the stone.

"Sorry Professor, but I've got better plans." Harry said as he looked around the office. "That, and I'm not about to trade one manipulative fossil for an even older one."

Just in case he check the old man by casting a diagnostic charm.

"Hmm..." Still alive, would wake up with a stiff neck though.

Harry shrugged. He could live with that.

Harry made a mental note to add this recent memory to his Pensieve when he got a new one. The man had obviously not expected Harry to have so easily unveiled his identity. Obscuring charms were good and all, but up against magical sight like Mad-Eye-Moody's, they were just useless. The idiots had let him keep his glasses without checking them for charms.

It didn't mean that anyone with charmed glasses could do it though. It took a fair bit of power that most Wizards and Witches couldn't manage. Harry doubt that most the Unspeakables here could do it.

Harry nudged the man onto his back and stunned him for good measure. He then begun searching the man's desk and cabinets. To say he found some interesting stuff would have been an understatement.

The man's office held a small fortune of knowledge on how the Department Of Mysteries operated. There were six divisions within the department, each with its own specific role to play.

Research And Development was under the Unicorn Division, they were the ones that went about their boring little lives tinkering with the unknown and trying to come up with something new.

'Boring sad buggers.'

Field Surveillance was headed by the Phoenix Division. They were responsible for scouting out targets, gathering information and monitoring known suspects. Harry assumed a few of them had been

trailing him for while to create such an accurate file on him. Then again he was the Boy-Who-Lived, and it wasn't like he was very discrete anyway.

'Best be on the look out for them.'

Analysis And Tactical Specialist, this division reminded him of Ron. His best mate would definitely have been placed in the Serpent Division if he ever was recruited. Then again Ron might decline due to the division's name.

'Probably full of cunning Slytherins anyway. Guess that rules out Draco.'

Counter Intelligence. Not much explanation required for that one. Harry kept imagining a Wizarding version of James Bond. The name even suited it, Raven Division.

'Should have named it Bat Division though, grease ball would have been able to join.'

Operatives. Now that's what he was good at. Griffin Division, go in, cause mayhem, get out. Hit and run operatives.

'My kind of people.'

Finally there was the Dragon. It was the title given to the Head Unspeakable. He had the highest access level being nine. The lowest being one.

Harry then decided to look though the small booklet. His eyes bugged slightly. Were these Wizards thick or something? If the Death Eaters got a hold... hold that thought, they probably had already gotten a hold on a booklet. The bloody thing had a perfect map of the entire department laid out.

'Complete with lavatories too.'

Harry sighed and decided to have a look at his own file that was still on the desktop. Harry's eyes bugged a bit as he briefly flipped through it. This he would borrow indefinitely.

'Can't have them knowing this much about me.' Harry shoved the folder into his robes and continued searching.

Twenty minutes later a grinning Harry Potter held in his hands three very useful objects. He had already breezed through some of the more important records in the Alchemist's recent reports. There were a few interesting ones that he would be putting to use soon enough, but first he needed to do this.

In the short time frame the Professor had been carefully levitated to the side of the room and Harry was now sitting at the man's desk. A few pieces of charmed parchment lay before him as well as Nicholas Flamel's Unspeakable badge and a small stamp with the letters "APPROVED" on them.

A few detection charms had easily shown him what to do. Holding the badge before him, Harry placed it to the parchment in which he had drafted out a statement for promotion. He then placed Flamel's badge beside his and brought the stamp down on all three objects.

The words "Approved" burned red across them before slowly fading.

'Perfect.' Harry thought as he incinerated the parchment, destroying the evidence and looking at his new badge.

Griffin 00

Level Nine Clearance

Harry smirked. "Just like taking candy from a baby."

All operatives were numbered from one going up. By assigning himself a null number, he was technically still legally an Unspeakable, he was however, off the records. The records were only designed to record anything going from one and above. That way he had full access to all locations and records but no recordings of his transgressions would be noted.

He mentally complimented himself. 'Hermione would be so proud.'

Although he didn't think that she would appreciate him putting his knowledge to use for this sort of thing when she thought him how to spot loopholes in Wizarding spells.

Rummaging in the drawers he found another identical stamp, this time with the words "CLASSIFIED" in them. A grin flash over his face, this was just too good. Harry started pounding "Approved" and "Classified" chops on numerous pieces of charmed parchment.

Now just one more minor detail. He replaced everything back to the way it was, levitated the slumbering man into his armchair and positioned himself on the other side of the desk. Concentrating, Harry decided that while six hundred years may be a lot he definitely wouldn't have problems on the last couple of years.

Harry placed a small illusion over his new badge to have it show the badge of an Unspeakable already assigned to the funeral wake the next day.

'Six hundred years definitely perfected the man's filing skills.' The Harry Potter file had almost everything concerning himself.

But first a couple of healing charms for the stiff neck. A bruise removal and numbing charm for the already bluish area on the man's chin. Harry racked his mind for the specific spell needed but decided

on an alternative instead.

"Panacea." It was probably the strongest healing spell he remembered. The minor ones he didn't really need as most of the time his injuries were too serious for them.

Now for the next step.

"Obliviate." Harry cast the spells in succession before quickly replacing his wand. He had removed any interests the legendary Alchemist had about himself easily enough. All ongoing investigations on Harry Potter had been dropped when he was declared dead. Remaining inconspicuous in the Wizarding world now was the new challenge.

'Don't want these guys bugging me anytime soon.'

Harry saluted the man before leaving the office with a wide grin.

'Mission accomplished.'

XXXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Castle Grounds

Remus Lupin tore out of the gate of Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry along with the rest of the Wizarding population running for the Death Eaters.

The rest of the Teachers and Order members had remained behind at the funeral. He on the other hand had something else to do.

Remus had been at the funeral mourning the death of someone he saw as a nephew, Harry James Potter. The last link he had to his past.

He had been contemplating doing something stupid, such as breaking into Azkaban to wring Fudge's neck or going after known Death Eaters that had managed to bribe their way out of Azkaban in the last war.

However his musing had been interrupted by a sound he hadn't imagine he would have heard on this day.

It was the sound of laughter, more specifically a chuckle coming for the Headmaster of Hogwarts.

Anger immediately filled the Werewolf at someone laughing at the funeral. Did the old man find something funny with all this? He reigned in his anger. Dumbledore wouldn't have found anything about Harry's death funny. He just wasn't that sort of person. He must have been remembering the better times when Harry was still around.

His now unofficial godson had had the most interesting dueling technique anyone of the Hogwarts staff had seen so far. The youth had overcame his weakness of lack of spell knowledge by coming up with creative methods of dueling. With his skill at close range combat and simple annoying spells, his godson had been able to utterly confuse and disorientate his opponents.

This technique of course only worked if the opponent wasn't expecting it. Thus Harry had been easily defeated in the second round or when an observer stepped in to duel. Therefore due to the number of times he had had to refine his technique, Harry had developed a number of irritating styles.

Remus now understood how why Dumbledore had found this amusing. Thinking back, brought a small bit of happiness to him. He would never forget the day that Snape challenged Harry to a duel.

The Potions master had spent most of his time down in the dungeons,

not wanting to have anything related to his godson. However on one occasion, being accompanied by Dumbledore, he had attended. Completely unaware of Harry's dueling style he had challenged him. Surprisingly, Harry hadn't used any of them. Whether he had assumed that Snape knew about them or he completely forgot, he had instead used his most effective and hard to defend against technique.

"The Squirrel Move"

Remus smiled as a mental image of himself balling Snape flashed past.

Wait.

A mental image of himself?

Remus jumped up. Someone had definitely invaded his mind. There was no way he could have thought up that particular image. Especially not from that point of... view.

'Harry?' He spoke in his mind uncertainly.

'Why hello Remus.' A familiar voice sounded before being cut off.

Legilimency required eye contact to be performed. Someone must have glanced into his eyes when he lifted his head back when Dumbledore chuckled.

Remus swept his head across the crowd assembling by the coffin. His eyes landed on a blue robed man. Emerald eyes locked onto his own.

'Hello again Remus.' The voice again sounded.

The ex Defense Professor gave a mental equivalent of the word

"Eh?" in surprised.

'While its nice meeting you here and all, I don't suppose you might want to meet up at the Shrieking Shack soon. I do have to say though that I do indeed look quite fetching in green.'

The irony of the statement sank in and he begun to laugh.

Now running among the people he gave a small chuckle at the thought. A wide smile drawn upon his face he headed for the gates of the school.

Harry Potter was alive. He was going to kill that little shit.

Once out of the anti apparition ward's reach he disappeared.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – The Leaky Cauldron

The emerald eyed Harry Potter currently sat in the middle table of the Leaky Cauldron finishing a small mug of Butterbeer. He wasn't even in disguise.

'Slightly maybe' He thought as he accepted a fresh mug from the bartender, Tom.

A small bit of pimple cover-up had sufficed at covering his scar. His long hair once tied up had been shortened and spiked revealing his forehead for all to see. He had discovered early on in the year that he had a slight talent for Metamorph magic.

While being to control his hair length was cool, as Tonks had informed him, he would never be able to perform the Animagus transformation. He had grumbled at the unfairness of it all before passing it off as fate just pissing on his life.

He was looking forwards to becoming an Animagus, now all he could do was grow his hair. 'Really useful that is, I don't need a charm to grow hair anymore.' He thought annoyed.

A Wizard across on the next table holding up the latest edition of the Daily Prophet gave him look before shrugging and going back to his paper. Harry mentally snorted.

'Wizards.'

Plastered on the front page of the Daily Prophet was a large picture of himself, it had been taken back when he was participating for the Triwizard Tournament. Harry had quickly learnt that Magical folk were extremely short sighted when it came to investigation. They simply believed what they read in the papers and what they heard from word of mouth.

If the Daily Prophet said Harry Potter was dead, then Harry Potter was dead. It just wasn't possible that the look alike sitting across you was the Harry Potter. After all, he was missing the scar, the fact that his first name was Harry wouldn't matter at all.

Harry sighed. The best place to hide was to simply do so in plain sight. Hiding in a corner of the establishment cloaked and hooded was just asking for attention.

Of course his friends would recognize him, however they wouldn't be coming around here anytime soon. They were probably still mourning, their best friend did just die.

He reached into his robes and withdrew a small yellowish folder. It was the file that he had confiscated from the Head Unspeakable. Within it was the small booklet. Leafing through the last few pages of his file he went over the events that had transpired within the last few days.

He had been arrested on charges of being a Death Eater and assisting Voldemort during an attack on Hogsmead. The plan was to have a Death Eater impersonate him during an attack in Hogsmead while he himself would be detained by Draco Malfoy. He assumed that the police would have to have gotten his body to the site of battle for him to have been incriminated.

This would have gone perfectly well had the blond ferret been able to incapacitate him. Harry had perfectly dodged the spell fired by the idiot before breaking his nose. Unfortunately the ferret had managed to escape while Harry dealt with his pair of lumbering Troll bodyguards.

Harry had of course been able to find his friends and report this to one of the Professors before Aurors came and accused him on charges of being a Death Eater. Honestly, didn't they realize that if he was in the castle the whole time he couldn't have been in Hogsmead? Furthermore he hadn't even been checked off the list by Filch yet.

Having failed at his duty to incriminate Harry Potter as well as being seen by multiple witnesses, Draco Malfoy had hightailed it out of Hogwarts. His lackeys, Crabbe and Goyle got off with the excuse that they were simply trying to defend Draco when Harry had tried to pummel him to a pulp.

Fudge being desperate to get Harry out of the way had tampered with the evidence reports. Of course being a politician he left too many trails and did it with the subtlety of a three year old.

Harry couldn't blame him much. The man was desperate. Harry had at the beginning of the year, practically destroyed his career. With the help of Rita Skeeter, the Quibbler and the Daily Prophet on his side he had revealed to the media every one of Fudge and his Undersecretary's transgressions.

Draco had of course returned back to Hogwarts after being 'proven' innocent of all charges. The poncy git had gone the same old practices and proven method of claiming Imperio. Like all other old families with cash to burn, he had managed to bribe his way into convincing various officials into buying his excuse.

Harry moved on to the booklet. For such a small thing it contained quite a lot about the department. The most useful piece however was the map. Harry had plans for that part.

He chuckled at the section he was currently reading. Once again thanking his uncanny streak of luck that he hadn't been initiated as an Unspeakable. The name Unspeakables had been given with a very good reason. The workers of the department were literally unable to speak about what they were doing to anyone that wasn't part of their department. The only exception to this rule was if they were given clearance by the Head commanding Officer, in other words the Dragon.

Lifting his mug, Harry found that it was completely empty. Debating whether he wanted it refilled or not he pocketed the booklet and folder. Deciding that he best get to work he left the Leaky Cauldron and headed for the Wizarding section of London.

'First stop Gringotts Bank. The Goblins are going to love this.'

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level two: Wizengamot Administration Services
Subdivision: Minister Of Magic Office

Rufus Scrimgeour was having a really bad week. In the last six months, his predecessor Fudge had been trying to hold on to his seat of power as much as possible. His career and popularity had taken another sudden plunge during the Hogsmead attack.

The idiot had then screwed the Ministry's reputation over by trying to incriminate the Potter boy. Rufus pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to will away the headache that was setting in. Fudge just didn't learn that outright trying to manipulate or piss the boy off was a bad idea. He would have tried the more subtle approach like Dumbledore had done.

When the boy had died Scrimgeour had been irritated he had lost a potential ally. At least the boy was out of the way. Better dead than in the hands of the opposition. But the boy just didn't know when to quit. Even in death he was causing a shit storm at the Ministry.

The funeral of Harry Potter had been a show of support from the Ministry that they were backing the fight against Voldemort. It was meant to inspire the public that the Ministry was now back on top of things.

That of course had gone horribly wrong. Death Eaters had attacked and none of them had been apprehended except one who was reported to have been clutching his groin in pain after being revived.

Even the Goblins were being uncooperative with the Ministry. The little buggers had refused to turn over Potters holdings to the Ministry when he had been incarcerated and now still refused to release control of the Potter vault to the Ministry. Apparently Harry Potter had made a will before he passed on. The Goblins however were not releasing it. They were claiming that it wasn't the right time and that their loyalty was to their customers and their money.

Wizarding law did not interfere with the way the Goblins ran their business due to a clause the last peace treaty that was signed.

Scrimgeour cursed the Minister who had signed the document without taking the time to read it thoroughly. Potter's fortune would have made a sizable impact on promoting the Ministry's law

enforcement division.

He would get his hands on the Potter/Black fortune. Every law had a loophole somewhere, he just needed a bit more time and research.

His thoughts were interrupted when his secretary Percival Weasley came barging into his office. He looked up at him annoyed.

"I apologize for the interruption Minister, but there's something that I think that you'll want to know."

Scrimgeour sighed. Minister Of Magic just wasn't what it was made out to be.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – Gringotts Bank

"That concludes our business Mr. Potter." The Gringotts Manager shook Harry's hand.

"All business transactions and asset transfers are to remain confidential as per Gringotts policy." Harry double checked.

"Indeed, Mr. Potter. What our clients do with their money is none of our business, we only provide the services and get paid."

"In that case, it has been a pleasure doing business with you Mr. Grillock." Harry shook the Goblin's hand.

"No. It has been my pleasure, anything that would cause the Ministry more trouble is a benefit to us." The Goblin insisted giving the young man a bow and leading him towards the exit. "I look forward to serving you again Mr. Potter."

"Like wise Grillock." Harry smiled as he left the bank.

It was time to disappear.

XXXXX

Hogsmead – The Shrieking Shack

Remus Lupin burst through the front door of the Shrieking Shack.

"Harry!" He called out.

He was met with silence

"Harry, are you there?" He called out a bit unsure this time.

No. It had to be true. He had heard Harry's voice in his head. Harry was alive. He was not losing it. Remus's eyes swept the room as he convinced himself.

His attention was brought to the small console table that usually stood by the front door. Meant for letters, but now unused, it had been shifted to the middle of the room. It had obviously been shifted recently if the lack of a dust layer covering it was any evidence.

Remus moved closer, upon the table lay a single yellowish envelope.

Remus James Lupin

Written in a familiar hand in black ink, the ex Defense Professor immediately recognized the hand writing he had spent an entire year grading. It was Harry's.

The Werewolf tore into the envelope.

Dear Moony,

If you are reading this, it's pretty obvious that I have not in fact decided to journey on to the next great adventure, kicked the bucket, or pushing up daisies anytime soon.

Yes I am still alive and well. Believe me when I say that I wish I were here with you at the moment. However for the sake of plausible deniability and because I have business to attend to, I am unavailable.

I have decided to take a vacation if one could call it that from the hustle and bustle of the Wizarding world for a while. No more of the The-Boy-Who-Lives shit, just some ordinary Joe. Well, as ordinary as my life will ever be.

You'll probably not see me for a long time. Just remember, I'll be there when the Order and my loved ones need me most.

Keep an eye out. I've been busy lately and you'll be hearing about my mischief soon enough.

Your Neighborhood Mischief Maker,

P.S: I would recommend showing Ron and Hermione this letter. Don't want them going off the deep end now do we. By the way, when they have decided that killing me isn't such a good idea tell Hermione and Ron to just fess up and kiss already. I can't really tell if their arguments are a way to release their sexual tension for one another or they just love pissing each other off.

'That little shit.' Remus mentally swore. 'Bugger stood me up.'

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level two: Wizengamot Administration Services
Subdivision: Minister Of Magic Office

"Well?" The Minister demanded.

"It's the Goblins, Sir. They've decided to release Harry Potter's will." Percy informed him.

"When was this?" Scrimgeour asked before realizing just how stupid of a question it was.

His aide didn't notice. "I just got off the Floo with the Goblin Liaison Office. The Head Of Department has just informed me personally about the change."

At that moment, further conversation was halted, when a regal looking hawk flew into the Minister's office and dropped off an envelope bearing the official seal of Gringotts.

It was address in bright red ink to the current Minister Of Magic.

Scrimgeour reached for his letter opener and neatly slice into the heavy parchment. A small gold Galleon fell out of the envelope, making a metallic clang with the Minister's desk. Extracting the letter, the Minister's eyes swept over it. He had been requested to attend the will reading of Harry James Potter. The coin was a Portkey that would take him to Gringotts at the appointed time.

The man dismissed his aide and smiled, it was time to find a few loop holes.

XXXXX

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place

"I'm going to kill that little shit." The furious redhead grumbled.

Across from him the Werewolf just sniggered.

Ron looked up from his letter to see Hermione staring straight at him, her cheeks slightly red.

"What? I've got something on my nose?" He asked, unsure of why the bookworm was staring at him.

"You didn't read the whole letter did you." Hermione nudged her head at his letter and avoided his eyes.

"Huh?" Was the boy's response before he decided to finish reading the parchment.

He looked up with wide eyes and locked gazes with the bushy haired brunette. Both blushed and avoided each other's gaze.

Remus merely howled in laughter.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – Gringotts Bank

"You are all gathered here for the will reading for Harry James Potter." The Goblin announced to the people gathered.

Ron, Hermione, Remus Lupin, Dumbledore and the Weasleys gave curious looks to both the Minister and Narcissa Malfoy who was in attendance.

"I afraid that that would not be necessary, I am hereby declaring the will of Harry James Potter null and void on the grounds that he is still to be of age in the Wizarding world and thus his will has no legal standing." The Minister interrupted.

"You can't do that." Ron cried out in outrage.

"I have Mr. Weasley as it is the law. Now as an underage Wizard with

no magical guardian, Mr. Potter should have been made a ward of the Ministry and thus his funds and assets are to be under our jurisdiction." The Minister continued with a large wide grin.

"That wouldn't be necessary Minister." The Goblin spoke up. "Mr. Potter has actually left every last Knut in the Potter vault to the Ministry, bar a small envelope for any remaining Malfoy family members. All you'll have to do is sign the process and legal papers and you'll have control over the vault itself."

The Minister actually stumbled in shock. The boy had actually left everything in his possession to the Ministry and not to Dumbledore and his Order. This was simply unheard of.

Like the Minister, everyone else at the reading was having looks of shock on their faces. No body could believe what they were hearing. Harry had never been the biggest fan of the Ministry, and yet here he had gone and left every last thing he owned to them. The Weasleys were stumped, Dumbledore shocked, Hermione horrified, Narcissa curious at what he would leave her, The Minister completely flummoxed and confused and finally a marauder amused.

The Minister accepted his small folder containing all the documents he needed to sign. Reading them carefully he found no trace of error. Potter had indeed left the entire Potter fortune to the control of the Ministry. All that research into loopholes in the law and Potter had simply handed it over without a fight.

Signing the documents that stated a small processing fee needed be charged he looked at Dumbledore and the group he was with. He couldn't help suppress the smirk forming on his face.

He was interrupted when a shriek of rage came from the only Malfoy in attendance.

Narcissa had crumpled up the piece of parchment she'd been

reading before tossing it away and leaving the room in disgust.

Curious the youngest Weasley boy picked up the parchment and read it. He soon dissolved into laughter before tossing it to the other members of his family. They too, begun giving off emotion ranging between sadness and laughter.

Seeing the look of curiosity the Werewolf Lupin passed the Minister the parchment.

The Minister read it out loud.

Dear Malfoy,

Firstly, thank you for paying the processing fee, and lastly, I leave you with my contempt for your family.

Bellow the message was a charcoal shading of a hand performing the universally understood one fingered salute.

The Minister suddenly got worried. The documents he had signed had stated a thousand Galleon processing fee for the account transfer of the Potter vault and a further 500 Galleons a month for the vault's upkeep. He was also unable to shut down the account as the clause stated it had to be within his possession for a duration of ten years before any changes could be made. He had simply ignored it as he stood more to gain from what was inside the vaults. The processing fee was negligible.

"How much does the grand total of the Potter vault's assets come to." He asked the Goblin manager somewhat unsure now.

The Goblin merely smiled a toothy grin and replied smugly.

"One Knut."

The Minister fainted.

He never did hear the rest of the reading, as the Weasleys and other beneficiaries were told that they had had an unknown amount of money deposited into their accounts from an anonymous source.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – The Leaky Cauldron

Harry leaned back on his chair as he sipped from his mug of Butterbeer.

"Is this seat taken?" A man enquired politely as he grasped the back of the chair opposite Harry.

Not bothering to look up, Harry simply replied an affirmative.

What he didn't expect was for the man to sit down at his table across him rather than taking the chair.

Harry looked up and he frowned. His glasses must be malfunctioning. Piercing through a thick layer of concealment and glamour charms was the smiling face of Nicholas Flamel.

Harry sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, he already felt an oncoming headache.

"Do you need anything sir." He questioned the man looking directly at him.

"Did you really think that a simple memory charm would have been effective against me?"

"The answer is pretty obvious as here you're sitting before me." Harry sarcastically replied.

"Yes, yes. I do have to thank you for healing me, although my neck is still slightly stiff." The man replied joyfully.

Harry was starting to get irritated with happy old men. Was every century old bugger this, 'kooky'.

"Now if you'll refrain from kicking out my chair, we could discuss this like gentlemen." Flamel spoke rubbing his hands.

Harry took a deep gulp from his mug and pushed it aside.

"Would you like a drink, Sir?" Harry asked calling a Tom the innkeeper over.

Harry promptly ordered a shot of Firewhiskey, whereas Flamel settled for a mug of hot chocolate.

Once the drinks had been brought over, the Head Unspeakable decided to start the conversation.

"Like I said yesterday Harry, the Unspeakables are on your side. I only suggested that you don't go due to the upcoming Death Eater attack that intelligence said was bound to happen. Another reason was that we have had reports that the Ministry is currently trying to get its hands on your fortune. If you had argued your case instead of knocking me out, we could have reached a compromise." The man initiated.

Harry snorted.

"I see you have fixed that problem as you have just come from Gringotts." Flamel swung his head indicating the back door of the pub.

"You still want to recruit me don't you?" Harry sighed as he shot down

his glass and winced at the burning that followed.

"Of course."

"I have a few conditions though." Harry stated.

The man merely raised an eyebrow asking him to continue.

"Firstly, no oath of loyalty and silence. I want to be able to do my own stuff, my way, in my own time, in other words I don't take orders from anyone. Last of all, do you really give these booklets to all incoming Unspeakables?" Harry said holding up the booklet detailing the entire department and the way they operated.

"Of course not!" Nicholas snorted. "You insult me. Death Eaters infiltrated our department with the aid of Voldemort. They cause a distraction in one of the department rooms causing most of the Unspeakables to flood into it."

"Voldemort himself then proceeded to lock us in the room with a rather unique locking charm. It was unique in the sense that the more you try to unlock it the stronger the charm got."

Harry considered the reply. It definitely did explain why Voldemort was at the Department Of Mysteries in the first place. Stupid bloody wanker didn't even have the guts to touch a silly glass sphere, he had to trick someone into getting it for him and testing that it was indeed safe to touch.

"Fine, I'm in. This better be worth it, or else I'm knocking you out again." Harry smirked.

Both men got up and left the bar via Portkey.

Author's Note:

There you have it people, the first chapter of my second fanfiction. Sorry for the late update but I have been trying to catch up with work at university and trying to finish a few more chapters of Harry Potters and the Walkers before posting.

Another thing, don't ask me to tell you the time of which each section takes place. If you take the time to read a story properly, not only would you find tons of spelling and grammar errors, you'll also be able to piece together the timeline. Each section takes place at a different time, I just jumble them up to make sure you're actually reading the story and not skimming through it like my sister does. ^_^

I'll probably include a time line in one of my future author notes just to help people out.

Another thing is, is it just me, or has anyone noticed that there are less Authors interested in Harry Potter fanfiction now that the sixth book has come out. True it wasn't really nice and happy. But it was realistic. I mean come on people, reality check, happy endings just don't happen all the time, someone has to die. Too bad not many people love realistic endings huh? Everyone loves happy endings and all that joy joy stuff. I do to but hey, JK decided to be a bit more realistic in her last few books.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Review Replies:

Due to passing a new rule stating that Authors are not to reply to reviews in their story. Since this may affect the length of the story itself. Therefore I'll be no longer answering reviews unless I receive enough of the same questions. The answers can be found in my Author's Notes.

Chapter 02 – Pathertrory James

Six Months Later

Location Unknown – Classified

"Who the hell are you?"

Harry immediately resisted the urge to smack his forehead in resignation. Seriously, were all Death Eaters this dense? Or was their stupidity a result of the inbreeding carp that the Purebloods were so fanatically fond of?

Probably not.

Both the Weasley and Longbottoms were Purebloods, and look how they turned out. He didn't remember them displaying the Crabbe and Goyle level of intelligence, which was the sharing of a single brain cell. Then again neither had they inbred with themselves as much as some of the "purer" Purebloods.

He had a theory.

Could it be that the inability to think was a prerequisite for Death Eaters? It probably was the case, after all Voldemort wanted loyal Death Eaters and not smart ones. Smart ones would overthrow you.

Why else would a bunch of blood purists bow down before a Halfblood and allow him to command and curse them on a daily basis? They all had to be thick or something. Surely all the inner circle members knew about Lord Voldemort's parentage.

Then again they could be in denial, trying to convince themselves that such a powerful figure just had to be a Pureblood.

Yes.

That was probably right considering the Death Eaters kept on constantly denying that Voldemort was a Halfblood every time he mentioned it.

"What are you doing here?"

Harry couldn't resist a sigh this time.

It was definitely official. Death Eaters were thick.

What would any unlawful Muggle person do should a CIA agent come waltzing into a secret meeting?

Answer. The exact opposite of what ever these retards were doing.

"You dumb asses just keep getting brighter every time I meet another one of you."

The men seem to bristle at his comment.

Harry also noted with slight amusement that they had only just recently decided to draw their wands.

He had obviously already drawn his of course. Both wands were currently strapped to his wrists. It allowed him to have his hands free whilst he performed acts of magic. It was pretty cool. It always gave onlookers the impression he knew Wandless magic.

"You're an Unspeakable." One of them identified.

"No shit Sherlock. Did my standard Unspeakable issue blue robe give me away? Was it my facial concealment charm or is it the fact that my badge is currently displayed to all of you on the front of my cloak?" Harry couldn't resist and just had to answer the ridiculous observation as sarcastically as he could.

The Death Eaters looked stunned, figuratively of course. They were probably still trying to figure out who Sherlock was.

"Stupefy." Harry quickly raised both hands. He wasn't going to pass up this chance.

Six jets of light flew at the Wizards, who to their credit managed to conjure up shield charms just in time.

All six spells hit the Wizards completely ignoring the presence of their shields. Non verbal spell casting was definitely a plus. Yell out a spell and everyone immediately assumes it is the one being cast.

The men had looks of shock on their faces.

Of course it might have been something else of course.

Harry wasn't sure if it was because of their failed Protego or was it because each felt a finger jammed up a nostril. Courtesy of the Nose Picking Charm that Harry had used.

The Wizards were now clutching their faces in pain. Maybe he had been a tad enthusiastic in his spell casting.

Harry took this opportunity to throw up a particularly unique spell around the room's walls. Having been invented by the Wizard Uric The Oddball, the spell was pretty much useless in a sense. It was meant to have been a shield spell, unfortunately, instead of protecting, it caused all the caster's spells to be rebounded back at him.

It was pretty much labeled a useless spell. That was until Harry had found an interesting use for it.

"Explodra!" A powerful beam of red shot at Harry from the wand of

one of the Death Eaters.

He simply did what any logical person would have done. Harry sidestepped the curse, opening the door he had come through in the process. The curse flew out the doorway and into the night.

Harry once again contemplated the IQ level of a standard Death Eater. True, most were indeed magically powerful. The Death Eater before him had just proved that by throwing a powerful Explosion Hex at him.

The problem was that Tom-I-Am-Shit-At-Anagrams-Voldemort had spent most of his time ensuring their loyalty instead of their brains and dueling technique.

Not the Harry was criticizing his opponents dueling methods. True, no body wanted to go up against a superior opponent in a duel. However this was just sad.

Powerful spells were good and all, but they required too many wand movements, concentration and they drained one to fast if used repeatedly.

Furthermore, if Harry was ever going to use a spell like the Exploding Hex against an opponent, he would have aimed it at the ground. Aiming the spell directly at an opponent was just plain stupid.

The person if he had enough brains, that meant Death Eaters weren't included as they stood still and relied on the fact that people were running from them, could easily duck. Hitting the floor on the other hand meant that the person may still duck the spell but he would be caught in the resulting blast and shrapnel shower.

Anyhow, Harry preferred small, easy to cast spells that required short incantations and very little wand movements. Sadly there weren't many dangerous ones. Thus he had gotten creative, funny how three

of those curses were the Unforgivables.

Harry shot three spells off target at the wall behind the Death Eaters. He hadn't really aimed them. His aiming was good, but to perform a precision trick shot in limited time under fire was a bit impossible.

It worked though.

No the spell didn't hit the Death Eater's backs. Harry would have danced a jig if it did.

Silence befell the room temporarily as the Death Eaters ceased their spell casting to trace the flight path of the ricocheting spell. They raised their wands as soon as the spell dissipated. Harry wasn't worried if it hit him. It was a useless Poking Charm.

The Death Eaters on the other hand were idiots.

"Stupefy En Multiplicus!" It was time Harry showed them how to use a real spell.

A small red ball erupted from the tip of his wand before quickly exploding into streaks of red colored light.

It was the spell Dumbledore had used back in his fifth year. It was as its name suggested a multiple stunning curse.

Coupled with the earlier rebounding charm on the walls, the curses ricocheted wildly around the room.

Harry caught sight of one of the Death Eaters going down as he Apparated out of the house. The beam had hit him in the back of the head.

Screaming and small pinging sounds were heard from the inside as the remaining two men tried to avoid the bouncing bolts of light.

Harry sighed. Why hadn't they tried to escape via Apparation earlier? If he himself was ever a Death Eater, heaven forbid, he would have either attacked or ran if an unidentified person gate crashed his meeting.

Harry reached into his robes and withdrew a small crossword puzzle book. Locking the front door of the hut with Voldemort's unique locking charm, he sat down to figure out what "Down 15" was.

Harry had been monitoring the small wooden hut for the last few days. It was a small Death Eater safe house out in the middle of nowhere.

It was a normal gathering spot for them to go to before Apparating en masse to wherever Voldemort was calling them from.

Harry had decided to intervene tonight both because he had finally broken down the wards and the Aurors had received an anonymous tip off and were getting ready to raid the place.

The Aurors like most law enforcement personnel, had to go through the red tape first. That was the reason that they were taking so long. Harry himself was here because he didn't want the Ministry to go home empty handed thinking the raid was a wild goose chase.

"What's a seven letter word for yell?" Harry asked himself out loud.

"Eek!!!" A scream came from the house, followed by some loud banging. The pinging sounds were coming less frequently now. That meant most of them had already dissipated or had struck a person.

"Ah! Screech." Harry noted the answer and wrote it down.

Five minutes later and all was quiet again. Harry finally stood up, brushed his behind for grass blades and pocketed his crossword

book.

Humming the tune to "Weasley Is Our King" he Apparated back into the house.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Classified

"Well, well, well. What have we here?" Harry spoke as he appeared in the room once again.

Although he appeared non caring, Harry was twitching to duck should it be an ambush.

He shouldn't have bothered.

All three Death Eaters were down for the count. The first one out from the beginning when he had Apparated out.

The second didn't look as if he had been stunned, judging from the lump forming on his forehead he must have fallen and bopped his noggin. Then again he could have been stunned and then fallen on something.

All three men's masks had fallen off during the battle. It didn't really matter. Harry didn't recognize them. Although two of the blonds did remind him somewhat of Malfoy.

The third guy, now he was the interesting one. He had been smart enough to follow Harry's example and had Apparated.

Trouble was that Harry's unknown spell was yet another from the collection of Uric The Oddball. Thus it was definitely yet another defective spell with a nasty side effect. It was a favorite of Harry's as no one had yet to developed a shield to block it, it was unexpected,

no one knew what it did and best of all, it stayed till it was removed by a counter charm.

It had been created by the mad genius as a means to aid and speed up the travel of Apparation.

Why? Harry certainly had no idea. Apparation was almost instantaneous. Who in the world would want it any faster?

Anyhow, the spell worked too well in the sense that it moved the person's body faster than the mind could comprehend.

Hence the reason why the Death Eater had followed the standard procedure of Splinching. That was to spread oneself over a wide area in pieces.

It was something Harry had no intension of experiencing anytime soon. Imagine being alive but in pieces. Unfortunate victims had said that much pain was felt from the experience. Even when put back together there was a weird tingly feeling that was felt, and to Harry, tingly meant irritating.

Fortunately for Death Muncher number three, he was unconscious at present not to mention in pieces.

Death Idiot number two could be revived easily enough, however Harry needed his Death Eater coherent, a visible bump on the head meant severe dizziness.

Death Bum number one it would be then.

"Enervate." Harry woke the man up.

He had of course bound the man up in enough ropes to make a bondage fetish fanatic jealous. He had also removed both the locking charm and shielding charm as well. It wouldn't do well to allow the

Aurors to learn his tricks and pass them on.

"Now." Harry addressed. "Tell me what you know about Voldemort's hide out."

Harry didn't really expect him to know. The Death Muncher was obviously a low ranked Nufnuf. Voldemort's inner circle were too full of themselves and would have demanded that he release them immediately.

Harry snorted at that though. As if.

Anyhow he usually asked the question just to see if he would get lucky.

The Death Eater spat at him.

Harry sighed.

Captive on the floor. Captor standing up. Captive spits. Spit goes up. Gravity, the force that makes things fall kicks in. You work out the Physics.

$$v = u + at$$

$$v^2 - u^2 = 2aS$$

$$S = u + \frac{1}{2}at^2$$

Harry watched the blob of liquid rise and fall back onto the man's mask less face.

Harry sighed. Did they always have to do this the hard way?

"Cruc..." Harry paused.

The man had flinched.

The Death Idiot was probably used to the curse by now if he knew what to expect.

Instead, Harry reared back and delivered the man his now famed Squirrel Move.

Harry had to give the man credit. Most of his victims squealed like girls. This guy just held it in. That was probably not a good thing either, judging by the purpling of the man's face. Letting it all out was probably the right thing to do.

"Now again. Where's Voldemort's hideout?" Harry said as he raised his foot again.

"NO! NO! I'll talk. Just don't kick me." The man choked out.

Harry raised an eyebrow in surprise. They usually just pleaded that he stop. This must be his lucky day.

"It's in London. I don't know anything else. He always summons us to an empty dark room." The man babbled.

It wasn't anything new to Harry. It was widely rumored that Voldemort had set up camp in London.

Spread a rumor about your hide out being in London and set it up somewhere else and let the Aurors have a wild goose chase. Voldemort was pretty smart in a sense. Reverse psychology had its uses.

Unless it was reverse reversed psychology and his hide out was indeed in London.

Harry groaned. This was hurting his head. He definitely though a bit

too much.

He was interrupted by a groan.

Harry looked down. The man had somehow managed to somewhat move in his trussed up state to cross his legs.

"Stupefy." Harry decided to put the man out of his misery.

He memory charmed all of them to forget the events of their duel, except that he had brought them down by means that they couldn't remember.

After that he Apparated out whistling his own tune to the Hogwart's school song.

Twenty minutes later, Aurors would storm the house only to discover a ruined room with three unconscious Purebloods in various stages of pain.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"So. How was France?"

"Boring and noisy." Harry replied as he shut the door behind him.

"I find that hard to believe. You saying noisy and boring usually indicates a fight that you found a bit too easy." The Head Unspeakable retorted.

"And as usual, in your Potter fashion you Pottered this mission up by blowing the place up, splinching a guy with your yet unknown Anti Apparation Jinx and of course, let us not forget balling a few men."

"And you guessed all that from two words?" Harry stated sarcastically.
"Besides the explosion happened no where near the house."

"No. One of our field agents accompanied the Aurors and reported back to me. He clearly stated that what looked like an exploding curse narrowly missed his head."

"Woops." Harry shrugged. "It wasn't mine."

"Because of that he decided to tell the Aurors to hold their position and wait for backup."

Harry snorted.

"Also judging by the time frame between the report I received and your late arrival, you must have made a pit stop somewhere."

"Firstly, its none of your business. Secondly, I needed a drink."

"You do realize that all three of your victims today were from prominent Pureblooded families. Two which are currently top ranking Aurors in the French Ministry."

"So. What are they going to do? Give me a medal?" Harry joked.

"Yup." Flamel cheerfully replied.

"I beg your pardon?" Harry shifted his gaze from trying to read the man's inbox, to the face hidden beneath the blue cloak.

"Yes you may."

Harry wanted to strangle the man. He briefly contemplated it.

"What medal?"

"Why the Order Of Merlin 3rd Class of course. The French Ministry has decided to award the Unspeakable who has been combating the forces of evil and injustice within their country some kind of reward."

"Don't expect me to turn up for some speech."

"No worries. They were understanding in the fact that you wished to remain unknown, and by appearing in public would not be the smartest way."

Harry nodded in affirmation.

"Here" Nicholas slid a nicely polished mahogany box towards Harry.

Harry opened it to reveal three nicely displayed items.

A gold Order Of Merlin 3rd Class medal, a certificate stating he had been awarded an Order Of Merlin 3rd Class with the name slot blank and a Gringotts bank draft for 250,000 Gold Galleons.

"I always knew the French were a bunch of weirdoes. I beat up their countrymen and they give me a medal?"

"Harry shut up. It's a sign of their gratitude. Since I assigned you to France three months ago, the amount of Death Eater activity there has dropped to almost none. Not to mention every dishonest law evader fears the name James Pathertrory now."

Harry merely smiled at the hooded old man.

XXXXX

Location Unknown

"Where are the Malfeays and Malgerians?" The hissing voice of the

Dark Lord addressed his circle of followers.

"I don't know my..."

"Crucio!" Voldemort used the Unforgivable on the Death Eater who had replied. "I did not give you permission to speak Wilson."

"But you asked..."

"Crucio!" Again the Unforgivable was used. "I did not address you."

Voldemort this time held the spell a little longer than he did the first time.

"Now Malfoy." He addressed a blond member off to his right.

"I..." Two voices answered together, but were interrupted by the Dark Lord dishing out yet another Unforgivable.

Judging from the screams, it was the younger Malfoy who had been targeted.

"I was addressing your father, boy." Voldemort hissed. "Continue, Malfoy."

Lucius seriously considered that Voldemort had used his family name intentionally so that both he and his son would answer. Before his son's initiation, Voldemort had used to refer to him by his first name.

Nevertheless he pushed it to the back of his mind for now. He had to think up a way to present his answer. A slip of the tongue usually meant an Unforgivable.

"I would assume that they have been ambushed my Lord. It would be recent as I have not yet heard news of their arrests from my contact

in the French Ministry."

Voldemort nodded, seemingly satisfied. "Severus report."

"The old man is growing suspicious of my loyalties my Lord. He is beginning to suspect me of being a genuine Death Eater. I have nothing new to report because of this." Snape prepared himself for an Unforgivable.

He was surprised when it didn't come. Instead Voldemort spoke something in Parseltongue. Snape didn't understand it but he guessed that the Dark Lord was swearing.

"You'll return immediately before he get more suspicious. If you are discovered, escape. Your talents are too valuable to lose."

Snape remained still till he was dismissed. He had every intention of leaving this meeting without getting cursed.

Receiving his dismissal he kneeled and kissed Voldemort's robe hem before retreating and Apparating away.

XXXXX

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place

"Pathertrory has done it again. The French have just reported that their Aurors have raided a house with three Death Eaters who were found incapacitated in a manner suggesting James Pathertrory's handiwork." Kingsley Shacklebolt announced.

"We'll see when Severus returns to us." Dumbledore replied. "Thank you Auror Shacklebolt."

The meeting of the Order Of The Phoenix continued in its usual manner with question to the location of one Harry James Potter and

just who was this unknown Unspeakable called James Pathertrory?

"Is there anymore news regarding the recent exploits of Mr. Pathertrory?" Dumbledore asked, seemingly disappointed about the lack of response.

For the past three months the unknown man had been working havoc on Voldemort's forces down in France. Any news on Pathertrory was good news.

"I don't think there's anything newer than what Kingsley had to report Albus. One man can only cause so much havoc in one day." McGonagall snapped seemingly irritated by her superior's good mood.

Earlier today she had been the unfortunate target of an accidental transfiguration curse. She had been turned into a hamster for most of the day due to a missed aimed spell by one of her third years.

The fact that the mind of a rodent and feline didn't really comply was working a headache into her most of the day.

"I wouldn't be so sure Minerva." The silky voice of Severus Snape came from the doorway as the Potions Master swept into the room.

He had his wand drawn as Alastor Moody had welcomed him with a Leg Locker Charm.

"Constance vigilance!" Moody barked out.

Snape wondered for a brief moment just who the man was talking to. Moody must have easily caught him entering the house with that eye of his.

"Good news Severus?" Dumbledore's eyes had gone into twinkle mood again at Snape's comment.

"Other than me escaping an Unforgivable, Pathertrory has succeeded once again in infuriating the Dark Lord."

"If you're talking about the three missing Death Eaters, we already know about them. The French Aurors picked them up half an hour ago."

Snape blinked.

"And I'll suppose that the French have decided to release their identities so soon." Snape stated in a tone of voice that implied that he knew something you didn't.

"No." Remus snapped. "Just get on with it. We just know that they were from some of the most prominent French Pureblooded families."

Snape gave a small snort at that comment.

"Two of those three just happen to be the two oldest sons of the Malfeays. For those of you who aren't versed in international relations, the Malfeays are France most politically powerful family."

"Malfeays... now where have I heard that name before?" Remus mused as he dug his mind for the answer.

He needn't have bother as Dumbledore had it. "If you're referring to relations between the Malfoys, then yes, they are related."

"Weren't they the main branch from which the Malfoys broke off from when they came to Britain a couple centuries ago?" Kingsley asked.

"Indeed, back then the Malfeays had to sever all their relations with their British cousins due to a war. The British Malfeays then replaced their family name with that of Malfoy." Dumbledore finished.

Remus gave a whistle. "Their family's reputation will probably be going into the dirt in a few days when this gets out."

"Much like the ones here then." Bill Weasley agreed. Nothing gave a Weasley more satisfaction than seeing a Malfoy destroyed.

Everyone gave a small laugh. They all remembered Harry's speech to the media at the beginning of his sixth year. Not only had he sought the destruction of the Minister and his Undersecretary, he had also brought up the supposed superiority of the Malfoy's Pureblood.

Imagine what the public thought when twelve of the supposedly most powerful Purebloods got taken out by six untrained Hogwarts school students.

Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"If there are no more reports. I would like to remind you that in the case that you do discover any more information or a means to contact this James Pathertrory, you are to report immediately to me. Thank you ladies and gentlemen."

With that the Order Of The Phoenix departed. Some going to the rooms that they occupied upstairs, some returning home and others remaining to further gossip about the current events that had happened.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"So where am I off to now?" Harry questioned.

"Beats me." The man shrugged. "You joined up with the conditions that you wouldn't take any orders from me."

"Make a suggestion then." Harry replied.

"I hear Italy's warm this time of the year."

"I'll bet, just in time for the tourist season as well."

"Voldemort has been trying to gain a foothold in that country for some time now. Apparently he's been having some problems due to organized crime groups."

"Let me guess. They're more interested in making money and not his Pureblood nonsense?"

"Yup."

"And how does this relate to me?"

"Some of the more old fashioned Purebloods seem of be leaning towards his views as of late. Your mission will be to convince them otherwise."

Harry chuckled at the thought of the six centuries old Nicholas Flamel calling someone old fashioned. The man himself was a living fossil.

"So off to the land of Romans and Mob bosses I shall go then."

"And do be a bit more discrete about it this time. Your last stunt left the French with a man they are still having problems reassembling."

"Woop de do." Harry clapped his hands in mock enthusiasm. "So tell the idiot he now holds the record for worst possible Splinching accident."

"Now remember Harry." Nicholas said firmly getting back on track.

"You technically aren't an Unspeakable in this department as you have somehow bypassed the registry. Therefore if you're caught, we'll deny all relations to you. Not that we would anyway."

"Whatever." Harry waved his words off. "If I get caught, I'm as good as dead anyway."

"So any chance that you'll tell me what you did with those spare parchments that you liberated from my desk?"

Harry gave the man the one fingered salute.

Nicholas had of course figured that Harry had nicked some of his parchment and red ink back when he had been knocked out. He had also noticed Harry's unique pass card.

It was pretty obvious. Harry had been able to access locations with clearance levels way beyond what his card indicated. Also every time Harry entered his office unannounced was proof that the registry wasn't detecting him.

Unknown to anyone. Harry had taken to wearing his normal "Griffin" badge on the outside whilst carrying his modified one in a secured pocket.

Of course this didn't stop the old man from pestering Harry to tell him how he'd done it.

Harry accepted the yellow file handed to him.

"Judging by the difficulty of the assignment I would expect it done in a two months."

"Really?" Further words were prevented when Nicholas raised a finger.

"However in your case, with your uncanny ability to attract danger and good luck. I'll give you a week."

"Thanks for the faith." Harry scathingly replied as he left the office.

Nicholas sighed as the young man left his office. Were all heroes this sarcastic? He supposed that it was a nice change from hanging out with Albus who acted mad and kooky most of the time.

XXXXX

France – Paris Wizarding District

Fuck. Damn. Bugger. Shit.

Harry officially hated magical travel. If he had just taken the Muggle airline system he would have been at his destination yesterday.

Not only had he landed every single time on his ass when he Flooed, he had to end up at the wrong location as well.

Portkey travel was definitely out of the way. Harry stubbornly refused to use the blasted thing as every time he used one he ended up in a sticky situation.

Currently the Portkey was looking very inviting.

He had so far ended up at Cairo in Egypt, Memphis in the States, Diagon Alley where he originally departed from, Siberia in Russia, Vancouver in Canada and finally a small Amazonian village in Brazil.

Harry still wondered how he had ended up at that last location. He had startled the local indigenous tribesmen by emerging from their campfire. Of course knowing nothing about magic they had heralded him as a god.

The fact that the tribe's shaman had been attempting to perform a ritual didn't help either.

He had gotten out of there as fast as he could after that.

Finally he had made it to a somewhere that looked very much like his wanted destination. That was the case, until he stepped out of the Floo station and saw the bloody Eiffel Tower in the distance.

Harry groaned.

That's it. He was taking a Portkey no matter what situation he got into. Harry was just itching for a duel now.

He glared at the man across the street who was staring at him. The man quickly turned and rushed away. Harry always wondered if there was some kind of a curse on him to attract unwanted attention. He was dressed like an everyday common Wizard so no one would technically even notice him.

Then again it could be because he was swearing up a storm at the moment.

Basically he had removed his scar, altered his hair length and placed various Notice Me Not and Blurring Charms on himself. No camera would be able to capture his face and no one should notice him unless he did something obviously out of the ordinary or if that person was specifically looking for him.

Swearing one last time, he turned back into the Floo station.

XXXXX

Location Unknown

"My Lord."

"What?" Voldemort spat at the Death Eater that dared disturb his musings. "This had better be good."

"Our contact in France has just informed us that a person just signed into the country using the name James Pathertrory."

"Good. Take a group of ten men and dispose of him."

The Death Eater released a breath of relief. The Dark Lord seemed pleased, which meant no Cruciatus Curse.

XXXXX

France – Paris Wizarding District: Transport Department

"Excuse me Sir." Harry addressed the man by tapping him on the shoulder.

The man had barged into the station, cut the line and demanded an international Portkey from the attendant.

The fact that he had shoved Harry out of the way meant that Harry was currently resisting the urge to deck him.

The swarmy bastard even looked like a Malfoy. He had the same strut, bleached blond hair, dress sense and lack of manners.

"Fuck off!" The man flipped him off without bothering to turn around.

That was it.

Already finding the day shitty so far, with all the wrong destinations he had Flooed to. Coupled with the fact that he hadn't gotten much sleep, meant that Harry was currently a walking time bomb waiting to snap.

Of course some idiot Pureblood who had his head stuck so far up his ass couldn't notice this. Oh well, served him right.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he registered that he had been a bit more irritable lately. It was probably a result from some of the darker curses he had been practicing.

It would definitely explain Tom's constant bouts of rage and overall unpleasantness. Anyhow, the Dark Tosser was the last thing on Harry's mind as he proceeded to demonstrate why you didn't get Potter mad.

He had grabbed the man's finger in a vice grip and twisted. Kicking out the man's legs, Harry followed through by turning around.

The unbalanced man was dragged along and Harry made full use of the momentum to send him out the windows.

The shattering of glass was heard before a small thump.

Harry stepped out of the main door and stared at the unconscious man lying among a pile of glass shards.

He had of course gathered the crowd's attention this time. Who wouldn't when they tossed a man ten feet?

It would also seem that the man was pretty well known and hated, judging by the looks on some of the onlooker's faces.

Speaking about faces. Now with a clearer view, Harry thought that the man looked somewhat familiar. He had the exact same characteristics of the other two blonds he had taken out the other day.

Judging by the way the bugger was acting earlier, Harry guessed it

was safe to assume that they were from the same family.

He briefly wondered if they were related to the Malfoys. They certainly got the looks and mannerisms spot on.

Now that gave him an idea.

Harry cast two successful spells at the man. The first, an Enervate Charm. The second went off with a loud bang.

The pure white ferret appeared dazed for a moment as it got used to its new physical attributes.

As soon as the rodent had determined its situation, it made a break for it. Harry fancied himself pulling a Moody.

Hitting the scuttling rodent with the Levicorpus Charm, Harry proceeded to bounce the animal off the walls.

The creature gave painful squeaks upon each impact.

"Always. Respect. Your. Follow. Man."

Harry followed each word with a bounce.

"ENOUGH!!!"

Harry gave the thing one more smack before he stopped and dumped the ferret on the ground and returned it to its normal state.

The man looked a little worse for wear. Anyone would if they had just been bounced like a rag doll.

Harry noted that the people who had gathered around him earlier were now backing away into stores. Apparently the new comer was someone important.

Harry noted that he was dress and looked like an older version of the blond ponce behind him. He must be head then.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" The new man spoke loudly.

Has anyone ever sat down and thought about just how stupid that question was? It was like asking a wounded man if he was alright.

"I think it would be pretty obvious." Harry drawled. "But just in case you're having trouble processing it. I was enjoying the aerodynamic properties of flying rodents."

The man purpled and made a small hand gesture. One of the bodyguards drew his wand and the other Apparated out.

Fetching reinforcements no doubt.

"That man is my son."

"You admit it?" Harry called out in awe and mock shock. "Good sweet Merlin be damned, you would actually lay relation to this idiot."

Apparently insulting the man was the way to go, as indicated by him turning red.

"Do you have any idea who I am?" The man roared in fury.

"Nope but I imagine you're going to indulge me." Harry replied bored

"I'm the head of the Malfeay house and the most powerful man in France."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Really..." He trail off in disbelief. This was his lucky day.

Come to think of it. Why hadn't he noticed it earlier? The man and his son couldn't be anyone else but a relation of Malfoy. No one else could get on his nerves that much.

"Most powerful huh?" Harry stated. "Wanna bet?"

The man stepped forwards flanked by his remaining bodyguard and drew his wand.

"I challenge you to a duel of honor for the insult you have laid against my family."

"Sure. You've got some dirt on your shoe by the way." Harry called out.

Harry rolled his eyes as the man did just what every stuck up image loving narcissist asshole would do. He looked down.

Seeing black polished leather the man looked up, only to catch Harry's Bludgeoning Curse full on in the face.

Harry sighed. The dumb ass had initiated the duel, yet he was so easily distracted. The duel had already begun the moment Harry had accepted.

The bodyguard seeing his employer go down fired a Cutting Curse at Harry.

"Wait!" Harry held up his hands in surrender.

The man paused and Harry once again rolled his eyes.

"Stupefy!" The man went down as well.

"I win." Harry sang out feeling much better now.

Sighing once again he decided he best leave France now. No doubt the French authorities would be arriving soon and he didn't think they were going to let him off so easily this time for beating up their citizens.

Deliberately stepping on the Malfeay scion on his way back to the station, Harry took a bit of pleasure in the fact that both father and son had landed in a puddle of mud.

"Name?" The attendant looked at him in awe.

"James Pathertrory. I need an international Portkey to Italy."

He was passed a can of tuna. "It'll activate on thirty seconds."

"How much?" Harry asked.

"Don't worry. It's on me." The woman smiled.

Harry shrugged and vanished as the magical device activated.

A few seconds after Harry's departure two groups of men Apparated in. On one end were eleven Death Eaters led to capture or kill the mysterious Unspeakable, the other a group of twelve bodyguards ready to attack any opposing force they may run into.

Both groups stared dumbly at each other for a few seconds before chaos broke loose.

The bodyguards attacked the men in black assuming they were the ones responsible for their boss's current condition.

The Death Eaters attacked the bodyguards simply because they were being fire upon.

Twenty minutes later French Aurors arrived on the scene to discover eleven downed Death Eaters and twelve unconscious men, the two remaining conscious looked knackered enough that they didn't put up much of a resistance.

All were identified as persons with suspicious backgrounds, arrested and taken into custody.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"I demand that you tell me who the man is."

"I can't do that Minister, you do not have the necessary authorization to make such a request."

"I'm the Minister Of Magic."

"That you are Sir, and therefore our department lies outside your jurisdiction. Besides he isn't one of ours." The Head Unspeakable answered joyfully.

If the man was aiming to piss off the Minister Of Magic, he succeeded.

"Then I demand that you find out who he is."

The man sighed. "You can't make that sort of request Sir, you don't have the authority."

"I'll cut your funding." The Minister threatened.

"Go ahead then." The Unspeakable smirked. "We get no funding

from you anyway. Besides his name is no secret."

"It's obviously a fake, damn it."

"Of course it is, but since he uses it everywhere, just get your Aurors to pick him up. It is their job after all."

The Minister seeing that he was never going to win this conversation, left the office in a foul mood.

XXXXX

Somewhere On Earth

"REDUCTO!!!"

Harry ducked under the red beam of light and swore loudly.

Fate it would seem, was once again taking a crap on his head. He remembered the response Nicholas had given him when he said it so.

"A child marked by fate, you? Ha! Good one. You're just fate's bitch, whipping boy, handyman..."

Of course Nicholas had elaborated the last part with a few words he still didn't know existed even in a thesaurus.

Knowing his luck with Portkeys, Harry had ported right into the middle of some magical battle. The only upside was that they weren't actively aiming all those nasty spells at him.

Alright analysis time.

Group on the left dressed like civilians. Group on the right also dressed like civilians. Spells being thrown currently are definitely not

ones known by civilians. Conclusion, he was stuck in building between two groups of professionals battling it out.

Harry rolled his eyes as he sought cover when a deadly Castration Hex narrowly missed his crotch.

Add sadistic professionals.

Guess it was one of those famous Mob battles Harry had heard so much about. He could now add that to his list of things having seen. The plus side was that he now knew he was in Italy.

'Mental note. Add "Viewing Mafia gang battle it out with each other" to list.'

Come to think about it, Harry immediately had an epiphany. It was stupid enough to work and just the perfect time as well. The fact that he could now add "Pissing off the Mob" to his ever growing list of "Things Having Done" would be an extra plus.

He had second thoughts about what he was about to attempt, but decided that if anything went wrong he would just wing it.

Harry ran out from behind the upturned desk he was taking cover behind and made a break for an isolated office.

Shutting the door and locking it with a few quick charms, Harry proceeded to transfigure his robes from emerald green to black. Conjuring a bone white mask he donned it.

He conjured a mirror to inspect himself.

"So how do I look?" He asked the mirror.

"Stupid, but like a Death Eater."

Harry smirked at his reflection's reply, dispelled the mirror and exited the office.

"EXPLODRA!!!" Harry then proceeded to throw off devastating but non lethal spells at the two dueling groups.

"DIE FOR YOUR LACK OF SUPPORT YOU TRAITORS!!!"

Harry definitely felt stupid now. Seriously how did the Death Eaters go about sprouting this crap at the top of their lungs during a duel and expect to win. Shouting like an idiot attracts so much attention that even a deaf man would notice you.

Of course this worked a bit too well as the men decided that the famous phrase "An enemy of my enemy is my friend" was a good idea.

Harry immediately thanked his lucky streak that he had taken advance dodging lessons from good ole paranoid Alastor Moody.

Finding that he was having trouble defending himself, not to mention attacking them Harry decided that retreat was probably a good idea.

Firing off the Dark Mark, Harry Apparated out with a last comment of, "THE DARK LORD WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE!!!"

Of course not knowing where you were going to Apparate to, except that you wanted to be at least a mile from your original location was not a smart thing.

Predictably, he appeared in this middle of a Muggle inhabited area. Thankfully fate decided to cut him some slack and dumped him in a Muggle book store.

Above the Manager.

"Obliviate." Harry mumbled at the still dazed man.

At least he hadn't Apparated into a solid wall. Harry shuddered at the thought of such a severe Splinch.

The man recovered and gave Harry a weird look. He spoke something in Italian which Harry had no idea what it was.

"What?" Harry asked dumbly, his universal translation charm having worn out a while back.

"Ah! English! You going to costume party?"

"Sort of." Harry replied and hurriedly left the store to change out of the ridiculous robes and find a Muggle hotel.

XXXXX

Location Unknown

"Crucio!" The Dark Lord screamed in rage.

"Who's wise idea was it to attack the Italian families in my name?"

"We..."

"Crucio!" Voldemort cursed again in rage. Some over zealous idiot had decided to teach the Italian families a lesson in his name. While Voldemort indeed wish nothing better than to declare war on the Mafia, doing so was not wise. He either wanted them on his side of the war or out of it. Instead, now he had them up against his as well.

By the time he had learnt about the attacks, it was too late. Diplomatic relations with the Mob was now impossible. The ingrates had sent back his messenger in a body bag with a declaration of retaliation.

Voldemort scowled. When he finds the idiot responsible for this, he would personally torture them to death.

"Crucio!"

The Death Eaters were definitely not going to have a good day.

XXXXX

Italy – Outskirts

Harry crept along the outskirts of the manor's compound. The powerful beams of searchlights scoured the grounds hoping to catch an unlucky trespasser in their wake.

Quickly, he dove into a clump of bushes.

The glaring beam of the halogen flood light passed over the spot where he once stood.

For the third time that night Harry swore enough to make a sailor blush.

That was the third bloody rose bush he had leapt into. Was it him, or did the bloody Italians love rose bushes so much that they simply had to plant them everywhere?

Once again Harry asked himself just what in Merlin's name was he doing this for again. He'd rather be doing something much more productive such as hunting down Death Eaters, but no. He had to go accept the stupid Italian mission.

Not only that, his plan of Death Wanker impersonation just had to work. He still didn't believe it, the Wizarding Mafia actually bought his Death Eater crap.

This was what led to his current situation of sneaking around manor houses.

He had been performing failed but very realistic assassination attempts on some of the more prominent families. So far he had already made four fake Death Eater attacks and this would probably be his last.

He had received information from his sources that a group of heads from the five most important families were meeting here tonight to discuss what to do about Voldemort.

Harry was of course planning to gate crash their little meeting.

Unfortunately for him. His last four attacks hadn't gone unnoticed. How could they after he had left truck size holes in each previous manor's outer walls. Due to this, security had been increased. Guards were patrolling the perimeter and the wards protecting the home had been seriously updated.

Thank god that most prominent Wizards were Pureblooded and thus pretty dense. They had of course layered the manor's fence with tons of protective and detection spells that would immediately notify the owners if any spell was being used to break them down.

This was exactly the reason why Harry hadn't use a single spell to gain entry. He had done so the good ole Muggle burglar style. All he needed was a pair of bolt cutters and a handy crowbar.

Seeing an opportunity, Harry sprinted out of the bush and across the open garden towards another clump of bush cover.

He groaned in defeat when he noticed that yet again they were rose bushes. That bloody search light better not pass over him for a while yet.

'Now lets see.' He thought to himself. 'They would most probably be meeting in the office. That would be somewhere on the east front of the manor.'

"Point me." Harry whispered and his wand spun around imitating a compass.

He did a fair bit of directional navigation be determined that the office would be directly opposite the next clump of bushes. Squinting he activated the night vision charms on his glasses.

"Fuck." He swore when he saw that they too were rose bushes.

'To jump or not to jump. That is the question.'

The question was easily answered for him when the ever irritating searchlight came sweeping up the lawn.

Harry gritted his teeth and dived into the thorny bushes. He shut his eyes not wanting to get a face full of bright light while still having the night vision aspect of his glasses switched on.

The beam of light paused on his bush and Harry cursed the guard's powers of observation. They must have caught the slight movement of the bush's leaves.

Hoping they would pass it off as the wind. Harry silently and slowly drew his wand.

"Lepifor."

A small twig was transfigured into a bunny that hopped out of his bush and made a dash for the next one. Predictably, the spot light followed the animal as it tried its best to evade the white circle of lighted ground.

'Dumb asses.' Harry thought as he traced his wand in circles.

The Rabbit took evasive action and hopped from one bush to the next.

Chuckles could be heard as the rest of the spot lights centered on the original. The guards were making a game of who could keep their spotlight trained on the bunny as long as possible.

Waving his wand a bit more, Harry gave the transfigured animal the command to hop around a bit more. Seeing that no one's attention was going to be on him, Harry turned his attention back to the reason he was here.

The window of the office had been blinded but he could easily make out the shadows of people moving about. Harry trained his wand on the glass and wondered for a second if what he was about to do was a smart thing.

"Oh well." He shrugged and cast anyway.

If the bright red beam of light didn't catch the guard's attention, then the loud explosion that followed definitely did.

Harry's spell had nicely blown out the entire side of the building, no doubt interrupting the meeting that was going on.

He had to hand it to the Italians on one thing. When it came to action, they were trigger happy bastards. No more than five seconds after he had thrown the Explosion Hex did a spell blow a crater two meters away from where he stood.

He had definitely overstayed his welcome and Harry did what any Wizard of his caliber would do when under fire from no less than thirty Wizards.

He taunted them, cast the Dark Mark and ran like all hell was after him.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

Nicholas Flamel folded the newspaper he had just been reading and tossed it onto his desk.

"Harry, Harry, Harry, you just don't seem to understand the meaning of subtlety do you?" He spoke to his empty office.

Plastered upon the front page was the picture of the Dark Mark hovering above a large manor house and the headlines:

DARK LORD ATTACKS PROMINENT ITALIAN PUREBLOODED FAMILIES

The article had "Harry Potter" all over it, the casualty rate had been minimal and amazingly no deaths had occurred. The public might view it as a genuine Voldemort attack, but those who were familiar with the Dark Lord's work, which weren't many, knew he never allowed his targets to live.

That cheeky brat definitely had some explaining to do when he got back.

Author's Note:

I apologize for the lateness of this chapter. Don't really have an excuse really. University is over and I am bored out of my brains.

Anyhow here it is. It hasn't really been checked through yet and thus

the story might be a bit iffy and whacked.

If any spelling errors and plot mistakes are found, please state them in a review. My betas you know who you are. Other readers are welcomed to help out in correcting as well. ^_^

Anyhow, until next time.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Review Replies:

Due to passing a new rule stating that Authors are not to reply to reviews in their story. Since this may affect the length of the story itself. Therefore I'll be no longer answering reviews unless I receive enough of the same questions. The answers can be found in my Author's Notes.

Chapter 03 – May I Introduce Miss Mary Sue

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"So what'd I get?" Harry asked smiling at the older man.

"Get?" Nicholas asked incredulously.

"The mission, you gave me a week, and I did it in six days."

"And you will then explain what you did and how your handy work got plastered on the front page of the Daily Prophet five days in a row?"

"Probably not." Harry shrugged.

"Then no cookie for you. The Italians are still trying to clear up the mess you caused there."

"It was subtle, no one knew it was me. Besides, it was only four manors."

"Four very large, expensive and heavily insured mansions. The insurance companies are having a week of hell thanks to you. Also when I say subtle, I meant quietly, without drawing attention to anything, we are Unspeakables you know?"

Harry huffed at the lack of appreciation for his work. Nicholas just ignored him.

"Then there was a small minor disturbance of the peace all the way in France."

"I had nothing to do with that." Harry answered innocently. Probably a bit too innocently that resulted in the old man staring him down.

"Alright fine. Jeeze... I did it." Harry admitted grumpily. "But I had a good reason, the idiot was a poncy git."

"That still doesn't give you the right to beat up civilians." Nicholas scolded.

"Whatever." Harry waved him off. "Besides they don't have any evidence on me. No one knew I was there. Malfeay on the other hand isn't doing so well."

"No one knew or no one would report on you." Nicholas corrected.

Harry didn't answer but bent over and picked up the folder from Nicholas's desk instead.

"Hmm... Let's see. Disturbance of the peace, resisting arrest, assault on a Law Enforcement Officer and association with wanted criminals. Damn." Harry whistled. "The French must really hate this guy."

"Unlike the British Ministry here they aren't so susceptible to corruption. People like Malfeay have been walking the border line between illegal and legit. The authorities have been trying for years to hook him for something."

"So they're going to pin him with these charges? Doesn't seem like much." Harry said as he rolled his eyes.

"Take note that Al Capone was sentenced for life on the charge of tax evasion and not organized crime." Nicholas reminded him.

"Too bad we couldn't do that to the Malfoys." Harry said offhandedly.

"Unfortunately the Malfoys have been very upstanding citizens in the public's view. They have made countless donations to various magical charitable organizations." Seeing Harry's scowl Nicholas added. "And yes they do pay their taxes."

"Just wondering, has the Department Of Misuse Of Muggle Artefacts been to Malfoy Manor lately?" Harry asked.

"Of course. The Ministry has conducted several raids on the Malfoy's residence due to accusation of dark activity. Every case ended completely clean, no dark objects were ever found. There were a couple of spell books in the family library but every Pureblooded family has those sort of books."

"So your people never thought to check beneath the drawing room floor?"

"Firstly, the Unspeakables have never carried out a search of Malfoy Manor. To do so would require a warrant from the Department Of Magical Law Enforcement and the Wizengamot and the inspection is done by Aurors and Officials from the Department Of Misuse Of Muggle Artefacts. Secondly, what do you mean by beneath the Drawing Room floor."

Harry smacked his palm on his forehead. "You mean to tell me that no one has ever conducted a surprised raid on Malfoy Manor before?"

"Haven't you been listening, The Aurors have pulled off several."

Harry rolled his eyes. "The Aurors have pulled off several. Lucius would definitely have people in Law Enforcement and in the Wizengamot notifying him every time a warrant is issued for a raid. All he had to do is stuff all the dark junk into his little hidey hole and seeing that no one ever found it. I can assume only he can open it up."

"So what do you plan to do? Bypass the Wizengamot and raid the place without a warrant?"

"Do we even need one? We are Unspeakables, that and we have good reason to raid the place now. Lucius and Draco are both wanted by the law and Narcissa might be providing them shelter." Harry said as he threw the folder back onto the desk. "All we have to do is raid the place and I guarantee you we'll catch both Malfoys with their pants down."

"I'll think about it." Nicholas mentally filed that thought away.

Seeing that that particular thread of conversation was now dead, Harry decided on a new one.

"So chief, what's my new task?"

"Task?"

"Fine, what do you recommend and suggest I do that would be beneficial to both the Ministry and I and the general good of Wizarding and Muggle kind. As well as wrecking absolute havoc, disorder, mayhem and all round bad stuff for snake face."

Nicholas gave the young man a raised eyebrow.

"You do realize that with all your concealing charms, the only one able to see that would be me, right?" Harry voiced.

"Yes and did you really have to stretch out your request that long."

"Absolutely, positively, definitely, certainly, unquestionably, undeniably, categorically and without a doubt."

The man sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Harry smirked at the man. "I live to annoy."

"That may be the case The-Boy-Who-Is-Too-Cheeky. However

turnabout is fair play."

"Really? I'll love to see what you'll give me that can irritate me as much as I can you."

"We'll see Mr. Potter." Nicholas got up and went to the filing cabinet.

He flipped through some folders before extracting one. It had the words "Classified" stamped across the yellow thick parchment in bold red letters. Nicholas slid it across the desk to Harry who decided to take a seat.

Harry picked it up and browsed through it. His brows furrowed. The file before him wasn't the usual location, details and target file.

"What's this?"

"Personal information regarding a person I believe."

"I kind of noticed that as it is plastered across the first page. What's this? Assassination? And where's her picture and name for identification."

"Perhaps your powers of forethought and analysis are not as powerful as I was let to believe, Harry."

"Big deal, I'm dense, so what? It's something I've always let Hermione handle. Most of the time I work things on the fly. Now the file."

"As you know Mr. Potter, the Unspeakables perform their recruitment and evaluation of individuals of outstanding achievements years before they are even approached."

"Yes, yes, yes. You stalk them like the stalkers that you are for a number of years. Check up their background, yadda yadda yadda."

Nicholas ignored the interruption. "We've had our eye on this person for a while now."

"You want me to go recruit her? Are you sure?"

"No. She's already been recruited by one of our other agents, you'll be glad to know that she has undergone a three year Auror course prior us approaching her."

"So why... HELL NO!!! ABSOLUTELY NOT!!!" Harry figured out Nicholas's new assignment. The old codger was right, this would definitely annoy him.

"Think of it as a challenge."

"Go to hell old man."

"Think of it as an experience."

"I'll give you experience you old goat."

"Think of meeting new faces."

"You're just trying to set me up aren't you?"

"She's outside waiting to enter."

Harry growled and gave the man the universally recognized one fingered gesture.

Flamel, as usual, ignored it. "Come in."

Harry felt the wards shift slightly as the newcomer was allowed entrance. A figure no taller than Harry stepped into the room cloaked completely in the standard blue Unspeakable robes.

Focusing, he pierced her concealment charms. The lady's face was of Asian decent with shoulder length black hair. She was particularly okay looking, but Harry didn't bother really, he had no interest in relations till Voldemort was six feet under.

"James, meet your new apprentice, Griffin 08, Miss Mary Sue."

"What?"

"It's her code name, just like yours is James Pathertrory."

The woman gave a gasp at the revelation of Harry's fake identity.

"You did that on purpose, old man." Harry replied annoyed, almost every law enforcement personnel knew that name now.

The woman gave another gasp at Harry's blatant disregard of procedure.

"Permission to speak freely Sir." The Unspeakable requested.

"Permission granted."

Harry snorted at the formality.

"No offence Sir, but can he do that?" She asked.

"Do what?" Harry raised his eyebrow in query, not that she could see it.

"If you're referring to Mr. Pathertrory's lack of respect, then yes. While he's cranky, sarcastic, rude, hasty, hot tempered and generally unpleasant, he's also very trustworthy, dedicated and reliable. Not to mention he's one of the best Unspeakables this Department has seen in a while. Besides, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

Harry cleared his throat.

"Technically you are still under this department James. The bloody registry just doesn't seem to respond anymore."

Harry smirked. The conflicting identities that he was under were probably the cause of that. Having registered himself under "06" and "00", the registry probably didn't know which section to record him under.

"Miss Sue." The Unspeakable snapped to attention. "Mr. Pathertrory is to be your new instructor and partner till he deems your training complete. While under him, your clearance level will be under his jurisdiction"

"I'll just excuse myself then Sir,if you don't mind." Harry turned and addressed his new apprentice.

"Meet me outside when he's done with you." With that Harry left Nicholas to brief the girl, while mumbling about irritating old men. He didn't really care for procedure, he just got the job done. The girl better be good.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Armory

Harry walked down a corridor within the Department Of Mysteries. His new partner Mary Sue followed closely behind.

Harry was currently contemplating the old man's sanity. 'Just what kind of a code name was Mary Sue anyway?' Harry thought. At least it wasn't her real one. Imagine if someone were to really name their kid Mary Sue.

Harry shuddered.

He finally reached a check point that was guarded by a single Unspeakable behind a desk.

"Identification." The Unspeakable guard called out in a disembodied voice.

Harry paused and withdrew his identification card from within his robes.

"And your companion?" He questioned waiting for Mary's card.

"Never mind. She's with me." Harry spoke.

The man or what he sounded like pressed his card to an identification register.

The parchment glowed green for a moment.

"Everything is in order sir."

"Thanks." Harry replied. Turning around he called Mary to follow him.

"Why didn't I need my card, Sir?" She enquired curiously.

"Firstly, drop the Sir, its James. And you didn't need to register because someone with a level seven or higher has the authority to sponsor another Unspeakable entrance." Harry explained.

They found themselves in an empty unfurnished room. At one end was what looked like a counter protected behind a glass screen.

An Unspeakable was behind it filling out forms. Harry approached it and motioned Mary to follow.

"Unicorn Seven." Harry greeted.

"Ah! Griffin." The man replied recognizing the unique name tag.
"More field gear?"

"Not for me." Harry jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the newbie.

"I see the boss finally got you suited up with a field partner."

"Whatever." Harry waved off his comment. "I need you to suit her up. Advanced gear." He slid his card through a slot where the man pressed it to a piece of parchment like before.

A buzzing sound echoed in the empty room and a door popped open from one of the walls.

"Follow me."

The room that both had entered was filled with rows and rows of equipment along the walls. Along one section was a variety of dark blue cloaks, the other a number of small chests and finally at the back of the room a couple of swords, daggers and various other weapons.

"We're here to outfit you." Harry told his partner.

"I already got outfitted when I was initiated."

"And so was I." Harry snapped. "However you weren't equipped with anything like this. Only those ranked five and above get to come in here. Wait a second." He paused realizing something.

"Just how long have you been in the Unspeakables?" He asked suspiciously.

"Less than a week Sir." Was the quick reply.

"Awe crap." Harry began cursing his luck. "The old codger lands me with a bloody FNG."

His partner actually looked slightly insulted with his choice of words.

"Nothing against you, really, but that old man probably did this to annoy me further." Harry tapped his chin. "Actually this might go over better. Haven't let the stupid "by the book" rules get ingrained into your head yet."

"Er... No Sir."

"Excellent, then let's get your introduction done. Welcome to the Unspeakables, more importantly Griffin division, we're the brave idiotic unit of idiots that go charging into bad guys' homes and getting ourselves killed. You know the rest, join the Army meet interesting people, except we get to beat them up and get away with it. It pretty good, no one bothers you, you get tons of leeway and best of all, the Ministry hold no real control over our department. Too bad the paperwork is shit though." Harry announced this all in one breath.

His partner looked taken aback at his introduction.

He then pointed over to the rack of cloaks. "Now make yourself useful and go over there and pick out three to your size." He himself moved on to acquire a chest.

"Now the cloaks that you are looking through differ from the standard issue because they come equipped with an extra layer of dragon hide interwoven between the materials. I'm sure you're educated on the benefits of dragon hide." Turning around he saw her nod.

"Good. The cloak also comes with a few more protective charms built in that I can't remember. However what I do remember is two of the more useful charms, the disillusionment charm that can be easily

activated with a spoken "Hide" and "Reveal", as well as a nifty Portkey charm that allows you to port out of trouble by saying "Return" and tapping it twice with your wand." Harry said this as he inspected the contents of each chest. Some of them were missing stuff.

Giving up he decided to nick pieces from all of them to make one complete set. One password protected notebook, ten crystal phials for potions, a hip flask and one shrunken magical tent.

"Here." He passed the small chest to the girl. "It shrinks and expands with the words, "Shrink" and "Expand", just tap your wand to it twice. Even a bloody FNG can't mess this up."

The girl's face scowled at him from under the hood. Harry saw this despite the concealment charms.

He led her to the back of the room. "Now we have one of my favorite sections." He reached up and pulled a wicked looking saber down.

"This is the standard issue melee weapon given to higher leveled Unspeakables. Since you going to be my partner, I expect you to be able to wield one competently." Harry proceeded to dump a few more daggers and throwing knives onto the girl.

"Your robes have slots and pockets that allow you to carry and conceal them, toss the extra stuff into your trunk." She followed his instructions.

"Now come, follow me."

They both continued to walk towards the lift when a stray thought caught Harry's attention.

"You haven't by any chance been shown around the place have you?" He asked offhandedly.

"Er... No Sir..." She spoke as if she had done something wrong.

The girl had most definitely not done something wrong. Nicholas on the other hand did. Harry wanted nothing more than to wring the old man's neck. The girl had been in the Department for almost a week and yet it was left to him to show her around. He wasn't some tour guide for Merlin's sakes.

Harry glared at the girl but the effect was lost when she couldn't actually see through his cloak's concealment charms.

Realizing how stupid he looked he continued towards the lift.

"Alright seeing how that old codger has decided to leave your complete introduction to me. I believe I would have to show you around. So therefore I take it you have no idea where to go if I were to scream directions to you." Harry asked her once they got to the rotating room.

She shook her head.

"OK then. This is the main chamber, we simply call it The Chamber. Every single door that you see in this room leads to a room in the Department Of Mysteries. They are quite a brilliant piece of magic that allows a person to move from area to area despite the distance. For example, I could step through a door leading to the Room Of Time, when in actual fact the room is nowhere near the Chamber." Harry yelled over the grinding cacophony of the room.

"So it's like a portal?"

"In a way. Its main purpose it to prevent someone from Portkeying or Apparating directly into a department. Apparation is impossible in the Ministry due to the wards unless you target specific Apparation points. The Department Of Mysteries has its own wards that are much more

superior than the crap the other places have."

"What about Portkeys, you said our cloaks had them." Mary stated.

"Your cloaks will deposit you at the exit, right by the main desk that leads into this room."

She nodded in understanding.

"So this is how the Chamber works. You call out your assigned identification code and the location you wish to go to. If your rank is sufficient the door would nicely pop open. Watch." Harry turned away from her.

"Griffin. Research And Development." Harry spoke clearly and one of the many doors swung open. Go ahead you try." He offered as the door swung shut and the room began revolving again.

"Griffin 08. Research And Development." She spoke clearly, even with the voice obscuring charm her voice still sounded feminine.

To Mary's surprise nothing happened.

"It would seem that the system is working." Harry stated.

"But nothing opened." Mary pointed out.

"And it shouldn't have. Your rank doesn't allow you access to that area. Try Tactical Operations. now."

"Griffin 08. Tactical Operations." She called out again. This time a door swung open.

Moments later an Unspeakable stuck his head out and looked around. He saw the Unspeakable and his new partner and tilted his head in question.

"Breaking in the newbie." Harry explained.

The Unspeakable nodded and shut the door. The room began spinning again.

"Now there are two ways that you can get around the Department Of Mysteries. One is by the use of the Chamber and the other is to really know your way around. Every single room that is accessible by the Chamber is connected to another room. All you need is your identification card to get past the doors. Come follow me. Griffin. Unspeakable Offices." He called out.

A door popped open.

"This is the main room where everyone gets their introduction to the Department. It is accessible to all Unspeakables so you shouldn't have any problems finding it." Harry moved into it followed by Mary.

Various Unspeakables weaved throughout the many desks that were arranged orderly. Post it notes flew overhead as workers moved about doing their assigned tasks.

The some desks were cluttered with bits of parchment, others were neat and ordered. It depended on the owner of said desk. What stood out was that all of them were lacking personal artifacts that would finger towards the identity of said Unspeakable.

"This is a sort of common ground for all the Unspeakables." Harry explained. "Every single one of us is assigned a desk here. Mine is somewhere over there." Harry waved in a non specific direction. "Doesn't really matter as I am hardly around and I don't use it."

"Where's mine then." The girl asked.

"You're still a newbie and thus you are under my watch. Once I deem

you ready for the grading tests you'll receive a new rank other than level one and be assigned a desk for work to be done."

Harry waved at a few doors that were isolated in a section of the room.

"Those doors are the offices for the higher ranked Unspeakables. One of them is the old man's office."

"Why don't you have an office then?"

"Because even if I had one I wouldn't use it, the old codger knows this and has given me a desk instead, not like I use it too."

"How many divisions are there in this place?" She asked changing the subject.

"Excellent question, same one I would have asked when I joined. Well both you and I are in the Griffin Division. Like I said earlier on, we are the one who go on dangerous missions and raids. We are also known as Hit Wizards or Operatives."

"After that we have Unicorn Division, they are bloody lab rats that prod into the unknown, bunch of madmen I think. The chances of an unknown potion or charm blowing up in their faces are highly likely. They handle the Research And Development Department in this place."

"Then there's the Serpent Division. They plan out our missions for us and advice us on the best way to carry it out. Brilliant minds they have, so they're in charge of analysis and tactical situations."

"Now we have the stalkers, better known as Phoenix Division, they're in charge of field surveillance and obtain the details that we need before going on a mission."

"That brings us to the final division, Raven Division. They go undercover as spies and get us information that the Phoenixes can't get from simple surveillance."

"Each department has a head that oversees what's happening and finally there's The Dragon, who's the main head of the Unspeakables. He's also referred to by me as the old man, old coot, old bastard and senile git."

Mary choked at what he said. "So what are you? You don't seem like you fall under any of the Divisions despite your badge. It seems like you answer directly to the Dragon."

"Good observation." Harry complimented. "I'm what you would call a freelance agent. I'm the only one currently and it would seem that you're the next. Hence you getting paired up with me."

"Oh!" She said surprised.

"Ok now follow me. The tour continues." Harry said sarcastically swishing his cloak and making it flare.

He walked up to a large set of doors with a small metallic panel at its side. He pulled out his pass card and slid it over the panel. The door popped open and he pushed Mary inside.

They were now in a small hallway with many rooms lining the walls. Each door had a small number over it. There was no identification as to where they were.

"As you have no doubt noticed, the Unspeakables aren't very fond of providing directions to visitors. This hallway here is the Tactical Operations. Department, each of the rooms you see before you is an individual briefing room. You'll be briefed and debriefed in this area before and after a mission. If you were a normal Operative you would be notified of future missions by a mail bird post it note. However

since you're with me, you don't have to worry about that. Our missions come from the head honcho himself."

Harry turned and left the hallway. Moving to another door in the main office he slid his card over the panel. The door popped open and both Unspeakables went in. Unlike the hallway before, this room was more or less like the office they had just left. Unspeakables bustled around carrying notes and giving orders.

"The Intelligence Department." Harry explained. "Not an area that you'll be interested in. Us Operatives never come here often, the Phoenix and Raven Division share this department and they usually bring the information to us in the briefing rooms."

Mary nodded and both of them left the room.

"Now this is my favorite area." Harry announced as he opened another door. "Welcome to the Danger Room."

It was a large room with benches along the sides, some of them were currently occupied by some Unspeakables chatting and resting.

"Despite its name, it's just a boring old dueling chamber. All Unspeakables are allowed access to this area but it's mainly the Griffin and Raven Operatives that frequent." Harry gestured to a pair of Unspeakables dueling at a corner. "There are smaller rooms off to the side if you and a partner wish to duel in different terrains. Each room spots a different layout from desert to woodland. I myself prefer the urban design." Harry pulled open one of the doors to reveal an empty street setting much like Diagon Alley. "All you have to do is imagine the layout when you open the door."

He shut the door and gestured for his partner to give it a go.

Mary stepped forwards and opened the door. Curious, Harry leaned over and got a good view of a lush jungle terrain.

"A rainforest?" He said surprised.

"Just something I saw once in a magazine." Mary answered.

"Nice, but I doubt we would be dueling in that sort of terrain anytime soon, unless the old man decides to send us off to Brazil." Harry shrugged.

"Or Vietnam." Mary added.

Harry filed the country's name away mentally. It might have something to do with her origins.

After staying to watch a short duel between two Unspeakables they left when the victor nailed his opponent with a vicious bone breaker to his thigh.

Mary had visibly winced when the loud snap was heard.

Harry himself declined having to duel when a random Unspeakable approached him. He had pointed at his new partner and mouthed "Noob". The guy got the idea and left to find someone else.

Back in the main office Harry pointed to another room. "That one leads to Research And Development and we're going to skip it as I don't wish to lose a limb should an explosion occur in there."

Mary looked taken aback that such a thing could happen in such a secured environment.

"Believe me when I say that explosions are a frequent thing in that department." Harry said seeing her reaction.

He pointed to another door. "That one leads to the Room Of Memories. It's filled with tens of floating brain like things with

tentacles. Unspeakables who wish to retire go there to get a complete memory wipe. Their knowledge is stored away and they are free to go. Don't ask if we are going in there because we are not. I have no wish to get near any of those things."

Harry opened the door just so that Mary could get a look inside. Like he said, the room was filled with numerous floating brain like creatures with tentacles.

"Where's that door lead?" Mary pointed to a door on the other side of the room.

"That leads to a small hallway. No point going there, all the doors are locked. It's the Room Of Unknown Magic. The Unicorn Division is in charge of that area, which says a lot." He nodded to her and shut the door. "Anything that they can't find the answer to, they shut away in one of those small rooms. I can only imagine what goes on in there."

"But you do have access to them right?" Mary asked.

"That doesn't mean that I wish to indulge in the unknown. My curiosity has a limit and it draws the line at the dangerous unknown things."

"You sound like you've been in there, Sir." Mary said carefully.

"Of course. Like I said, my curiosity drew the line the day I went in there. The first door I opened blew up in my face and tossed me ten feet out the hallway and into this office area." Harry snapped.

"Ouch." Mary said unsympathetically.

"Yes ouch." Harry deadpanned.

"My advice to you is to stay away from any rooms that are solely operated by the lovable Unicorn Division, which brings us to the next

room." Harry pulled open the last door.

"Welcome to the Room Of Time." Harry entered the room with Mary.

The room was just like the last time Harry himself had visited. His ears were immediately assaulted by the tick tocks of watch gears clicking. All around the room were clocks of every fashion, the walls were completely covered in them. Unspeakables sat behind the many closely packed desk fiddling and tweaking with the fabric of time. Off to a corner an Unspeakable twisted a small hourglass and promptly vanished.

"Time Turner." Harry explained when Mary tapped his shoulder.

Harry moved towards the center of the room.

"Hmm... Relocated the main hourglass." Harry mumbled as he looked around. He hadn't been into this room for some time now.

"Pardon?"

"The hourglass." Harry gestured to the large towering crystal bell jar that took up the middle of the room. It was the only source of light in the place as it emitted a dazzling array of light. The beams had been directed upwards onto the ceiling so as to not blind those nearby.

"The jar used to be at that corner." Harry pointed to the previous location of the giant hourglass.

His apprentice move closer and marveled at the small bird within the bell jar.

"Beautiful isn't it." Harry commented also watching the humming bird go from birth, hatching from its egg to a full adult before turning back into an egg.

"Come now." Harry placed a hand on her shoulder and pulled her away from the device.

Harry held both her shoulders and pierced her concealment charms, he stared into her eyes. "Be careful at what you look at Miss Sue. That Hourglass has an ancient enchantment that captivates its audience. It's the security measure of this room." Harry said as he led her to a door at the other end. "It had a way of enticing people into reaching out to touch it. The glass itself is permeable to touch and your hand would go through."

"What happens if you do enter it?" She glanced at the jar again.

"Let's just say I've seen a person stick his head into that thing and had it deaged. The guy ended up with a baby's head on a grown up's body." Harry chuckled.

Mary gave him a weird look as he moved on.

"Now this room has an interesting history." Harry said solemnly as he entered the next connecting room.

Mary shrank away but Harry grabbed her. The room had a dark threatening presence.

"The Room Of Death, also known as the Death Chamber." Harry said staring at the veil. He still had visions of Sirius falling through it whenever he entered this particular room.

The archway was supported upon a raised pedestal. Stone benches surrounded the room at a raised level. It was very much like a courtroom.

Harry cleared his throat. "I did some research on this room. Did you know that it was once used as an execution chamber?" He pointed at the raised benches and the door behind them. "That door leads to

courtroom ten. It's hidden so you can't find it, it has to be opened from this end. Criminals sentenced to death would be pushed into the veil as the members of the Court and Wizengamot watched on."

"Now come on." Harry pulled Mary who was staring at the veil.

He opened the next door and pushed her in.

He shook her out of her silence.

"You heard the voices didn't you?" Harry asked.

Mary nodded slowly.

"It means that you've lost someone close to you. All the more reason that you should stay away from that archway. It has ways of drawing its victims in. Do you understand me?" Harry ordered.

"Yes Sir." Mary squeaked out.

"Good."

It was then that she noticed that they were in a new room. Rows and rows of shelves lined the room. It was extremely dark, the blue flame torches failed to illuminate the room correctly as their light was lost to the high ceiling above. What light that managed to illuminate the room was reflected off the smooth glass surfaces of the hundreds of glass spheres that occupied the shelves.

"Welcome to the Room Of Prophecies." Harry held out both his hands. "You'll probably never come into this room again unless you're the unfortunate target of a prophecy." Harry said bitterly.

"And don't even think about touching them." Harry grabbed Mary's hand as she reached out to inspect a glass ball. "They're enchanted so that only their keeper or the person spoken of can remove them."

"Sorry." Mary kept her hands by her hands firmly by her side.

"However since you are so curious, I'll let you view one." Harry offered and led her to a shelf far at the back of the room.

He bent down at ground level and scanned the shelf for what he was looking for.

"There, the first one you can pick it up." He indicated to a small glass sphere.

12th December 1212

A.B.N to A.T.H

Prophecy Beginning

Mary looked at him as if he were mad.

"Go on." He offered. "This just happens to be the only Prophecy Sphere in the whole room that can be lifted by anyone."

Seeing that she was still doubtful, Harry lifted the sphere and passed it to her.

"Go on, shake it." She did and a deep throaty voice started playing itself.

A riddle I am, a riddle I be,

Given freely, for all to see.

Just a rhyme this be, in time you'll see,

Indeed I am, a Prophecy.

Some will believe, some will not,
It doesn't matter, I can't be forgot.
Many will follow the first of its kind,
Prophecies these are, those that find.
The future we tell, fate we write,
Given only, by those with sight.

A riddle I am, a riddle I be,
Given freely, for all to see.

"This isn't what I think it is, is it?" Mary said holding the sphere in slight reverence.

"Yup, the first ever recorded prophecy. Stupid thing is a prophecy about more prophecies." Harry rolled his eye at the irony of a prophecy being prophesized.

Mary nodded her understanding and replaced the glass globe.

"And that concludes our tour." Harry said. He turned around and moved to the door. "Exit." He called out clearly. The door swung open to reveal the rotating chamber.

"Useful isn't it." Harry smiled at Mary's surprised look. "The rotating chamber works both ways."

They both exited the Department Of Mysteries and headed for the lift.

As soon as they stepped out Harry reached within his robes and

withdrew a bright yellow rubber duck.

"Portkey." He explained seeing his partner's enquiring look.

The rubber duck had always been a small inside joke for him since Mr. Weasley had asked him what the Muggles did with one. At least now he had a new use for one.

Harry chuckled and tapped the duck once with his wand and muttered. "Voldemort."

Both Unspeakables vanished leaving those two nearby Unspeakables flinching at the use of the Dark Lord's assumed name.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House

Both appeared in the middle of what looked like an ordinary family's living room. Nothing at all seemed magical about the place.

His new partner and apprentice stumbled from the sudden jerk crashing to the floor. Harry himself lost balance but with what looked like practiced ease reached out and grabbed hold of a couch backrest preventing himself from tipping over.

"Hate those ruddy things." He muttered and pulled his partner to her feet. "I see you're not a fan of this method of transportation as well."

"Stupid things always make me trip." She mumbled.

"Good to know. It just mean's that you have more than the average level of power found in a Witch. It's a good thing." He smiled.

"But Dumble..." She started but he interrupted her.

"Dumbledore uses numerous stability charms to keep himself in place whenever he's in transit within the Floo or Portkey. It wouldn't do to have the Chief Warlock Of The Wizenwhatsit fall flat on his ass every time he appears in public." Harry spoke.

"You don't seem to use them Sir." She stated.

Harry assumed it was both a question and statement. "I don't know them. Beside I find it useful that I trip whenever I Portkey on an assignment. It helps throw certain individuals off."

"I don't see how that will help Sir." She looked around the room, taking into mind the lack of pictures in the dwelling.

The room was simply decorated. What she assumed was the main entrance doorway led straight into the living room. And through an archway she could make out a small kitchen. The stairs also in the room, no doubt led to the bedrooms upstairs.

"Most opponents laying an ambush for Portkey arrival aim at chest height. My tripping has the fortunate advantage of putting me below that level of sight. The Cushioning Charm I constantly apply on my robes helps as well." Harry explained as he waved his wand at the fireplace. A small blaze manifested and crackled away at the logs.

"Pardon the lack of a Warming Charm on this place, but I see no point to announce to the world this house is magical." Harry spoke and moved into the kitchen. Mary followed him.

"Drink?"

"What? Oh... Butterbeer."

"Catch." He tossed a bottle awkwardly at her. She caught it none the less. "Good reaction." He complimented.

"I played Quidditch briefly Sir."

She stared at the definitely magical drink and brought up his earlier statement.

"Things like drinks the Muggles pass off easily. A levitating pillow they would not."

She could somewhat see the logic in that. "I understand Sir."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"I will not repeat myself again. This isn't the army or the law enforcement. Drop the Sir and all that other formality. You have no doubt seen that I hate authority."

"Yet you still order me around as an authority figure." She answered surprisingly quickly.

Harry raised an eyebrow that she never saw due to the Concealment Charms. "So you can stand up to your superiors, I like that."

"Once in a while Sir."

Harry snorted. "I believe you were reprimanded for situation where you once punched out your commanding officer."

"The man was an idiot Sir."

"Drop the Sir."

"Not if it annoys you Sir."

'She has balls' He thought. He would let that slide. He wanted someone who could think for themselves and not an ass kissing lackey. She definitely was opening up to him. He passed off her

earlier timidity as cautiousness due to the presence of Nicholas Flamel.

Now Harry didn't really mind ass kisses that much. A bit of it here and there was alright. After all people needed motivation, however, someone on the butt licking level such as Percy Weasley was just disgusting.

"Very well, your mouth seems rather good at smart remarks. Let's see if your wand fares as well. Follow me."

He swept out of the room.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

"Headmaster." Severus Snape barged into the office but silenced himself when he saw the man had a guest.

"Ah. Severus, What a pleasant surprise." The Leader of the light drew up an armchair for him. "Take a seat."

"I'd rather I stand Headmaster."

"Very well." Dumbledore left the chair there nonetheless. The other person in the room was also standing.

The man was dressed in what Snape could only describe as formal Muggle wear. It had thin grey stripes running down the rich black material. The man was tall but average looking, He had a long face with distinct bone structures that made him look of Mediterranean origin. His hair was as black and combed back like his own, but lacked the oily appearance that standing over Potions and collecting their fumes would give. Overall, he didn't really seem a threat despite the fact that he was no doubt magical.

"Who might you be?" He sneered.

The man didn't look so harmless anymore when he turned an eye to the Potions Master.

"You'll have to forgive my Potions Professor, Mr. Pegios. His devotion to his art has left him short of certain people skills."

The man accepted the apology and returned his look to the Headmaster. He still kept an eye on the other dark haired man every once in a while out of the corner of his eye.

Snape was surprised. Year of practice allowed him to not show it but he was surprised nonetheless. The Headmaster, THE Albus Dumbledore was sucking up to someone. This was definitely someone special.

"Headmaster I have news regarding a certain individual that you no doubt wish to hear." Snape stared at the man.

"Whatever you wish to inform me Severus can be done so in the presence of our guest."

Snape looked at the man again contemplating his thoughts. The spy suddenly put it together.

"I believe my information is now old news Headmaster. Mr. Pegios here is an Italian who would have already told you whatever news I have. Good day Headmaster." Snape swept out of the room, his robes billowing.

Dumbledore gave an amused smile at the retreating figure.

"Now Mr. Pegios. Where were we?"

"As I was saying Headmaster Dumbledore the Italian families wish to inform your institution of certain current events in our country for an educational purpose."

"And what might these current events be?"

"The main Italian families have declared an all out feud against the Dark Lord Voldemort for his recent attacks. We will not form an alliance of any sort with other resistance groups, and we will take care of this matter on our own. We will not interfere with any situations regarding this Dark Lord outside of our country, what happens within is another matter entirely."

Dumbledore smiled. At least they were against Voldemort.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Dueling room

"Is that all you've got?" Harry lazily deflected a stunner.

"Stupefy!" That to, was easily deflected.

"Shouting doesn't make the spell stronger. It's intent." Harry snapped.

"STUPEFY!!!"

"Protego." Harry lazily spoke and bounced the spell back at his new apprentice.

She dove out of the way.

"Stop shouting, you're starting to give me a migraine. Shouting not only gives away what spell you cast, it attracts attention. Now curse silently." A bright red beam erupted from Harry's wand.

"Protego." A bright white shield came into being before his partner.

The stunner paid it no mind and shattered it. The impact sent the girl hurling backwards. She landed and flipped backwards while sending off three silent stunners.

Harry literally batted them off with his hands. For him they were extremely weak but at least they were silent.

"Good. Now we duel."

Five beams of light came at him immediately.

'At least she can use silent spells.'

Harry batted the two stunners off and ignored the silencing and confusion charm. The mild exploding curse, which he identified was the last he dodged by twisting his head.

"Aqua." He spoke clearly.

Mary paused in surprise that her silencing spell was useless and that her opponent was watering the floor.

"Glacius."

Harry saw the understanding on her face as she slipped and skidded across the room from the ice forming beneath her feet.

Harry who was not moving summoned a wood shard from behind him and transfigured it into a circular piece of metal. He easily jumped onto it and levitated himself towards his partner who was groaning.

"That was pathetic." He said calmly. "A Death Eater would be wiping

the floor with you by now."

He quickly tilted his head when a dagger went zipping by.

"That was much better." He commented. "Now get up." He waved his wand dispelling the ice.

Mary sighed and readied herself.

"Now there are three ways to duel, it's either my way or your way. It's your choice. Mine involve two base techniques. The short duel or the long one."

"The short one involves throwing everything including the kitchen sink at your opponent at the beginning. Excellent if you want to take the person down fast. Disadvantage is that, you'll tire quickly and would make easy pickings for a new incoming opponent."

"The other is excellent if you wish to determine your opponent's abilities by dragging out the duel. This way you can determine their weaknesses, strengths and techniques."

"However the main thing in a magical duel is to USE YOUR BRAINS!!! Always, and I mean always, stay a step ahead of your opponent. Do not underestimate them. Also it helps if you respond to their attacks in kind. They throw a Stupefy, you return a Reducto. They throw a Reducto, you give them back an Explodra."

"What if they cast an Unforgivable?" She asked.

It was an honestly good question and Harry had the perfect answer.

"There are four things you can do. Stand like an idiot and die. Run like Forest Gump. Start casting them back. Or you could just throw everything else you have at them." Harry ticked off his fingers. "I very much advise not trying out the first one. You dying would mean a lot

of red tape and shit for me. Understood?"

She nodded.

"Now, begin."

The spell casting began again and five minutes later Mary had yet again ended up on the floor.

"That enough for today. I want you to sort through all your stuff within the next hour. Your room on the first floor has its own bathroom and is properly warded against scrying and spying charms. You can safely take off your concealment charms and cloak when you are in the room. It's the one with an open door." He informed her.

Just as she was climbing up the ladder from the basement he informed her dinner would be at seven. She indicated her acknowledgement with another "Yes Sir" before disappearing.

Harry sighed and massaged his temples. This was definitely going to be a long month.

XXXXX

One Week Later

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Dueling room

"Begin." Harry had barely finished saying the word when he had to duck a nasty bone breaker.

Two more nearly caught his head this time but he had tilted backwards into a backwards roll. Using his hands he sprung back up.

"Reducto." The minor exploding curse flew from his Phoenix wand. The resulting explosion was not expected. It was many times more

powerful than the norm and threw his dueling partner across the room.

In mid flight she had started spraying water with her wand across the room at him.

Harry snorted. He had shown her this trick before and knew what was coming next. He conjured and levitated his floating disc. It was short lived when he had to sacrifice it to a Piercing Curse that came his way. The disc flew to intercept it and Harry jumped off.

"Fulger Fulmen."

A powerful bolt of lightning was unleashed at the watery section of the floor.

Harry was impressed. She had managed to accomplish the powerful spell with almost no sound.

He saw the wave of current approaching and lazily waved his wand.

"Glacius." The wave of ice met the electric charge. Losing its conductor the electricity dissipated.

"Explodra."

"Ancile Clipeatus." It was his strongest shield spell and the curse was completely absorbed.

"Aim for the ground Sue. You want to catch with the explosion, not the curse."

His comment was taken to heart when the next one impacted near his feet.

"Leucuspis." A physical shield protected him from the debris.

A Bludgeoning curse came at him and Harry conjured a brick wall that stopped it.

Harry pointed his wand at the wall. "Reducto. Waddiwasi." The wall was shattered and he hurled the pieces at his apprentice.

She imitated his choice of a physical shield. The bricks struck and weakened it till the final piece broke through and impacted her shoulder.

She yelped and fell.

"You're going to have to do better than that girl."

"STUPEFY!!!"

Harry's eyes widened. "Protego." The force of the spell was considerable and it made him stumble backwards.

'Finally.' He rolled his eyes. It took longer than he had expected for her to show her true potential.

Another stunner hit his shield. Harry braced himself. This one was stronger than the last.

"STUPEFY!!!"

He was again forced another step back. The girl was stubborn he had to admit. She refused to back down from a challenge and was attempting to shatter his shield charm.

"If you're done with your repetitiveness." He drawled, imitating the many times he had heard Malfoy done.

"STUPEFY!!!"

He forced forwards and blocked the shot. This was the strongest so far.

"You're gonna have to do better than that sugar britches. The attempt was just pathetic. I've seen fourth years do better."

That apparently did it. As soon as those words left his mouth a visible nimbus of power enveloped her.

'Finally.' Harry internally smiled and prepared for the strongest stunner he would even receive.

Her eyes narrowed. "Stupefy."

It was almost silent but the power coming for it made Harry's skin tingle.

"Hell no." He dove out of the way as the spell blew his shield apart and narrowly missed him. He rolled and bounced back up.

Mary who had no doubt put everything she had into the last stunner looked pale and wobbly on her feet.

"Duel's over." Harry moved towards her in concern. She was definitely suffering from magical depletion. When he got close enough she collapsed into his arms.

"Lie down. Rest." He withdrew a phial of Pepper Up Potion and made her drink it. Some of her normal color returned to her cheeks.

"You're looking better." He commented.

She gave him a funny look.

"I can see through your charms." He explained.

"What happened?" She said weakly.

"That would be your Aura. I take it this is the first time you have done it."

"I'm sorry. I don't know what happened, I felt so angry and suddenly I couldn't control myself."

"Congratulations then Miss Sue." Harry smiled. "That was the entire objective of my dueling lessons with you. To tap into one's true power was the goal, the dueling techniques that you may have picked up were just extra."

"That was it?"

"Yup. I needed you pissed so that you could do it the first time. Now we'll work on control. Not controlling your magical output can result in magical depletion."

"That's why I'm felling so dead."

"Correct. The next duel will be on technique and control. The real lessons begin now. My extra advice for today would be to aim at waist level when using direct spells. Your opponent may duck a head or chest shot, but they will never be able to duck or jump above or below a waist level spell. They'll either get smacked in the noggin or hit in the legs."

She groaned and he handed her another phial. "Drink it and go rest. You're dismissed."

She weakly saluted him and staggered out the dueling chamber.

Harry watched her leave as he rubbed his chin in thought. The girl was progressing at an alarming rate. She had potential. Despite what

he told her, she was catching on to this faster than he ever did.

Harry smiled and left for the study. He had a report to send to the old Alchemist. Maybe this wasn't so bad after all.

XXXXX

2 Weeks Later

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Dueling room

"Be..." Harry never got to finish the word when a Bone Shattering Curse narrowly missed his head.

The girl was getting a bit too trigger happy for his tastes within the last few days.

Three more dangerously fatal curses nearly hit him. Harry dodged and jumped out of the way. The curses leaving small blast craters upon the walls and floor of the dueling room.

"Aqua." She muttered one word but three spells came forth.

A ball of water shot from her wand tip, a Lightning Charm charged it and a Reducto Curse blew it throughout the room as tiny small rain drops.

Harry's eyes widened. 'Good sweet Merlin.'

'Leucuspis.' He mentally spoke, he didn't even have time to call out the spells for her benefit anymore. The bright physical shield enveloped him and catching the droplets of water.

The electric charge however made its way through and gave him a nasty shock. Harry was thrown backwards and landed painfully on his back. The Cushioning Charm barely softening him on impact.

He rolled over and once again throwing up the physical shield he blocked the earth shrapnel that resulted from an Exploding Hex.

'Stupefy En Multiplicus.' His mass Stunning Curse exploded as soon as it left his wand.

Mary blocked it but stumbled backwards from the sheer power Harry put into spell.

'Explodra.' Harry's curse impacted the ground between both of the duelers. A small cloud of dust was stirred up obscuring their view of each other.

Through the haze, five various spells flew at him headed in random directions. Harry sent his own into them and placed his Rebounding Charm on the walls. 'Contego.'

His wand jerked trice and the three balls of red light exploded.

'Ancile Clipeatus' His powerful shield surrounded himself, rebounding the stunners off in a new direction.

As the dust cleared and he got his first sight of his partner, Harry sent off his strongest shield breaker he had followed closely by a Disarming Charm.

Mary who had also summoned the same protection as him was startled when her protections fell. The Disarming Charm caught her unprepared and she was lifted off her feet and thrown into the wall.

A brown wand flew at Harry who tilted his head allowing it to soar past.

'Stupefy.' The stunner struck Mary who was still dazed right in the chest. Her body gave a jerk, but she remained conscious, the

Unspeakable cloak had seen to that.

Harry threw another but she had rolled out of the way and Harry had to dive from a Full Body Bind.

He hit the floor as ropes flew from his wand.

Groaning in frustration as the ropes promptly burst into flames, Harry decided to try a new technique. Instead of spell casting, his foot lashed out hitting Mary's shin in its path.

"Ow." She shrieked dropping her second wand in favor for her leg.

'Stupefy.' Harry got her right in the face and she slumped onto her back unconscious.

He released a contented sigh as he too rolled onto his back nursing his bruises. He was going to have to send her on that grading course soon.

XXXXX

1 Week Later

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Dueling room

"Enough!" Harry called out. As he deflected a Piercing Curse.

"Vitiositas." Mary shot another curse ignoring the command.

"For god's sake woman! Enough already!" Harry dodged the rotting spell.

"Tabes." His apprentice continued to curse him.

"Lumos Solarium En Maxima." Harry cast nonverbally and his wand

exploded with the intensity of a flash bang grenade.

Sue shrieked and started releasing waves of flame in her blinded state.

Harry erected a shield and pushed through.

Shoulder ramming her with his heavier weight he easily toppled her. A quick kick to her ribs and another at her wand arm, she was disarmed.

Harry huffed in exhaustion at their duel.

"I'm pretty sure I said to stop." Harry said as he hunched over, resting his hands on his thighs.

Sue continued to cough and splutter as she grasped her chest and rubbed her eyes. Harry took pity on the girl and cast a localized numbing charm.

"Better? Now why didn't you stop?" He demanded.

"I thought it was another of your tricks." She said rolling onto her back, rubbing her side.

"Hmm... Good excuse." Harry commented.

"Excuse my arse, Sir. It wouldn't be the first time you pulled something like that." Mary snapped at him.

Harry chuckled. "You aren't going to forgive me for that fly thing aren't you."

"No." was the immediate reply.

Harry smiled at the memory. He had opened the duel with a simple

Disarming Hex before calling out that Mary's fly was open. Despite her wearing robes and being female she couldn't resist the urge to look downwards. He had nailed her in the noggin with a stunner after that.

"So why are we stopping, certainly not for you to make anymore sarcastic comments at me." They had exited into the living room where Mary took the initiative and flopped into one of the couches to better tend to her aching side.

Over the few weeks of training Mary had developed a stronger backbone to Harry's snappish attitude. It was either that or she just became immune over time like Nicholas did. Harry hoped that it was the former, if not she would still be kowtowing to authoritative figures.

"We, are stopping because yesterday was the day I was meant to report to old man Dragon." Harry said without much care.

"Pardon me James, but I thought you said yesterday." Sue asked.

"Like I said, yesterday." Harry confirmed.

"Oh ho, Dragon is so going to chew you out."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"It's not the first time I've entered his office unannounced. I've yet to walk in on him getting a lap dance from some random female Unspeakable hoping to garner promotion."

"You're not serious are you?" She said disbelievingly.

"Of course not. No female would be in their right mind to lap dance that old geezer. Urgh..." Harry mock shuddered at the mental image.

Sue rolled her eyes. "Men." She mumbled.

"Yes men." Harry had overheard her. "The male species of the human race that have been confirmed as perverts. Just be glad that I'm opened about these things, it's the silent ones you have to be careful with."

"And why am I listening to this?"

"I'm your adviser and mentor, therefore you should listen to all that I say without question." Harry suggested.

"Hardly." Mary deadpanned. "Besides your training was meant to have ended yesterday, as you said so yourself."

Harry shrugged. "The old man gives me leeway for these missed deadlines. My other speedy assignments more than make up for the occasional lateness. Besides I always take my time if the assignment isn't a life or death thing."

"You're really full of yourself aren't you." Mary commented.

"Definitely." Harry nodded. "It's either that or be grumpy, brooding and a general asshole."

"Aren't you those as well?"

Harry once again shrugged.

"Here." He held out a Portkey in the form of a brassier.

Mary, understandingly spluttered in indignation.

"Don't worry it isn't yours. I am not that big a pervert."

The girl just glared at the offending piece of women wear hoping that it would burst into flames.

"Get rid of that." She hissed snatching it and tossing it at the fireplace.

Ironically enough, the flames chose that moment to go green indicating the arrival of someone via Floo.

"Reducto!" Harry quickly fired the spell at the flames and dived behind a couch.

Nicholas stepped out and calmly absorbed the curse with a shield. He wasn't prepared however for the piece of garment to smack him in the face. The Unspeakable head stumbled backwards back into the still green flames that were slowly turning orange.

"Interesting greeting James. I must admit that I've never been greeting in this fashion before. Can I keep it?" Nicholas inspected the piece of cloth. "Oh dear. It isn't yours is it?" He asked Mary who had jumped up when Harry attacked. The girl now just looked shocked and horrified.

Seeing her look of horror, the man assumed the worst. "It is yours then. Seeing as you two need some more time, I think I'll come back later."

"Drop dead you old pervert" Harry curse as he propped himself up with the couch's back.

"Aren't you going to ask me a question that only I would know?" Flamel asked.

"No need. No one could fake that kind of response." Harry glared at the man and flopped into a chair as he massaged the shoulder he had landed upon in his sudden dive. "And for your information those aren't Mary's."

"Of course they aren't." Flamel said knowingly.

"Arrgh..." Harry gave up, throwing his hands in the air.

"How did you get the Floo connected? I specifically layered the wards myself."

"Can I keep it?" Flamel asked again eagerly.

Harry mental process stumbled for a moment, they obviously weren't on the same line of thought.

"Yes, yes. Keep the blasted thing." He snarled. "Now the Floo." He demanded.

"It was always there. I just hid it from detection charms. Did it not occur to you that I wouldn't leave a back door to one of my safe houses?" Flamel explained.

Harry accepted the explanation. "I just thought that there were ways to hook up a Floo connection that bypassed my wards.

"No there isn't. Not that I know of that is." Nicholas said as he looked at Mary. "Are you alright dear?"

"Er... Yes. Just surprised that's all." The female Unspeakable sat down.

"Now what's this about. You don't generally go making house calls. Unless it's something important." Harry questioned as he moved towards the kitchen. "Tea?"

"Yes please." Nicholas called out.

He now shifted his attention to the other occupant of the house.

"So Mary, tell me, how's life with the great James Pathertrory?"

"Interesting, Sir. He's very knowledgeable in dueling techniques. He thinks out of the box and uses unique methods." Mary replied truthfully.

"Good. Mr. Pathertrory has a knack for imagination and creativeness. He isn't very educated in spell theory and variety, but he does make up in technique." Nicholas commented.

"I've noticed he rarely uses complicated spells but instead sticks to simple but powerful ones. Most of his dueling methods would be frowned upon by an official dueling committee."

Flamel threw back his head and laughed. "Taught you the 'Squirrel Move' then has he?"

"Squirrel Move?" Mary frowned.

"Surely you know what it is." Flamel said surprised.

"Yeah I know what it is. It's just that he's never shown it to me." She said raking her memory if he had indeed shown it to her.

"Probably because you're a woman and not a guy. He doesn't think it's appropriate to hit women. James's like that, he's too much of a gentleman."

"Gentleman?" She said in disbelief as she rubbed her side unconsciously. If that was the way her partner thought being soft was, she was glad that she wasn't male.

"Be thankful that you aren't." Nicholas apparently had the same thought. "In his early days of training he left a handful of my best men limping for weeks."

Mary couldn't resist the laugh she felt coming.

Harry chose this time to appear, tea set in hand. He neatly arranged the cups and poured the steaming brown liquid.

Nicholas frowned at his plastic cup.

"What? No Bone China for me?" He asked in mock hurt.

"If you're going to act like a child, I'll treat you like one." Harry replied.

Mary held her tongue that James was being a hypocrite and deserved no less than a plastic cup himself.

"Demoted to a child now am I?"

"That and I don't like you." Harry said as he reached for the sugar pot.
"One or two."

"Three." Nicholas said apparently unaffected by Harry's rudeness.

Mary just rolled her eyes at the men's childish byplay. If she had known this was what she was going to end up with she probably should have stayed at her old job. Not even the Aurors were this immature.

As soon as the sugar cube hit the tea, Nicholas's tea cup returned to its original Bone China cup.

"Knew you couldn't stay mad at me James."

"You just keep saying that old man."

"But you need me."

"Yeah right." Harry retorted.

"How else would you get all the juicy assignments then." Nicholas thought he had won this argument.

"You call newbie training, a juicy assignment?" Harry somehow had a comeback for that.

"Excuse me people. I'm still here." Mary snapped. "Now you shut up and behave." She prodded Harry's arm.

Flamel smirked and mouth 'whipped.' Harry scowled and gave him the finger.

"And you, don't provoke him." She rounded on her boss.

Harry mouth 'Whipped' from behind her back. Nicholas chose to return the earlier gesture.

"That goes for you too James." Mary punched Harry on the arm.

"Egads woman. You're being brave today." Harry said. "Hit him too then why don't you."

"I agree James. Most of my Unspeakables don't dare to tell me off. I must say that your attitude is rubbing off on her. I don't know if that's a good thing or not. One of you is bad enough."

"Arrgh. Fine see if I care." Mary stomped off to the kitchen.

"She's just making snacks." Harry said, not too concerned.

"So you aren't sleeping with her then?"

"What?!?" Harry said loudly.

"Speak a little louder I don't think she heard you in the next room."

Nicholas said.

"WE AREN'T SLEEPING TOGETHER!!!" Harry shouted out loudly just for the heck of it.

Nicholas looked taken aback and twisted his head left and right. When no Mary Sue came back he glared at Harry.

"You have a silencing charm in place don't you?"

Harry smirked.

"Tell me why I would be sleeping with her?" Harry asked curious all of a sudden.

"What? A young man and woman stuck in the same house for a month. No one around to chaperone should you two get frisky." Nicholas wagged his eyebrows.

"Young? You make it sound like we're sixth years at Hogwarts." Harry said.

Flamel just gave him a look that said 'Aren't you?'. Harry ignored him.

"My relation with my partner is simply that. P.A.R.T.N.E.R.S." Harry spelt it out for him.

"Truthfully he's right. I've never once considered sleeping with him." Mary entered the room.

Seeing both men's surprised looks, she held up a small flesh colored ear attached to a string.

Harry groaned and banged his head on the table.

Nicholas just laugh at the superior smirk that Mary had on.

"This is why I like you so much James. You bring mirth to my old bones." Flamel joked.

Harry gave him the finger as he continued to bang his head on the table.

"Pardon my interruption Sir, but why are you here. James was just about to bring me over." Sue asked.

"So that's what this is for." Nicholas said inspecting the bra. "Size thirty two C a very good Portkey idea too. Captors wouldn't think to remove a person's undergarments for Portkey charms. Most people use medallions." He commented and Mary blushed beneath her concealment charms.

"I'm curious James, just where did you get these?" Nicholas asked in curiosity. From the looks of his partner, she too wanted to know.

"I conjured it. Wasn't that hard when your house mate insists on doing the laundry the old fashioned way."

"Ha! You admit it. You are a pervert, you looked at my washings."

"I never denied it." Was Harry's comeback.

"Ahem!" Nicholas cleared his throat. "Enough small talk for now."

Immediately the two of them became serious.

"I came because James didn't turn up and was worried something had happened. Although it isn't the first time he's been late, so I wasn't that worried. However, I do have to tell you that Mary's evaluation test has been scheduled for tomorrow. I believe James here can explain what might be expected of you." Nicholas nodded to Harry.

"I understand Sir." They both replied.

"Good day then." He drained his cup and tapped his cloak. "Return." He said clearly before vanishing.

"Hmm..." Harry stroked his chin in thought. "Pack your stuff Mary and meet me in my office." Harry stood to clear up the tea set.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Outside Harry's Office

"James?" Mary asked as she knocked on the dark brown wood of her mentor's office door.

It hadn't taken her that long to pack all her belongings. She hadn't brought much with her except the clothes on her back when she was first brought here. James had of course realized this and after much embarrassment on his part, allowed her to return and fetch more clothing.

Anyhow, everything was now nicely packed away and shrunk back into her Unspeakable trunk.

James himself wouldn't know if they would shift location after her grading test. It was best to be prepared anyway.

"Come in." His muffled voice called out and a click was heard.

She entered one of the two rooms she had never been in since her arrival. The first was the office she now stood in. James had specifically told her it was off limits unless it was an emergency. He would lock himself in the room for hours on end when ever they weren't dueling or eating. She now understood what he meant when

he mentioned no need for a desk at the Department Of Mysteries.

It was weird how he never showed up to work like most Unspeakables she knew would. Instead he was provided a safe house and reported only to the Dragon.

The last place she had never been to was his bedroom of course. She had no doubt been curious as to what it looked like. James had never been into her room despite the fact that she knew he could if he wanted to. If he respected her privacy, she would respect his.

That still didn't stop her from guessing though.

From the look of the entire house. James was a neat, well organized person who made sure the living room and rest of the house was presentable despite them having no visitors. He wasn't a neat freak who went hunting for dust bunnies, but she had seen him a few times tossing the odd household charm here and there.

Mary always had a theory that worked. The living room and rest of a person's house would always be neat. It would always be if you wanted people to view you as a neat person. The bedroom on the other hand would explain your true character.

She had always wondered what it would look like. Would it be messy like hers with worn clothes thrown on the floor, waiting for the next laundry day. Or clean and tidy like the rest of the house?

She looked around the room she had entered. Wooden tiles paved the floor and the walls had forgone their usual plaster like the rest of the house for a wooden finish.

The shelves, cupboard and desk complimented the room's interior design by mimicking the color scheme which was wood and brown.

It wasn't a large room like she imagined it would be. It was the same

size as the Head Unspeakable's. A recliner and shelf of books were positioned beside the door on her right. Opposite it stood a liquor cabinet with a few opened bottles inside it.

She instantly recognized a bottle of Ogden's Firewhiskey among the many Muggle names.

Directly in front of the door was a desk with James sitting behind it. A filing cabinet stood behind on his right and a large mirror on his left. Sunlight filtered in through a charmed window which currently displayed a field of wild flowers.

"When you're done observing my office and satiating your curiosity, you can help yourself to a drink." James looked up from the paperwork he was doing and waved at the liquor cabinet.

"The meeting wouldn't be that bad would it?" She asked nervously.

James looked up. "Heavens no. I was just being polite."

Mary never could tell if he was being sarcastic or truthful sometimes. This was one of those times. The voice distortion charm gave her no hint to the tone of his voice, unless he was being blatantly obvious. His facial features too were hidden by that damned concealment charm.

She was extremely interested as to what his real age was. She had garnered that Dragon himself was very old, if James's nick names of 'The Old Man', 'Old Coot' and 'Ancient Relic' were anything to go by. He was probably as old as the Headmaster of Hogwarts, Albus Dumbledore. She still had trouble imagining someone as old as Dumbledore himself. The man was well over a century in age.

James himself was a puzzle. His dueling experience and Unspeakable rank suggested he was old, maybe fifty. However his attitude and earlier conversation practically screamed five year old.

Then there was the point about his spell work as well.

He seemed to favor simple low leveled but effective spells during a duel. He never used the more destructive curses that she was taught in Auror training. Instead he chose to overpower the spell for a bigger result.

She had seen the result of one of his juiced up Reducto Curses. The dueling target he was aiming at had been completely obliterated together with the wall behind it.

He had power, of that she had no doubt. Perhaps he avoided the flashier spells for they required too many wand movements and was prone to failure. He did mention that simple spells were always the best. It made your opponent underestimate your abilities.

His favorite quote was, "Dueling is ten percent spell work, thirty percent technique and fifty percent luck."

When asked about the remaining ten percent, he just grinned and said "Foul play."

"I know the wide selection of choice may make it difficult to choose, but do hurry up and get me a shot of Bailey's on ice while you're at it." James's voice broke her out of the thoughts.

He was definitely being sarcastic this time, there was no mistaking it.

She found the necessary ice and glasses in the cabinet. Grabbing a Butterbeer and preparing his drink, she inspected the opened bottles.

Apparently only the Bailey's had been half empty and recently poured from, if the coating of soft pre hardened liquid on the brim was any indication. The others looked full. It meant that James had tried them but stayed loyal to the chocolaty Irish milk. The remaining

liquor was for his guest's selection.

'Not that he has many.' She thought.

She sat in the chair opposite him and passed him his glass.

He thanked her, took a sip and went back to the form filling.

Mary leaned over to get a better view of what he was doing.

The form looked like a standard report form that she used to fill out when she was back in the Aurors.

"The old man decided that since I'm not in the field destroying property, I should better utilize my free time by updating the reports on all my past missions." He spoke suddenly.

Mary jerked back. 'How did he know she had been looking?'

"One of my unique skills is natural Legilimency Miss Sue. I restrain myself from reading people's minds but currently your curiosity is overflowing.

She slammed as much of her brief Occlumency training into use.

"Much better." He said without looking up.

Knowing what he was doing didn't make it so interesting anymore. She shifted her attention to the large mirror.

It was odd that a man would have a mirror in his office. That was until she realized that while reflective it didn't show James in it.

She briefly assumed he was a vampire until she noticed that it was slightly cloudy.

She had seen the device before. It was a foe glass. James was probably paranoid enough to warrant one of them. She had only met one other that kept such a large foe glass.

"Finally." He called out in relief as he pressed his card to the parchment and tossed it into the 'Out' tray where it vanished.

"Six more to go." He glared at the 'In' tray in disgust.

Mary smiled beneath her hood. She knew he could see her face and had asked why she still wore the cloak. James had told her she needed to get used to it.

"Now back to the present. Your evaluation test is tomorrow and seeing as how I am so popular and that you're my first student, there's bound to be a lot of money changing hands." He said sipping his drink.

Mary made to ask but he interrupted her.

"You have my full confidence that you will pass this test with full marks. After what I've seen in these three weeks you should be more than ready. Just don't trip when you Portkey in. You know one of the stabilizing charms?"

She nodded in affirmation.

"Now the layout would be like a general mission. You'll be sent a mail bird notification at anytime tomorrow. So we'll have to be at the Ministry the whole day. You'll then be briefed on what to do and the specifics of the mission. Mine was to extract a target individual from a hostage situation."

"What happened."

"The judges who were monitoring the whole thing, compliments of

Phoenix Division, didn't know whether to award me full marks on stealth as I wasn't seen, or none as I crashed a Muggle milk van into their observation post nearby to create a diversion." He smirked.

"They were none too pleased I'll tell you that. I got full marks in the end for the record." He added.

Mary rolled her eyes. Causing a large disturbance was something that James was likely to do.

"Anything else?"

"Yes. They were sneaky buggers too. The guy I was to extract turned out to be a hostile and tried to get the jump on me. Had to break both his arms and a leg before I brought him in. Turns out he was a new recruit from Raven Division getting his evaluation as well. To him the extraction was a trap and he was meant to ambush me when I rescued him."

"So did he pass?" She asked.

James shrugged.

"You don't tell a person that and then leave out the ending." She scowled at him.

James chuckled. "It's so easy to get a reaction out from you."

"I know you know. Tell me." She insisted.

"Fine. He passed but spent a day in the infirmary doped up on Skelegrow Potion. Turns out I shattered his knee caps and both shoulder joints when I broke them."

Mary of that moment was glad she was a female. James had definitely gone easy on her. A few bruised ribs felt tolerable when

compared to shattered joints. She knew injuries like that in the Muggle world usually resulted in permanent damage and loss of some movement.

"Now, am I forgetting anything?" He tapped his quill to his chin.

"I not sure Sir." Mary said uncertainly.

"Oh yes, I'll be accompanying you till you set off on the mission. That and I have a small gift for you." He reached into a drawer and handed her a parcel wrapped in brown paper.

"Go ahead you can open it here. Just promise me you'll wear it always."

Mary tore open the wrapping and silvery piece of cloth fell out. She took one look at it and her mouth promptly fell open.

"I can't accept this." She stammered holding the vest back at him.

"Your training is officially over and as my apprentice, it's my gift to you." He pushed it back.

"Do you have any idea of what this is?" She asked admiring the vest's craftsmanship.

"Of course, seeing as to how I had it made for you. I myself wear one constantly.

"But it's Mithril. This stuffs probably worth a million Galleons."

"Two point two four actually." He supplied, producing a receipt which had the Gringotts seal on it. The makers were obviously Goblins.

"I can't accept this. It's too valuable, and it's your money." She refused.

"Listen, I have enough gold as it is already. I get paid close to a hundred thousand Galleons each week for every suicide mission I go on."

"That much?" Mary asked taken aback by the outrageous amount.

"Just me because I produce results that no one else can at the moment. Anyhow that Mithril vest was made specifically for you so it's useless to me. I can't wear it for I already have one. I would rather be poorer a couple million than see my only partner and apprentice K.I.A. because she wasn't protected."

"Fine." She relented to his reasoning.

"I can guarantee that most Purebloods who are rich enough have one of these as well. So if you are going to nail a Pureblooded opponent, either go for the head or crotch." He informed.

"Er... Sir." She said weakly, still shocked that she now owned a two point two four million Galleon piece of armor.

"Look Mary." He offered. "You can make it a family heirloom if you want. Pass it on to your kids or future generations when you don't need it anymore. The Goblins at Gringotts will resize it for no charge."

Her head snapped up at his last words. "I thought you said it couldn't be resized and only I could wear it?"

"Did I?" He said slyly. "Guess I lied."

"I hate you. You know that don't you." Mary said fingering the chain link.

"Of course you do." He waved. "You can go now. I have forms to fill."

He pointed at the tray of waiting blank forms.

"Thank you." She wanted to hug him but didn't think he would appreciate it much.

James grunted in reply without looking up from his work.

Mary hugged the vest close to her chest and left the room.

Author's Note:

I have had a lot of reviews asking me just where I got the name James Pathertrory from for Harry. If you would read my other story, you would find out that it's actually an anagram of Harry James Potter. There are a few in that story that I spent a fair bit of time cracking my head over.

Since we are on the subject of anagrams. Read up 'nonjon' story on 'Birth Of A Name'. It's a good humorous one shot about how Voldemort came into possession of his enigmatic anagram. You'll never believe the things that Tom Marvolo Riddle can spell, not to mention Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore.

Also the next update wouldn't be for a while as I'm going for a holiday in Japan followed by a trip to the states. Hence I wouldn't be around to update at all. Don't worry I'll continue writing while I'm flying around. Therefore I have made this chapter a big longer than the rest.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Review Replies:

Potter and the Weasley: One very glad Werewolf was left in the shrieking shack on discovering that Harry was alive but slightly

disgruntled that he was stood up.

Athenakitty: Harry's innocence is already widely known, as stated by Nicholas Flamel in the prologue. It is also true that Nick never told Harry to be subtle but being Unspeakables we should assume it as a general rule. Don't worry, the Death Eaters will get what's coming to them.

MiFo71: Seriously I think there is a running contest to see who can make a reader drop dead. The winner and forerunner at the moment would definitely be 'nonjon'. Silver gifts to the Werewolves would be a great idea but I'm not sure I would be using it. I might change my mind and mention it offhandedly during a Nicholas – Harry byplay.

M. R. Moore: There aren't many Harry Unspeakable fics out there. The ones I know of are 'Harry Potter and the Summer of Change', 'The Hammer Falls', 'The way of the Warlock' and mine. If you know a few more do tell me.

Rabid Reader 2: Only Ron, Hermione and Remus know that Harry is very much alive at the moment. Harry was tutored for half a year and if you notice he isn't that good at spell work. He relies on simple and unique spells as well a technique, something that a person could pick up easily in six months unlike complicated spell theory. Regarding Harry's abilities in battles, I am just using what was stated in canon. In the fifth book, Harry displays amazing calm and quick thinking the Department of Mysteries. I believe that if cultivated his talent would be what it is in my story. That and he has the advantage of a open mind unlike many of the wizards we see in JK's books. They simply aren't open to new ways of thinking.

Veronik: You're taking Latin? Just to warn you, it's an extremely confusing subject and the grammar is completely reversed to English. An example is the Hogwarts Motto of 'Draco Dormeins Nunquam Titilandus.' It means 'never tickle a sleeping dragon'. But translated directly its actually 'dragon sleeping never tickle.' Get my point?

Overall you'll discover a few words in Latin that many European language are based on. I mainly took it out of interest sakes but not I find it useful in my anatomy classes for my course on Medicine.

Due to passing a new rule stating that Authors are not to reply to reviews in their story. Since this may affect the length of the story itself. Therefore I'll be no longer answering reviews unless I receive enough of the same questions. The answers can be found in my Author's Notes.

Chapter 04 – Give Me The Chocolate And No One Gets Hurt

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries

Probably for the first time since he began his career, Harry was seated at his desk in the Unspeakable Offices and actually using it.

He had accompanied Mary to the Ministry early in the morning. They had simply hung about in the dueling room awaiting the arrival of the mail bird. It wasn't until after one in the afternoon that it arrived.

Mary had set off for her briefing, whereas Harry as her supervising Officer had been sent a folder after she had entered the briefing room. The folder he received was an exact copy of what she too would receive for the mission. He just didn't have the benefit of another Unspeakable reading it out to him in a briefing.

A fact in which he was glad for, Harry rather much preferred Nicholas style of mission delivery than the Briefing Officer's monotonic drawl. Those guys seriously needed to brighten up. It was like they expected none of them to come back alive.

Harry sighed.

Since it was an evaluation test, Mary would not be receiving the aid of a Tactical Analyst, She would have to plan out everything from the information given to her.

Harry made sure to ward his desk with an Obscuring Charm to prevent any stray eyes from peeking at his work. That was one of the things he could never understand. How could the other Unspeakables work with sensitive pieces of work in such an open and insecure environment? Imagine what would happen if someone opened a classified folder without activating his Obscuring Charm. Then again the others probably left their charms switched on permanently.

Satisfied that his charms were intact, Harry opened the folder and began to read.

Mission Type: Target Extraction

Harry snorted at the irony of it all. There were numerous other types of mission choices. There was Target Assassination, Target Escort, Target Extraction, Target Protection, Search And Destroy, Hold And Secure, Infiltration and Observation. Out of all these she managed to receive the same one as he did.

Someone was definitely setting this up, and there was only one person capable of doing so. The old man was probably doing this to see if she too would do as well as him.

Location: Number 22 Strathconnan Street, London.

Note: Dwelling is Magical in nature, thus Anti Muggle Wards already exist. Location is within a civilian area, minimize as much collateral as possible.

Harry smiled. The old man definitely had some hand in arranging this. He must have assumed that as Harry's protégé, Mary would have picked up on his rather destructive tendencies. She didn't, but it was worth a few laughs thinking the old man was worried.

Time Of Deployment: 2300

The darkness would provide her excellent cover for infiltrating undetected. Of course Harry himself preferred the unorthodox method of strolling through the back door unannounced. Honestly, who barricaded a front door with so many wards but not fully secure the back. He would never understand the weird working of a criminal's mind.

If you were going to barricade the front, might as well do so for the back. It wasn't like you really needed a physical escape route as a Wizard. Just terminate your anti transportation wards and instant exit point. This was of course assuming your enemy didn't have their own wards up. In that case it would be better to remain behind a big strong barricade anyway.

Primary Objective: Extraction of indicated target.

'Hence the mission being 'Target Extraction'.' Harry thought.

Secondary Objective (s): Evade detection, apprehension of suspects, capture and secure location before requesting backup.

Apprehending suspects was one of Harry's specialties. He had always preferred to bring in his victims alive. Them being unharmed and in one piece was another matter entirely. To date he had yet to off someone in a direct sense. Avoiding detection was not his forte, unless of course it meant not being reportedly seen at the scene.

Target Description: One black metallic suitcase containing a single Welsh Green Dragon egg.

'Look at what we have here.' Harry was impressed. Where in the world had they found a Dragon's egg, or better yet, how did they get it in? Those bloody things were Class A magical restricted products.

Oh wait, he knew how. They probably did it through the Muggle way. No Wizard would check and Muggles couldn't really tell the difference between a painted ostrich egg and a Dragon's one.

Hostile Units Present: Four identified individuals present, further occupants at location are to be deemed hostile.

Well of course they're gonna be hostile. No one in the right mind

would come quietly when they were found with a Class A Non Tradable object. They would probably fight their way out or run like the wind.

Spell Restrictions: Use of lethal spells restricted.

Mary was not going to like that. Unlike him, she was rather fond of those nasty dangerous spells. Harry favored spells that more or less hindered an opponent. It had probably something to do with him not knowing many lethal ones. Besides, the restriction on lethal spells probably meant the hostiles were Aurors or Unspeakables.

This was a training mission after all.

She did lack his unique sense of creative techniques though.

Harry turned the page to see what else came in the folder. Attached were the building's general layout, Apparation coordinates and profiles of the four individuals involved.

Harry ignored them, he didn't know any of them by name or face.

'Probably Aurors sent to guard a Dragon egg.' He thought.

He shook the folder just in case. A small wooden cube fell out onto the desk.

Harry inspected it and found a carving on all six sides.

2245

It was probably a Portkey and the numbers its activation time.

Looking at his watch and seeing that it was nearly time to leave, Harry decided to hold on to the cube while he continued to look over the building plans.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Classified

Harry cursed vehemently as he rubbed his stinging forehead. His Portkey had chosen to whisk him away at the most inappropriate moment.

Well, not really. Harry had been expecting the blasted transportation device to activate. He'd just forgotten about it, Mary's mission folder was a bit more interesting than simply sitting around waiting for the thing to go off.

It had of course activated whilst he was nicely seated. Now, while generally landing on your bum after a Portkey trip of sit and spin wasn't very enjoyable, Harry had the forethought of layering multiple Cushioning Charms upon his cloak. He hadn't however expected his head to come into contact with his knees on landing.

This of course had the effect of stunning the room into silence. The two other occupants were staring at the hooded Unspeakable rubbing his forehead and cursing his arse off.

One of them finally developed a sense to aid his downed comrade.

"You alright?" The first man asked.

Harry had immediately ceased his case of verbal diarrhoea as soon as he had felt a presence nearby. Still holding his frontal lobe he gave the guy a menacing look.

It took him a few seconds for him to remember that it was a futile gesture as no one could really see his face.

Looking around he discovered that he had ported into a small room,

the only people present were him and two others. It was completely windowless and at one end were numerous viewing globes which projected multiple holographic images.

The other man who seemed to be analyzing him had simply stayed seated before he continued to monitor the images.

"What do you think?" Harry snapped. "I simply love bashing my head upon my knees as a sign of masochistic pleasure." Apparently the idiot was waiting for an answer.

"Suit yourself." The man backed off, his gaze still focused on Harry.

The-Boy-Who-Lived-To-Become-An-Unspeakable grumbled as he pulled himself up with the help of a nearby chair.

"So you're the infamous Griffin." The second guy spoke clearly as he still continued to look at the projections.

"That's an interesting badge you have there Operative." The first man commented taking in Harry's rather unique badge which simply read.

Griffin

James Pathertrory

"I was led to believe that all Unspeakables were to have their identification and rank displayed on their person at all time while they are on duty." The man continued as Harry could feel his gaze move from the darkness shrouding his face to his chest.

"Let's just assume that the old man Dragon has developed a weak spot for me and allows it."

"So it would seem." The second man commented offhandedly.

Realizing that he had in fact not really identified who he was conversing with, he looked at their badges.

Griffin 01

Clearance Level Eight

Raven 01

Clearance Level Eight

'Ho boy...' Harry thought. This just keeps getting better and better. The old codger must have been expecting his apprentice to pull some weird shit tonight and had arranged an audience with the two heads of departments.

It wasn't that Harry had any doubts that Mary would succeed. He fully expected her to pass with her eyes closed. It was the fact that Old St. Nick had yet to turn up and had decided to leave him at the mercy of two very high ranking people.

And everyone knew what Harry's idea of authority was.

"Wow, department heads, all this for little ole me and my apprentice." Harry said looking at their badges. "Cool." The last part came off extremely sarcastic, which worked well for him.

The second man, who Harry had identified as Raven, simply snorted getting the humor in his comment.

Griffin seemed to be at a loss at Harry's complete lack of respect for rank, which was a good thing for Harry. The boy turned Unspeakable had discovered that there were very few things in life that he truly did enjoy, it just so happened to be that one of them was throwing people off their game and confusing them so badly that it hurt. It was his only regret that he was not the one that excelled in this field the most.

Apparently the Lovegoods were the number one voted members of the Weird Wizarding Family Vote this year for the tenth year running.

"So what's happened so far?" Harry had simply breezed by the stunned man and moved to inspect the projections. The views supplied showed the interior and exterior of a small suburban house with one or two guards moving around it patrolling.

Harry was slightly impressed that the Unspeakables had managed to bug the house so badly and still the Aurors present were none the wiser. Then again it was a Ministry sanctioned safe house and they could have no doubt have done it before the Aurors were deployed.

"Nothing much, your apprentice seems to have ported in a few minutes ago and has been surveying the targeted property for the last few minutes." The man supplied.

His words were proven right as Harry could easily see Mary taking a leisurely stroll down the sidewalk and straight past the house. A few seconds later she completely vanished from the screen into thin air.

"Were you aware that your apprentice had an invisibility cloak?" Raven sounded slightly surprised.

"No." Harry carefully answered. "I didn't think to enquire so she didn't tell."

"Hmm... tracking her now would be a bit more difficult."

"Pay close attention to the guard, she just might try something with one of them." Griffin said. "There second monitor. The bush moved." The man pointed out.

Harry was impressed. The man surely had an eye for detail. He had expected that it would have been Raven who would notice it as things like this was up his department.

Harry resumed staring and could barely pick out the faint footstep of the woman as she stayed near the rear garden of the house through the neighbor's garden. She had positioned herself within the cover of the bushes if the movement was anything he could go by.

Harry held his breath as a patrol guard came into view.

He needn't have worried. The poor bugger didn't even know what hit him till he was out cold and lying on the ground belly up. Mary, it would seem, was rather vicious with the rock she had no doubt liberated from part of the house exterior décor.

"What sort of wards are on the outer perimeter?" Harry asked strangely curious, as it wasn't listed what defenses were present in the folder. Mary would definitely know, as she would have cast a Diagnostic Charm before proceeding into the perimeter.

"A simply Muggle Repelling Ward, Sound and Privacy Wards as well as a Magical Detection Ward that sets off an alarm should anyone begin to use magic outside the house. There's also a Perimeter Ward that would sound should more than four people be within the house's compound." Raven supplied and chuckled as he and everyone else saw Mary dragging the unconscious man into the bushes.

'Guess she didn't trip the Ward.' Harry assumed. It was smart of her to get one of the patrol guards and replace him with herself. The alarm would never sound as she hardly used magic and didn't really enter within the house's boundaries. The girl had simply reached over and clonked a man over the head from the safety of the neighbor's house.

"Clever girl." Raven commented.

Harry stared at the man. 'Damn, he's talkative tonight.'

The man seemed to completely ignore him only responding when asked a question or to supply a bit of praise once in a while. Other than that he stuck mostly to two word answers.

Griffin too had gone silent as he professionally evaluated the scene.

Harry sighed, it wouldn't kill these men to loosen up a bit. Then again it wasn't like he was one to initiate a conversation. He usually ended them with his snide remarks.

He watched in amusement as an invisible body pushed aside the bush and moved across the lawn. He would have to remind the girl later that despite her invisibility, she still left footprints in the slightly long grass.

"That is new." He overheard the man know only as Griffin 01 comment.

"What's new?" Harry decided to humor him.

"It would seem that your apprentice has a different way of handling things. Most of our new Operatives sent on this type of mission would have had a try with their feeble Ward breaking skills. Some succeed and most fail."

"Let me guess." Harry rolled his eyes. "Once they failed the alarms would sound and from there on it would be a four on one battle in which our guys usually win due to their superior training."

The man could only give him a smile. "Right in one. She's probably the first person who's done it without even an attempt at the Wards.

Harry chuckled as he saw Mary appear out of thin air as she pocketed her invisibility cloak and begun waving her wand at the door.

"Shit." Harry turned to the second person, Raven who still had his eyes glued to the image.

"Indeed old friend, indeed." Griffin muttered.

Harry could hazard a guess as to what might have caused that remark. He smiled. His apprentice had managed to hoodwink two of their department's most effective Wards.

Mary, who was now shooting a few spells at the door, was seemingly unconcerned with the lack of an alarm going off. It would seem there was a loophole to the Ward. That particular piece of magic only surrounded the outside of the house. Seeing as Mary was standing on the first two steps, she was considered a part of the house and not outside it.

"What spell have they placed on the door?" Harry asked a bit smugly after his apprentice's performance.

"Strengthening, alarm, tamper proof and six different locking and identity recognizing spells." Griffin muttered engrossed in his task of viewing.

Harry snorted.

Both Mary and he knew the best way to get by that particular combination of spells.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Ministry Safe House

"Hmm..." Mary hummed as she twirled her wand once again shooting off another diagnostic spell.

Now what would her mentor do with this. The door was layered with

so many protection charms that it would take her the whole night to disable. She had remembered him specifically telling her what to do when caught with this sort of problem. The problem was she had forgotten.

The only thing she seemed to remember was the use of some kind of bird bar on the window.

Anyhow she decided to do it her way.

Casting a perimeter based silencing spell around her she took aim at the door.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Ministry Safe House – On The Other Side Of The Door

Auror Malcolm was sick and tired of his job already. The poor guy had been assigned to guarding a briefcase and patrolling a house. He desperately longed for some action since his graduation from the Auror Corps a few weeks ago.

How he wished someone would attack the house so he could display his dueling skills.

Funnily enough he did get his wish when he heard in a clear voice someone saying the incantation to a spell.

"Infligo."

Malcolm didn't really get a chance to prove himself as the door he was standing against blew apart, sending him careening face first into the wall opposite him.

The last thing he heard before passing out was a distorted feminine

voice.

"Woops, my bad."

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries

"Ha!" Harry shouted in triumph. "Pay up."

Both men looked slightly irritated but handed him a small stack of gold coins.

Harry himself had expected Mary to use his technique of utilizing a crowbar in the window, but this seems to cater to her needs for destruction. That and it had the advantage of knocking out another of the Aurors who stood behind the door.

"Some would consider your apprentices method of ward dispelling, cheating you know." Griffin said.

Harry smiled. "Regardless of what you consider cheating, she did bring down the ward on the door without raising an alarm."

The man responded by pointing to a small crystal ball beside the viewing spheres. The thing was glowing and pulsating red.

"Hmm... so she did set off the alarm. Meh, they aren't on alert." Harry looked to the other holographic projections and saw that the other two guards were moving about their normal routes seemingly unawares of the loud blaring that must be going off.

"It would seem that your apprentices silencing charm to cover up the door's explosion has a side effect of covering up the alarms." Raven said jotting a note down in his notebook.

Harry was about to reply with something sarcastic when they were interrupted by the appearance of the Dragon who was expected, yet strangely late.

This caused Harry a slight bit of concern. While Nicholas was somewhat lenient when it came to the running of his department, one thing he particularly insisted on was punctuality, especially his own.

Harry himself had made it a small target to never turn up at the specified time so as to annoy the old man. This however was not normal, Nicholas had always said that if he were late, either he'd be dead or an extreme emergency had turned up.

Seeing as the man was alive, if not slightly pale, Harry logically assumed that he was in fact alive and some shit was going to hit the fan.

Harry himself had always associated a person's emotions or mood by their expressions. He had so far classified four different degrees of paleness.

There was drunken pale which he had easily associated having seen many of his house mates plastered on Fred and George's contraband Firewhiskey.

Then there was paling due to blood loss, sickness or dying, which Harry had the unfortunate opportunity to witness.

There was also what he categorized as 'Poncy Pale', which was the skin tone that both Malfoy and Snape went by.

Finally there was worried pale, which the old man was so nicely demonstrating. He had of course seen this look many a time on Ron's face when asked about his homework by his other friend.

"Harry!" Nicholas barked.

'Make that very worried.' Harry noted, if the old man had allowed his name to slip, he must be seriously distracted.

"Obliviate." Harry waved his wand, getting the drop on the two department heads and wiping the last three seconds of their time together.

Nicholas paid no attention to Harry's use of the Memory Charm and pressed onwards.

"Our safe houses have been all compromised by the capture of one of our members. Get them out of there or provide backup. We'll get there as soon as we can." The Head Unspeakable tossed Harry a Portkey which activated on contact.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Ministry Safe House

Mary was just about to get the drop on her Auror target when a loud whoosh of a Portkey startled her. Reacting on instinct, she fired off the first spell that came to her mind at the newcomer.

The Auror, already on his guard for the whole night followed in a similar fashion.

Harry immediately redirected both the spells each with a separate wand. He then struck both his wands together, the two pieces of connecting wood let off a tremendous bright flash of light and sound. Harry then proceeded to disarm both the Auror and his apprentice.

"Desist immediately!" He ignored the two wands flying past his head. "The exercise is over!"

"Wah?" Was the intellectual response from both the Auror and

Unspeakable.

Harry was prevented from further explanation when the door to the living room blew apart and bolts of light surged in.

Two jets of light narrowly missed him and a third grazed his cheek. It was the fourth that caught him full on in the chest. Loosing his footing and crashing into a couch was the perfect response when hit with an overcharged Disarming Charm.

The entire couch tipped over and dumped Harry onto the floor. For a brief moment he wondered who the wise idiot was that would use a Disarming Charm during an assault. Honestly they were trying to kill here, not capture. There must be a couple of green cadets within this particular group of Death Dodos.

Less than a few seconds later he was joined by Mary and the Auror diving behind the couch with him.

Having lost his wands in the initial blast he grabbed the one Mary was holding and threw a Strengthening Charm on the couch. He after all didn't expect a mere couch to withstand a full battery of spells without assistance.

"What the hell is going on?"

Harry gave the Auror a look that clearly said he wasn't there when god handed out the brains.

"Let's see. Men in dark cloaks and white masks attacking, I wonder what?" He snapped sarcastically.

"Less talk and more curse." Mary snapped as she snatched back her wand and fired a Reducto curse out the window.

A small explosion and shouting could be heard from outside.

"I don't have a wand." The Auror screamed, clearly the man was going hysterical.

'Oh sure, tell the world why don't you.' Harry mentally sneered. "Spare wand." He tapped Mary on her shoulder. A blue beam of light hit the wall above them and covered them in small bits of plaster.

"This is my spare. You disarmed us remember?" Mary hissed back.

Again Harry cursed his bad luck when it came to Portkey travel. He was definitely in a pickle this time. They were pinned down with only one wand up against Merlin knew how many Death Eaters.

"WE'RE GONNA DIE!!! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!!!" Harry was starting to get irritated with the idiot Auror's screaming.

"Diffindo!" He blasted the ground near the Auror after grabbing Mary's wand hand. The girl looked slightly irritated at her spell casting being interrupted.

Thankfully the man shut up.

"You keep shouting and the next one will be to your fun bags." Harry snapped peering over the overturned couch. A spell flew over his head causing him to duck.

"What's your escape plan?" He questioned the Auror.

"My Portkey doesn't work and I can't Apparate." The man said once again getting worked up.

'Perfect.' It was so like the Ministry to bungle this up. The house was a safe house for crying out loud and all they had to offer on the grand total of escape routes were Portkey and Apparation.

At least that explains why the old man wasn't here yet. The poor bastards were probably running in from outside the wards. Somehow imagining the old codger running full sprint down a road with a couple of Aurors on his tail was just not possible.

"Hello! Less talk and more help here!" Mary screamed at him.

"Fine!" Harry snapped. "Accio!" Harry waved his bare hands over the couch. A small explosion sounded outside the door.

Both Mary and the Auror looked at him in surprise.

"And that people is my grand total of Wandless Magic." Harry commented.

"But it didn't even do what you said?" The Auror pointed out the obvious.

"No shit." Harry deadpanned. "But it does blow things up. Accio!" Harry concentrated on the mailbox he had seen outside briefly and was rewarded with a small bang.

"What in the Devil are those explosions?" Harry heard someone shout out from the outside. The comment somehow elevated his mood. The Death Idiots outside were mostly green cadets, if an exploding mailbox and garbage bin unnerved them so.

"Where are your friends?" Harry turned to the Auror who was looking uneasily at Mary cursing out the door.

"That would be my bad. I took down Twiddle Dee and Twiddle Dum out back. No idea about the other guy though." Mary answered

As soon as that comment left her lips, a Ministry Auror ran down the stairs only to catch a green jet of light squared in the chest.

"Never mind." Harry rolled his eyes. "Oh for God's sake summon our wands Mary." Harry smacked the girl upside on her head.

"ACCIO WANDS!!!" Harry watched as pieces of slim polished wood flew out the door.

"Fuck." Mary screamed in annoyance and she massaged the back of her head.

"Never mind." Harry deadpanned and started thinking of something he could use on the fly.

"AAAHHH!!!" The Ministry idiot chose the perfect time to loose it again.

Harry rewarded the idiot with an elbow to his head before Mary could stun him.

"Thank god, he was irritating." Mary commented.

"Too true." Harry agreed. "Cover the door, they're moving in."

Mary nodded and began to dish out a flurry of simple but irritating spells. This had the desired effect of pushing the Death Eaters back out onto the street.

Harry at that moment suddenly had the most ridiculous idea. It was so stupid it just had to work.

"Mary, give me your wand." Obediently she handed it over.

"Sonorus." He muttered casting the Voice Amplification Charm on himself. "WE SURRENDER!!! WE SURRENDER!!!"

Mary could only look at him in complete surprise.

"What the hell are you doing James?" She snapped pulling him down.

Harry only responded with a smirk. "Solving the problem my dear."

Surprisingly his method worked and all spell casting had ceased.

"STEP OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH YOUR WANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!!!" A magnified voice called out.

"Well, you heard the man Miss Sue. Care to join me?" Harry stood and extended a hand.

"You'd better know what you're doing James." She replied hotly.

Both Unspeakables proceeded to walk out of the house. Harry with Mary's wand clutched in his right hand above his head.

They had barely reached the side walk when one of the Death Eaters spoke up.

"Look it what we have here. Two Unspeakables, what a pleasant surprise. Incarceri..." Before the fool had time to use the Binding Spell there was a loud bang and a flash of light.

"Welcome to the Knight Bus, emergency transport for the stranded Witch or Wizard. Just stick out your wand hand, step on board and we can take you anywhere you want to go. My name is Stan Shunpike, and I'll be your conductor this eve..."

Harry noted with great amusement that the conductor of the Knight Bus had yet again stopped at exactly the same spot in his speech as the last time he had met him.

"Good sweet Merlin! What happened here?" The confused man looked as he witness two persons in blue cloaks go around stunning

and binding a group of black cloaked persons lying on the ground in various states of injury.

"I remembered that there were eight Mary." Harry said ignoring the confused and questioning eyes of Stan the conductor. "Where are the other two?"

"I think they are under the bus." Harry raised an eyebrow as she crotched to get a better look. "Yup." Was her satisfied answer.

"I still don't believe that worked." She said disbelievingly checking which of them were still alive.

"Can someone please tell me that in Merlin's name is going on here?" Stan asked again a bit more clearly.

Harry looked to the triple story purple bus. Stan himself was standing by the door a confused look of fear and curiosity in him. Some of the passengers were staring out of their windows to get a look.

"Nothing much, just a small Death Eater attack, everything is in order now. Please stay inside of the bus for your own safety. Members of Law Enforcement will be arriving shortly to take your accounts down." Harry said clearly as Mary snorted in the background.

Various pops signaled the arrival of a group of five Unspeakables. All had their wands drawn and posed in action for a battle. Four were facing in one direction while the fifth was protected in the middle.

"James." The man in the middle called out breaking formation.

Harry failed to recognize the voice due to the standard voice distortion charm but caught a good look at the badge.

Dragon

Level Nine Clearance

"You took your time old man."

"We had to run in from the edge of town, the Death Eaters had Wards of their own up. We Apparated as soon as we felt them go down." The man looked out of breath now that Harry got a better look at his posture.

It wasn't surprising, a man of Nicholas's advance edge running all the way from the edge of town was an amazing feat.

"We have four downed Aurors, three wounded and one dead. Eight Death Dodos, three dead, four critically wounded and one badly scarred up. You'll find the Aurors within the house compound, two in the living room and two more out back." Harry gave his report.

"You certainly did a number on them, What's with the Knight Bus?"

"It ran over them Sir." Harry deadpanned.

Nicholas and a few of the other Unspeakables did a double take at what he said.

"Pardon me. It did what?" Nicholas said disbelievingly.

"It ran them over when I summoned it. If you look under the bus, you'll find the other two dead dodos." The last part was meant for the Unspeakables who seemed to have a bit of trouble locating the missing two Death Eaters.

"Very well." Nicholas sighed. "You're dismissed, I expect a full report on what happened here tonight from both you and Mary. Another thing."

Harry paused.

"Due to the capture of one of our Operatives I would wish you not return to your current safe house should it be compromised. We are still investigating which ones have been discovered and which ones haven't. Your private one should suffice for now. Meet me in my office at two tomorrow." With that Harry was dismissed as the Dragon went to oversee the rest of the processing.

"Remind me to note that in my weirdest ways to die book." Mary spoke as she approached him from behind.

"Dually noted." Harry said picking a rock up from the ground and turning it into a Portkey.

XXXXX

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place – Kitchen

"I hereby called this meeting of the Order Of The Phoenix to order." Dumbledore spoke in his old attention demanding voice.

Most of the newest member looked at the wizened Wizard in something akin to awe. Others who had been in his service had noticed the man seemed to lack his usual look of cheerfulness. Ever since Harry Potter had died in Azkaban the man hadn't quite been the same.

To most people it seemed that Dumbledore had replaced his favorite pupil with another. Indeed the man seemed to be paying much more attention of Neville Longbottom going so far as to impart on him the same training regiment as he once did Potter.

However to those that knew him, it was just Dumbledore's way of showing that he'd moved on. He training someone else meant that the old Mage had finally gotten over the death of his one time favorite pupil.

"Do anyone of you have anything important to report before we move on to the usual matters." Dumbledore announced.

"Headmaster, the Dark Lord has been successful in capturing one of the Unspeakables from the Department Of Mysteries and has been able to extract some valuable information from him." Severus Snape supplied ignoring the gasps around him at this bit of information.

"What sort of information my boy?" Dumbledore stared at him over his half moon glasses.

Snape sneered at the form of affection that the Headmaster always insisted on using. "The Unspeakable was one of sufficient rank within the department. The Dark Lord has so far been able to garner the location of a number of Ministry safe houses."

"And why was this information not brought to our attention sooner Snape?" Mad Eye interrogated, both his eyes now focused on the Death Eater spy.

"Please refrain for interrogating my Potions Master, Alastor. We are all on the same side here and I am sure that Severus has a good reason as to why he was unable to convey his message to us." Dumbledore laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

Snape continued to glare at the badly scarred man as he gave his reply. "I was unaware of this bit of information until he called a surprise meeting and informed us that we were going to attack a number of targets." There was no mistaking who the 'He', Severus was referring to in his answer.

"Do you know how many targets there were?"

"There were twelve teams sent out in total so I would assume that there were only twelve locations that the Dark Lord was aware off at

the moment. I have picked up some rumors that he had been unable to extract further information from Unspeakable for the man had committed suicide by snapping his own neck." Snape said with a bit of respect in his voice.

The others at the table winced at the lengths that the Unspeakables were willing to go to retain their information.

"This is a big blow to the Ministry. The loss of so many of their safe houses would hinder the efforts of the Unspeakables in this war. How many of them were sheltering occupants, did you find out Severus?" Dumbledore said slouching slightly.

"I am not sure Headmaster. The house my team was sent to attack was not occupied, we simply set fire to the dwelling and left. Two of the other teams had been successful in killing and destroying their safe houses and occupants from what I can assume from their constant bragging. I know of two others that received the Dark Lord's displeasure for letting their target's escape. Another two teams failed one of them returning with three badly wounded members and another didn't return at all. The rest I am unsure of."

"Do you have any idea as to what occurred to those that failed to return?" Mr. Weasley surprisingly asked that question.

"The three that made it back were sprouting on about reinforcements in blue cloaks showing up and completely destroying their team members. The Dark Lord was most displeased with them and let's just assume that they wouldn't be participating in anymore raids again." Snape smirked as the memory of what Voldemort had done.

For the first time since that evening Dumbledore smiled a genuine smile. "People, it would seem that the Unspeakables are playing a bigger part in this war now that the Ministry has acknowledged Voldemort's return."

"Erm... Forgive me Albus, but what about the rumors of this James Pathertrory character that we have been hearing about?" Hestia Jones voiced her opinion.

"Indeed. Although the individual know as Mr. Pathertrory has been wreaking havoc to those sympathetic to the Death Eater's cause, he has only been doing so in countries outside the British Ministry's jurisdiction. Other than his actions we have yet to see any other Unspeakables take an active role in this war." Albus gave his reasons.

"Besides, we don't even know if the man is one of our one from our British Unspeakables, for all we know he could be from some other country's Ministry." Moody's voice came out more of a growl causing some of the newer members to jerk away from him.

"What about the rumors that he's working with the British Ministry?" A voice called out.

"They are just that, rumors. There has yet to be solid proof that he is indeed working with our government, and I doubt that there would ever be if what I know about the Unspeakables are true." Moody said, his eye returning to revolving in seemingly random directions.

"Enough about that." Dumbledore interrupted as he began to move the discussions off to other topics.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Room Of Requirement

"So what do you hear?" A voice whispered.

"Shhh." A second voice silenced her. "I'm trying to listen."

"We really should thank the twins for giving us these new long ranged extendable ears." Another voice commented.

"Silencio." The silencing spell nicely killed the whispering.

"Thanks Luna."

"You're welcome Ronald." Was the dreamy reply.

It was a while before Ron pulled the earpiece out of his own ear and canceled the Silencing Charm on both Hermione and his sister.

"So what happened?" Was the immediate question from the two inquisitive girls.

"Nothing much." Ron said scratching the back of his neck. "Just some stuff about Death Eaters attacking the Ministry safe houses, some of them succeeded, others failed. They did go on a bit about that James Pathertrory we've been hearing about and a bit more on how to destabilize the Death Eaters source of income.

"Not much!" Hermione practically shrieked. "Do you have any idea what Ministry safe houses hold Ron?"

"No not really." The boy blushed at his ignorance.

Funnily before Hermione could impart her knowledge, it was Neville that answered. "Ministry safe houses are mainly used as hideaways for people under protection for various reasons or for housing important Diplomats. The ones employed by Unspeakables are usually used a housing for their Undercover Operatives or field agents. They sometime contain valuable items not to mention a considerable amount of emergency cash."

The other four occupants of the room looked to Neville like he had grown another head.

"How in the world did you know that mate?" Ron asked seemingly surprised at Neville unique knowledge.

"My parents were Aurors." Neville answered and left it at that. The other knowing that it was a slightly sore topic for the boy decided to leave it at that.

"Now other than the meeting that we were eavesdropping on why did you call us here Hermione, and don't say you didn't, I can see you're practically bouncing to tell us." Ginny said.

"Oh yes! I almost forgot. I think I know where Harry is." The girl practically gushed.

The males backed away at her sudden enthusiasm.

"Haven't you noticed that the appearance of James Pathertrory started happening around two months after Harry's supposed death?" The others nodded. Like Lupin they had been informed of Harry's supposedly deceased status by Ron and Hermione.

"Please tell me you don't mean to imply that the Unspeakable known as James Pathertrory and Harry Potter are both the same person. It just doesn't seem possible Hermione." Ron countered. "I mean Harry's good and all but he's not that good. Besides why would Harry work for the Ministry? He practically hates them."

Hermione huffed. "Don't you know anything Ron. The Department Of Mysteries has always worked independently with the Ministry having not much say in its involvement in other people's business."

"True, but we all know Harry hates authority and would never work for a superior. Especially since Uber-Bitch." Ron reasoned.

The rest nodded at his reasoning apart from Hermione.

"Look Hermione it could be Harry or it could just be another loose cannon of an Unspeakable that's holding a grudge against You-Know-Who for something he did." Ginny reasoned.

"I agree." Neville nodded. "The chances of James Pathertrory being Harry is just too unlikely. If I were Harry I would lay low and try not to bring attention to myself."

Unfortunately for the group of friends they couldn't be more wrong, because no matter what they knew about their close friend, he had indeed changed a lot within the span of half a year since his godfather died. Keeping mostly to himself they could only base his actions on that of his previous personality.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Harry's Personal Safe House

"You know something? I reckon you may be right about this Portkey thing. You sure you don't have some sort of family curse?" Mary said as she shoved a box out of the way as she moved to pull her superior up.

"Pretty sure I don't but one can never be so sure." Harry tossed the small rag that had landed on his head to the corner of the cluttered room.

"What the hell?" Mary looked around the cluttered room and out the small barred window overlooking the street. "Are we where I think we are?"

Cardboard boxes, broken items and all round useless junk lay strewn, stacked and dumped into the small room.

"Yes Mary, where do you think we are?" Harry kicked the small table

lamp over. The desk appliance had narrowly missed his groin upon their Porting in.

"This is Harry Potter's house." She glared at him.

"How'd you... Never mind, I don't want to know how you know." Harry proceeded to move some boxes out of the way. If Mary knew about this being his house it would mean that even the Ministry had been spying on him and not just the Unspeakables, the Death Idiots and Dumbledore's Order Of The Fried Turkey. He sure was popular.

"What are we doing in this house? There are Wards present that could probably fry us for intruding." She hissed, waving her hand around the room.

"This room, my dear Miss Sue happened to be the only safe house that I am sure isn't compromised at the moment. Besides the Wards would only fry us if we mean the late Mr. Potter any harm or carry one of Voldemort's Dark Marks. Seeing as he's dead we can't wish him any more harm that he already has." Harry lied.

"Wouldn't the Wards fall upon his death though?"

"Nope, that's the beauty of it all. The Blood Wards will remain strong as ever for the next half a year or so, but we would be long gone by then."

"I find that hard to believe, how the boy would have been safe here. He could have been easily lured out of the house and away from the Wards. Besides, have you any idea of just how morally wrong this is?"

Harry ignored her as he continued to shift the boxes away from the small bookshelf propped up by the door.

Irritated at being ignored, the girl swatted his shoulder with a rolled

up newspaper she had obtained from one of the many lying around the room.

Instantly she found herself staring down the shaft of a wand.

"I'd advice you not to touch me Mary, I'm a bit twitchy at the moment." The wand was slowly lowered.

Judging from the tone of her mentor's voice, Mary wisely stayed quiet.

"This safe house was suggested by me after the passing of the late Mr. Potter. Of all the places in England besides Gringotts and Hogwarts, this house is the most heavily warded."

Mary seemed reluctant to say something but Harry stopping what he was doing and twitching his head indicated he wanted her to go on.

"If it's warded with more than the Blood Wards how are we here?"

"I have a talent for finding loopholes. Besides, this isn't immoral at all. A heavily warded location such as this would be wasted if no one put it to good use." He sort of told a lie since he was technically Harry Potter and thus could allow anyone he choose to enter without being, as Mary so eloquently put it, 'fried'.

"There." Harry muttered finally having moved enough stuff out of the way that he could slide the shelf a foot away from the wall.

Mary, curious, craned her neck as far as possible and looked at what was so interesting with a bare wall behind a bookshelf. She was indeed surprised to see a small doorknob and a door hidden behind the shelf.

"Wah?"

Harry remembering that she was a Muggleborn girl and not one who grew up with Wizards explained. "It's a Wizarding room. Basically a small flat in the form of a simple door. Very much like the Wizarding version of their tents. Easily purchased in Diagon Alley, all you have to do is prop it against a wall and presto, instant new room.

He squeezed between the shelf and the wall, twisted the doorknob and push forwards. It was probably fortunate of him that he made sure the door opened inwards and not out. Before when he had set it up the room was missing its current presence of junk items.

Mary soon followed after him and entered the room looking around curiously.

Having only been expanded from one inch of its original space the room was taxed to its limit of four by six meters. It was very simple and apparently wasn't furnished for comfort. It had two beds side by side, each with its own bedside table, a small desk and storage cabinet and a dinky little washroom.

Mary stared at the furniture or lack there of in the room.

Harry seeing her rolled his eyes. "What were you expecting? A hotel room? This was a temporary safe house I set up in the case of an emergency. Besides we're only going to be here until that old coot has cleared up the mess our department is in. Now, the toilet is that way, and... and that's about it. Don't leave the room, there's a few ration packs in the cabinet over there as well as some other stuff. Whatever you don't know, don't touch. Goodnight."

With that Harry threw himself onto one of the beds and proceeded to layer Wards upon it before finally sleeping.

Mary just shook her head and headed for the washroom. She still had to get that irritating smell of grass out of her cloak.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"So what now?" Harry asked as his partner stood by looking uneasily at him and the Head of the Department. It had been three long days since the whole safe house debacle. Twenty of their safe houses had been compromised by the loss of one of their agents. It wasn't a total loss however, only twelve had been attacked and the others discontinued in their use. Nicholas was not taking any chances and had moved the people staying in them to new or currently uncompromised ones.

Harry's own safe house that he occupied was not one of those that the Unspeakable captured knew about and he was to continue using it. A fact in which he was glad for. Sleeping so close to another person after all this time was quite unnerving for Harry, especially when that person sharing the room was a girl.

Speaking about Mary, Harry snuck a glance at his apprentice who was currently alternating her look between himself and Nicholas. She would probably never get over his lack of respect to higher authority. Himself on the other hand, she had no reservations on insulting him whenever she felt it was necessary.

"I am assigning you two to some deserved R&R."

"With all due respect Sir, have you lost your marbles? There are Death Eaters still out there and not to mention the big bad Dark Lord as well. Besides, didn't I just get my R&R with my lovely partner here?" Harry asked disbelievingly as he pointed at Mary.

"No I have not in any way lost my marbles as you haven't seen fit to utilize your "Squirrel Move" on me yet."

"The word being yet, old man."

"How's this then as a compromise." The man left it hanging

Harry waited tapping his foot on the floor. "Oh bloody hell, out with it." His partner snorted.

"I think you in particular would enjoy this James."

"Really, in what way?"

"I want you to give two of our new recruits from the Auror Department a breaking in, on flight maneuvers. Get them, shall we say, "Exposed" to the kind of things they might feel in an aerial fire fight situation."

Harry's eyes lit up.

"Are you able to perform extreme high speed maneuvers on a broom Mary?" Harry turned around.

"I'm not sure about the extreme part Sir, but I am well versed on broom aerial combat."

"Good." Harry grinned. "I get the most stuck up FNG."

Nicholas chuckled. "The two of them will be riding with each of you at a classified location. Three other teams will be in the Tactical Operations area, you'll find them there with a Portkey."

Harry rubbed his hands in glee. It had been a while since he got on a broom. "Come Mary." He practically dragged the girl out.

Nicholas smiled and shook his head. The other teams wouldn't know what hit them.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries

Harry had left the office in an extremely bouncy mood. There was nothing he loved more than the thrill of flying at breakneck speeds. Having a passenger that would be screaming was an added benefit.

"James, would you please slow down." His partner complained.

"No time Mary..." He suddenly halted causing her to crash into him.

"Wait. Do you have a broom?" He looked at the girl who was now sitting on the floor giving him a poisonous look.

"Yeah, a Nimbus Two Thousand And One." She accepted the hand he had offered.

Harry stroked his chin with one hand as he pulled her up. He was doing a few high level visualizations in his head.

"Can you ride a Firebolt?" He asked after a few moments of thought.

"You have an extra Firebolt? Why?"

"Because it's still the fastest and best broom on the market and I always buy in pairs in case I ever need a replacement." He continued walking. "So can you ride one?"

"I have practiced briefly on one when I was back in the Auror academy. They had one there so that we could get used to flying on all the broom models."

"Excellent." Harry stopped again, sending her back to the ground.
"Are you alright Miss Sue? You seem to be overly clumsy today."

Her response was to give him the finger.

He saluted in kind. Harry pulled a small miniature chest from his robes and enlarged it. Opening it he pulled out two small wand length broom sticks. He returned the chest and enlarged the two Firebolts.

"Here." He tossed one to the Unspeakable who admired it gently.

Harry had seen to replacing his old Firebolt almost immediately after he found out that his old one was still resting in Dumbledore's office. He probably should have made it known in his will that it was meant to have gone to Ron. No point having it lay up in that office collecting dust.

'Oh well. Nothing I can do about it now.'

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Tactical Operations

Harry slid into the briefing room which was filled with exactly fifteen Unspeakables including his partner and himself.

The place was just like every other briefing room in the world. Rows of lecture chairs with their own small tables were in the middle, a small podium and blackboard faced them.

The Unspeakables were currently standing around the edges or sitting upon the desktop chatting with one another. Seeing the friendly batter between them, made Harry wish that he had an actual team.

'Oh well, it's probably easier if I'm alone.' His status wasn't what one would consider normal even among the Unspeakables.

Despite the Sticking Charm that ensured it would never fall off. Harry checked to see if his identification was still hanging there.

Whereas everyone's badge read the identity number and rank like Mary Sue's that read.

Griffin 08

Level Three Clearance

His simply printed.

Griffin

James Pathertrory

Mary's rank had been increased to that of rank three on completion of Harry's training. Nicholas had done so saying. "Someone who can put up with your attitude for that long and still not apply for a transfer deserves a promotion."

Harry snorted at the reasoning. He still needed to take her for a new grading test to improve her rank. She would probably make it to level four easily. He had been on the receiving end of some of her newer tricks.

Situation analysis time, fifteen people in the room, nine of the Griffin Operatives, two were the FNG's, two were him and Mary. That left the last two standing at the front of the room to be the Field Surveillance, Phoenix Division and Analysis And Tactical Specialist, Serpent Division.

"So who're the FNG's?" Harry called out.

The men looked at him clueless.

Uneducated idiots.

"Erm... What's that?" Someone looking very unsure of himself answered.

'Found one.' Harry smirked and made sure to let his partner have that one.

"It means 'Fucking New Guy' green cadets." Harry answered.

'Bingo. Found the other one.' All the others laughed except two guys, one of them whom body posture said he was irritated at the name.

Now while Harry had the ability to see through their shroud of darkness and other various glamour charms, he always valued his privacy and had thus never ever pried into the identities of his coworkers. Such things just weren't done, unless he had good reason to.

"All right settle down you lot and get to your places men." One of two men spoke.

The noise level dropped and all were soon seated.

"Today." The man paced before the room and Harry could easily make out the badge hanging on his breast.

Serpent 23

Level Six Clearance

The other.

Phoenix 12

Level Five Clearance

"We are going to be doing some aerial combat in a randomly selected landscape. This will consist of four teams, Griffin Squad one, five, nine and James Pathertrory with his partner. This mock battle will be a complete free for all with each of your teams against each other." The man continued.

"It also seems we have some guests with us today. A couple of new guys who will be strapped in with James' team." He turned to look at the two new guys.

"You two will not be involved in this exercise, your only objective is to observe while your partners do the rest. A sort of experience gaining exercise."

"Now." He spun around. "The overall objective of this mission is to take out the opposing squad. The team remaining wins. Easy enough?"

"Why are we doing this Sir?" The second new guy stuck his hand up.

"Because the Dragon seems to think that you boys could learn a thing or two about the way us Unspeakables fly and that some of the older recruits have been going stale."

The guy snorted as if the man's words were completely useless. "I've been flying for years, Sir."

"Then we'll see how you put up with Mr. Pathertrory. I'm sure you'll be able to offer him some sound advice."

Harry nodded slowly as both men looked at him. The others chuckled, they all knew about his rather reckless flying and famous dueling tactics already.

"Good, now Phoenix Twelve here will take over." The man stalked off

to a corner of the room.

"Alright." He pulled out his wand and used it like a pointer. "This here red spot is going to be the starting location. You'll all start out there at the same time and will each be sent in different directions. After a duration of ten minutes the drill will begin. This." He pointed at a circular ring enveloping most of the map. "Will be the boundary. Anyone moving outside it will receive a warning. If you choose to disobey, the suits that you'll be wearing will provide you with a nasty surprise."

Everyone nodded.

"Now from this map here you'll see a small forest up North, a lake down to the South, the West side is pretty mountainous and hilly, whereas the center regions and East are flat plains. This location will allow those of you who wish to, the chance to fly in all different terrain types. Weather patterns during the day there would be mostly sunny with a slight bit of cloud cover. Also please limit yourselves to a height of four hundred meters. We don't want any pancake people in our departments after this exercise. Magical protection is good, but not that good."

"You'll now head to the back of the room where a number of boiler suits are present. These suits are to be worn at all times. They are for your protection as they have various charms placed upon them to prevent serious flight damage from occurring." The other took over.

"Erm... Just what kind of damage are we talking about, Sir?" Mary's soon to be passenger asked.

"The kind of damage one gets from hitting a tree at two hundred miles an hour." Harry spoke calmly seeing the man's hand start to shake.

'An Unspeakable in the Griffin Division with a fear of flying? This is

new.'

Soon everyone was all suited up and everyone grabbed a hold of the Portkey which was in the form of a small piece of rope.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

"Headmaster, I demand some form of retribution against those two." Snape seemed almost purple in the face.

"Calm yourself dear boy, you have no evidence that either of them were responsible for your current plight. Innocent until proven guilty." The man said, eyes twinkling at overdrive.

Snape for a moment seriously considered hexing the old man.

"What more evidence do you need Albus. The day the Weasley twins visit the Hogwarts is the day where every single toilet in the school vanishes without a trace." Snape snarled.

"The Castle has been known to perform certain acts of magic on its own in the past, Severus. Why should now be any different?" Dumbledore said gently.

"Because." Snape spat venomously. "Every other student except the Slytherin fourth year and above and myself can seem to locate them without much trouble."

Dumbledore's lips twitched upwards but he kept his look of seriousness apart from his eyes which were definitely laughing. "A most spectacular use of Charms, especially utilizing that of the Fidelius Charm. I suppose it might be a case of misunderstanding Severus, give it a few days and problem might solve itself. Your students still have access to the toilets in the Slytherin Common

Room don't they?"

"Yes, they do." Having had enough of the old man's twinkling, the Potion's Master excused himself.

As soon as the man had left, Dumbledore threw back his head in laughter. Who would have thought of using the Fidelius to erase and hide the location of every public toilet in Hogwarts?

Author's Note:

Firstly I apologize for this extremely late update. I'll try to update the next chapter a lot faster than this one was. Thank you to all the reviewers who have posted.

On another note, does anyone out there read any other Harry/Unspeakable stories out there apart from mine, The Summer Of Change, Scenes From A Distant Memory and Way Of The Warlock? If you have please tell me in a review reply or email me. Thanks.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Chapter 05 – I'm Flying Jack... Er... James

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: Rally Point

"So why are we being tied down again?" The man asked nervously.

Said man flinched when Mary yanked on her end of rope, tightening the knot, further securing her flying partner to the already hovering Firebolt.

"Just precaution in the event that you do black out, it wouldn't look good on our reports if our passengers fell off during mid flight." Mary replied out of sympathy. Her flying partner really was too tense.

The guy who Harry had chosen and had yet to know his name merely snorted but winced when Harry himself tightened the ropes a bit tighter than his liking.

The other three squads of three Operatives each laughed at the man's reaction. Since they needn't have partners who needed strapping down and was each flying their own brooms, they had taken to watching Harry and his partner tie their flying companions down securely.

"The drill will last for the duration of an hour. This does not include the initial ten minutes that you all will get before this exercise begins." Serpent Twenty Three called out when everyone was ready for take off.

"Ready... 3... 2... 1... Begin!" The man shouted and immediately all eleven brooms shot off into the air.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" Was the resounding scream from Mary's passenger as her Firebolt torn towards the heavens at breakneck speeds.

Serpent Twenty Three barely turned his head towards the man beside him. "So how many you suppose will need to be hospitalized for the night?"

"Knowing the rumors of how good Pathertrory is at anything he does, I am guessing an even six." Phoenix Twelve replied not taking his eyes off from the retreating back of the flyers.

The tactical expert gave a dry chuckle. "Would you care to bet on that my friend? I'm guessing an even number of ten."

"You mean to include Mr. Pathertrory's partner among the injured?"

"No. I mean to include the idiot who got saddled as his passenger."

"Very well, you're on, say a bottle of Odgen's?"

"Deal."

With that the two men conjured chairs and awaited their monitoring globes to flash red in the case should a flyer be downed.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

A knock on the door indicated the presence of someone demanding his presence. Seeing as he didn't have any appointments scheduled anytime soon and that Potter was off entertaining himself by making the noobs piss their pants, Nicholas was puzzled.

The Head Unspeakable himself had made specific orders that he was not to be disturbed as he had a fair few of forms to fill out.

'Whoever it is, they had better have something important to tell me.'

The man thought as he drew his wand and deactivated the charms and wards securing his office.

Not bothering to look up he growled out. "This had better be important."

"Hello Nicky." A seductive female voice greeted.

The famed Alchemist snapped his head up at such a speed that he was surprised that he hadn't given himself a case of whiplash.

'Oh bugger.' He thought as he took in the way the standard Unspeakable robe clung to the lady's figure. 'There was no way he was going to finish his paper work today if she was here.'

XXXXXX

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: North Forest

As earlier planned. Harry had immediately shot off towards the North end of the training course. Mary with her already pale partner was keeping up fairly well.

One of the teams had decided to trail them and wait for the time limit for immunity to expire before moving in.

It was an opportunity that Harry was not going to allow them.

Waving his arm, he pointed to the forest that they were soon approaching.

Mary, understanding his hand signals briefly nodded and accelerated ahead of him.

Harry merely smiled in anticipation of what was to come. Of course his musings had to be interrupted by the wanker who was flying

behind him.

"So you got a plan? Or are you just gonna play this by ear."

"You know that when they say observer, they mean you observe, not comment?" Harry snapped at the man.

"You know I've heard rumors about you." The man pushed on ignoring him.

"And so have I. So what?" Harry said rolling his eyes.

"I've heard you're a pretty good dueler, however there has never been anything special about your flying skills." The man drawled.

"Really? Who came up with that last one."

"I just did." The man smirked.

"Really? I guess I'll just have to show you by myself then, won't I?" Seeing as he could see Harry's face, the man never saw the look of maliciousness spreading.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: North Forest

Griffin 13, codename Burton was currently on the trail of the infamous Pathertrory James. Finally his day had come.

When he and his team had heard that the infamous Pathertrory James would be joining their flying session today, he was ecstatic. The man may have been a demon in the dueling platform but he had clocked a complete zero hours in the air.

His team was the best when it came to aerial combat and they would

finally be able to say they had beaten the man at something.

Burton was just about to signal his teammates to move up when ahead he saw Pathertrory point off towards the ground. His teammate Mary Sue immediately took a sharp dive into the forest below.

Signaling for one of his men to trail her he called the other closer to him.

"What is it Sir?" His wingman called over the sound of the wind.

"I've sent Charlie after the girl. We'll take on Pathertrory himself. Without him the girl should be easy pickings."

"What about the other teams Sir?"

"We'll let them fight it out. They'll reduce their numbers for us. Pathertrory's the real prize here. The other teams will be easy pickings for us."

"Roger."

Burton accelerated his broom onwards towards his target. He was momentarily surprised that his Nimbus 2002 would be able to catch up to a top of the line Firebolt. Then again it only went to show that Pathertrory did not know just how to pull out the true power of a broom. After all the man was what? Sixty years old? Someone of his rank had to be ancient.

A loud crack went off signaling the end of their ten minutes of peace.

Immediately drawing his wand Burton traced it to the ever closing figure of James Pathertrory.

Suddenly before he could cast out a spell the man had taken a near

vertical dive towards the trees below. The sound of his companion's scream could be heard echoing off the mountains.

"After him!" He yelled out spurring his broom onwards.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: Rally Point

"So how goes the skirmish so far?" Phoenix Twelve questioned his companion who was paying attention to the viewing globes.

He himself was gazing through a pair of enchanted Muggle binoculars.

The other man grunted. "How'd you think it would be going? The signal just went off a minute ago. So far did you expect anything to happen?"

"Sure. Both teams five and nine went East." Phoenix Twelve commented as he spied said team performing aerial maneuvers whilst throwing jets of light at one another.

"Idiots." The other man snarled. "They should know by now that unless you want to make yourself a clear target should you head for flat terrain."

"So how goes your end?"

"Nothing yet. Team one's globes are all lit, so are Pathertrory's and that partner of..."

Serpent Twenty Three's sentence was cut off with a small ring coming from the assembled globes.

"It would seem, my dear friend, two members of team one are now

out of the running."

"So it would seem. I do wonder what happened to them?"

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: North Forest

Burton was definitely regretting following the man into the forest as of this moment. Just where had it all gone wrong?

He and his partner had gone after Pathertrory after he had pulled a seemingly insane nosedive. That was when the trouble began.

James Pathertrory was definitely not a beginner at flying and he definitely was not an average flyer either. The man was certifiably insane.

Burton considered himself an excellent flyer, and here he was having trouble simply keeping sights with the man as he weaved through the trees at breakneck speeds. However, despite all this, both he and his partner had kept up, just barely.

This was the way it was up until Pathertrory had turned his broom a perfect ninety degrees and lost them. Puzzled they had continued flying straight, when out of nowhere his partner shot by perpendicular to his flight path.

It was at this point that the memory would burn itself into his mind forever. His life practically flashed passed his eyes as he narrowly escape a mid air collision with his other partner that was trailing the girl.

Only years of flying had enabled him to pull off a barrel roll just in time to avoid becoming a human conker. The same however could not be said for his partners.

Both men had impacted with a sickening crack and shattering of wood that spoke volumes of the broken bones they had no doubt acquired. Protective suits or not, colliding with something at 150 miles an hour would no doubt leave a mark.

Burton's instincts immediately screamed at him to duck.

And duck he did, narrowly escaping a jet of red light to his head. Turning in the direction he found the infernal man calmly watching him. Mocking him.

"Argh!" He let loose with a string of curses, blowing splinters of wood about as he gave chase.

Burton's mind screamed for revenge as he blasted the man ahead of him with every destructive curse that he knew. Whole trunks were splintered with his very spells as he chased Pathertrory down.

He had finally gotten a good shot when it was at this point that the man had swiveled his broom a perfect one eighty and sped towards him spinning in an out of controlled barrel roll.

Wand blazing, Burton raced towards his opponent.

"Reducto!" The spell went wide.

"Stupefy!" The man's barrel roll dodged it.

"Occido!" It, too, was avoided.

The man was no more than five meters from him when he suddenly pulled up and shot towards the canopy.

Suddenly everything seemed in slow motion for himself. Burton could easily make out every single detail as he shot by Pathertrory on his

broom. From the weave of the man's cloak to the limp unconscious body behind him, everything was strangely clear.

Mesmerized by this, Burton turned his eyes upwards following the man as he vanished into the shadowed darkness of the forest ceiling.

Turning back in front of him, his eyes widened.

A sickening crunch echoed throughout the forest as the last thing Burton saw before he blacked out was the strangely detailed grain flow of a tree's bark.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: North Forest

"That was somewhat disappointing." Harry commented to Mary who pulled up beside him.

"Disappointing? As in he actually flew into a tree disappointing, I can't fly as good as you disappointing or that he was unawares that I snuck up on him and cast an awareness charm on him disappointing?" Mary said with a raised eyebrow as she pulled up beside him.

"Disappointing as in he didn't fully take note of his surroundings. The man's team may have been the best when it came to aerial combat but they still have a lot to learn about maneuvering within a forest. Trees tend to blend together to confuse and hide your enemies even when you're not moving at high speeds. Let that be today's lesson." Harry said in a lecture tone.

Mary snorted. "And here I thought that my training with you was all over."

"Training, my dear Miss Sue, never ends." Harry stated imperiously.

"Anyhow, on a lighter note, how goes your passenger?"

Mary made a show of looking behind her at the limp person she was ferrying. "Out cold. Probably from shock when I started weaving through those trees. How about yours?"

"A branch took him out." Harry deadpanned. "Idiot didn't duck when I said to."

"And that makes him an idiot?" Mary questioned as she moved closer to inspect the growing lump on the man's forehead.

"No the fact that he said 'where?' makes him an idiot." Harry said pulling a pocket watch out from his robes and inspecting it.

"You mean he actually said that?" The girl asked incredulously as she snapped off a branch before using it to prod the man.

"Like I said the man's an idiot. Anyhow it worked out alright in the end. I was going to shut him up sooner or later."

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Two: Wizengamot Administration Services
Subdivision: Minister Of Magic Office

"Minister Scrimgeour, I think I might have found something that would be of interest to you." His aide Percy Weasley commented.

"Yes?" The Ex-Auror said looking up from the Head Of Department report that he had been reading.

"I have here a warrant to conduct an inspection of a Ministry personnel's home from the Wizengamot." The man held up a piece of parchment.

"What inspection? Why have I not been notified of such a thing. The Aurors should know by now that every single Ministry endorsed raid goes through my office before approval can be given." Scrimgeour said in annoyance.

"That's why I brought it to you Sir. The Department that requested and obtained the warrant isn't under our jurisdiction Sir."

"WHAT!!!" The man yelled in outrage. The mere thought of a Department not under Ministry control was unacceptable. There was only one Department that could do this and it was time that he put his foot down.

Pulling out a fresh piece of parchment the Minister Of Magic began drafting out a new decree. "Weasley, please inform the head of the Department Of Mysteries that whatever future raid or deployment including this one are to go through me unless he wishes to face the consequences."

"Yes Sir."

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: Rally Point

"Oh thank Merlin, thank god, thank Jesus!"

Mary just looked upon the man with a raised eyebrow.

Harry simply rolled his eyes at Mary's now unbound passenger that was kissing the ground in relief.

His on the other hand was thankfully still out cold.

All in all the old man definitely owed him one. Some R&R that flying joint turned out to be. It was completely disappointing and boring. He

hadn't even gotten to pull off his more daring moves yet.

Ignoring the medic rushing about carting the injured Operatives, he tapped Mary on her shoulder and indicated that they should leave.

The battle in the East plains had been a cake walk. Both teams had completely exhausted both their physical and magical reserves trying to take each other out without the aid of cover. In the end all it took was Harry and Mary showing up and a few simple well aimed spells to knock the four remaining men to the ground.

Like the thought before. Pathetic.

Tapping his cloak Harry muttered, "Return." and was whisked back to the familiar desk outside the rotating chamber.

Both Unspeakables behind the desk immediately stood to attention, their hands on their wands. A slight twitch followed at the appearance of his partner.

"State your name, rank and purpose." The one to the right spoke up.

"Griffin, codename James Pathertrory. I work here."

"Griffin Zero Eight, codename Mary Sue. I work here."

"Identification." The men on the left pointed to a small tray with a needle and a piece of parchment.

Harry removed his identity card from within his robe. Making sure to keep the details covered he pressed it to the charmed parchment which glowed blue.

"Everything seems to be in order, you may proceed."

Like wise Mary did the same and was accepted.

"Just out of curiosity James, What is the needle for?" Mary asked as they waited for the rotating walls of the Chamber to stop spinning.

"You mean for a reason other than sewing?" Harry said innocently.

Mary huffed knowing full well that he knew why she had asked. "Yes other than sewing."

Harry smirked seeing the small amount of irritation that he had caused. "The needle is used to prick ones finger when they wish to place a drop of blood on the parchment. It's this Department's method for identification if the visitor is not an Unspeakable."

"Yeah but why blood, wouldn't a wand signature or magical signature be enough?" Mary pressed on.

"Think about it. Wand signatures are useless because I could nick your wand and Polyjuice myself. Magical signatures are useless as well as certain individuals have magical signatures that are almost completely similar." At this Harry thought about both his and Voldemort's magical and wand signatures.

"Ah..." The girls trailed off in understanding. "So blood is the only substance that cannot be fooled."

"Only if you aren't a twin." Harry noticed that the walls had finally stopped spinning. "Griffin, Unspeakable Offices."

A door popped open and he gestured Mary towards it. "Ladies first."

"But what if someone nicks your card and uses it to get into the Department." Mary's hand shot out blocking the doorway.

"Hmm... Good point." Harry scratched the back of his neck as he rolled the question around his mind. "I suppose the cards have some

sort of protection on them, I guess." Harry waved pried her hand away and stepped through.

Mary just goggled at his ignorance and dismissal of such a security act. "Bet the bastard wants me to find out myself." She mumbled under her breath as she stared daggers at the back of his head.

Once inside he pointed towards the corridor leading to the Head's office. "You go on ahead first, I have to check a few things out at the Armory. The old man would no doubt want to get the unedited version from you first. Oh, before I forget here's a pass that will get you into his office without the wards bugging you."

Mary looked at the piece of red card like it was a bomb.

"Oh for god's sake woman, it's not like it really matters whether you bypass the wards or not, the old codger will let you in anyhow, he'll no doubt enjoy listening to how bored I was with this flying thingamajig." Harry pressed the card into her hand and headed for the Armory before she could change her mind.

Heading back into the Chamber, Harry waited for the room to stop spinning before calling out for the Armory. Once again it was the same man that was there when he had brought Mary here for her first time. Harry for a moment wondered if the man ever took a break and got someone to cover for him.

"Unicorn Seven." Harry greeted as he approached.

"Griffin. I take it you're here to pick up you little order you made a few weeks ago."

Harry's eyes widened in anticipation. "You mean they are complete."

"Yes, yes, yes. I still don't see why you're so obsessed over them, surely there are more interesting things in my division that I can

interest you in?" The man commented. "Besides you already have two."

"I fancy myself a collector of sorts. Besides, being an Operative, one can never have too many wands." Harry stated.

Unicorn Seven just waved him off. "Whatever makes you happy. Anyhow the other Unicorns managed to get it done, it did cause a few complications but overall it was success." The man pulled a small mahogany box out from under the counter and passed it to Harry.

Slowly The-Boy-Turned-Unspeakable opened up the casing. There nestled between the fine velvet interior were two beautifully crafted wands.

"Eleven and a half inches, made from the wood of the holy Oak tree and soaked in Phoenix tears till saturated, contains the core of a single Phoenix tail feather." The man gestured to the deep brown wand. "All the protection runes have been carved into the wood itself.

"The other would be also eleven and a half inches, made from the wood of the tree of death, life and rebirth, the Yew and soaked in Basilisk venom till saturated, contains the core of a powdered Basilisk's eyestalk."

Harry traced his eye onto the other now blackened wand. Despite being originally white the Basilisk's venom had clearly affected it.

"That one too has the protective runes, however how you're gonna hold it is something that puzzles me. You do know that the venom is still potent and that anyone who holds that wand will develop a nasty case of death?"

"Of course." Harry reached out and removed both wands from their casings. Holding one in each hand, he felt a jolt of power surge

through his arms. Giving both wands a flick they released a shower of blue sparks. "Excellent." Harry complimented replacing the wands and pocketing the case. "Tell your R&D people that I appreciate the final product."

As Harry made to leave he was stopped by the man calling out. "So how did you hold the second wand."

"Now that would be telling." Harry said mysteriously as he left.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Unspeakable Offices

Harry on the way to the Head's office met with a fidgeting Mary waiting outside the man's office.

Curious as to her behavior he decided to pierce her concealment charms to discover that her face had gone as red as a tomato.

"So what's got you so flustered?" He asked startling the girl who had been previously looking at her shoes.

"You, you... argh... Here take this, I'll rather wait till he lets me in next time." Mary growled at him.

"Woah!" Harry said lifting his hands in mock surrender. "Who went and killed your cat?"

Mary huffed and glared at him. "Remember how you always wanted to walk in on our Head of Department getting a lap dance?"

"Why you volunteering to give him one?" Harry teased.

"No, because I just walked in on him." She deadpanned.

Harry eyes practically bugged out as his thought processes screeched to a grinding halt. She couldn't possibly be serious. "Eh?" Was his intelligent reply.

"Using your stupid pass I was hesitant to enter the room so I slowly opened the door so as to not disturb him. Now thanks to you I am forever scarred." Mary continued.

Harry scoffed. "You're probably just misunderstanding things. The old man's a fossil. The idea of someone jumping his bones is just... urgh... bad mental image... Look I'll just go in there and everything will be just as normal."

Harry refusing to accept the card pulls open the door as per his usual method and step into the room.

Silence follow as Mary stood outside waiting as she counted.

"1 second."

"2 seconds."

"3 seco..."

"HOLY SWEET MOTHER OF GOD!!!"

'Booyah' Mary thought in mirth.

The sound of furniture cluttering could be heard coming through the still ajar door followed by someone scrambling to get out.

The door burst open as a frantic Harry Potter flew out of the room.

Slamming the door behind him he reached within his hood to no doubt clutch his eyes in pain.

"Sweet Merlin. That has got to be the most emotionally scaring thing I have ever seen." Harry moaned as he banged the back of his head softly against the door.

"Told you so." Mary said in a smart assed kind of way.

XXXXX

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place

"Apart from Severus and Alastor's reports are there any other topics that anyone would like to bring up?" The Headmaster of Hogwarts questioned.

As usual the Order was meeting at Grimmauld Place to discuss the current war effort. As of late, even with the help of the Ministry now on their side as well as the Unspeakables, the tension within the Wizarding world was high. The Ministry could only station Aurors at prime target locations to deter an attack. They just didn't have the man power to patrol the entire country. The same went for the Unspeakables whose effectiveness only contributed to raids and information gathering. However as of late the number of raids had decreased, as Voldemort was becoming more and more cautious.

"What ever happen to that Pathertrory fellow?" The question was brought forth by one Nymphadora Tonks.

"Alastor over there would be in the best position to answer that question." Albus motioned to his old friend.

"Aye, Albus. Mr. Pathertrory has been rather quiet as of late. Me thinks he's either planning something big or he's currently stationed in some other distant country and the rumors he's caused have yet to reach our ears."

"Let's hope that's true then Alastor." Dumbledore looked around. Seeing as there were no more issues he rose from his chair. "As like I requested in previous meetings, anyone who gets in contact with James Pathertrory is to extend him a welcome to our Order."

"The meeting is hereby adjourned as I would like to sample a slice of the wonderful pie I smell in the kitchen."

Mrs. Weasley blushed at the compliment as she left to cut the man a piece of pie.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"Come now Harry, it wasn't that bad was it?" The woman shamefully smiled at him as she pressed into his personally space.

He gave an internal sigh as she grabbed his arm and moved her face close to his ear. "Did you like what you saw?" She whispered through the fabric of his cloak.

Harry ignored the fact that his arm was now firmly pressed between her cleavage and sighed again. "I believe the term would be, psychologically traumatizing." He dryly replied as he arched an eyebrow in challenge, not that she could see it of course.

"Oh poo." She pouted cutely and relinquished his arm and skipped behind Nicholas who was calmly sitting on his chair enjoying the spectacle.

"No offense Madam but the very idea of that old coot getting any would be a serious offense to justice." Harry sniffed as he glared at his boss who was developing a smirk.

"Oh Harry be nice. He's not old, Nicky's just experienced." The drop dead gorgeous blond replied.

Harry took this time to admire the woman. Long blond curls, tall, long magnificent legs, a C cup definitely if that red oriental dress wasn't lying. It provided a magnificent view with that low cut as well as the side cut. Too bad he wasn't into women who could pass for his mother.

"Now, now Pear. Stop teasing the poor boy, I can see how red he is." Nicholas decided to finally speak.

"I am not blushing." Harry deadpanned. "The very idea of a naked Nick nicking some no good knocking has left me all pale."

"Hey! At least I'm getting some." Nick countered.

The blond simply rolled her eyes at the blossoming argument and decided to nick it in the bud.

Showing she was a true woman with mood swings she did a complete one eighty and glared at the old mage. "And you wouldn't be getting any if you continue this childish behavior."

"But..." Nick started to defend himself only to be cut off by her.

"Who's older?" She glared.

"He started..."

"Who's older?" She pressed.

With a sigh the Head of Department conceded. "I am."

"Good boy." The lady gave him a mocking pat on the head.

Harry took this opportunity to pull off his hood and stick his tongue out.

"And you young man, don't encourage him." She turned around to glare at Harry who had quickly returned to normal.

Harry rolled his eyes as he tuned her out. Mary was still waiting outside. The girl refused to enter till he had given her the signal that the room's occupants were completely clothed and decent. The poor girl had walked in when the blond was down to her underwear. Thank god Nicholas was still completely clothed else he or she would have been extremely traumatized.

"ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME MR. POTTER?!?!" She growled in his face.

"Yes Mrs. Flamel." He smirked enjoying the twitching of her eyebrow at the title.

"It's Perenelle." She snapped.

"Now, now Pear dear. Give the boy some slack he did just come back from an assignment." Nicholas decided to calm his wife down.

"Really?" She seemed surprised. "What'd he do?" She seemed genuinely interested.

"It's classified." Harry smirked.

"Oh poo. Don't let that stop me dear. I'll find out some how." Perenelle grinned as she moved towards Harry once again grabbing onto his arm.

Once again Harry rolled his eyes as Flamel mouth "PMS" to him.

Harry discretely nodded as he fought against the teasing woman as

he was dragged towards the couch.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Room Of Requirement

"Wait, so you're saying that Harry's this James Pathertrory person the Order has been discussing so much about?" Ron asked in disbelief.

"Yes Ron it fits. The man practically appeared two months after Harry disappeared. Beside if Harry weren't working with anyone but the Unspeakables he would have been spotted by now, don't you think?"

"I don't know Hermione. Harry's pretty resourceful, he can definitely stay hidden if he wants to right? Besides he can always disappear into the Muggle world without problems." Ron tried reasoning with the bookworm.

Hermione sighed. "Ron, Harry is practically lost in the Muggle world, he doesn't know his way around. Remember when he was training? I took him out to a Muggle department store and the poor boy was lost. I found him in the Woman's Department looking at Female shirts. He like other Purebloods has no Muggle fashion sense at all."

"Hey!" Ron protested.

"Be quiet Ron, you know she's right." Ginny supplied out of nowhere.

"Hey! Where did you come from?" Ron asked surprised.

"She, Ron, was standing behind you for the last two minutes." Hermione pointed out proving just how unobservant Ron was. "Also as to him being spotted, if he had escaped to the Muggle world he would have been found by now. Remus has managed to lodge a lost

child report with the police and they should have at least spotted him by now."

"Didn't the Dursleys have anything to say about that?" Ginny asked in surprise. The Dursleys would never have allowed a police report to even be filed and seeing as they were Harry's guardians they were the ones that were supposed to be contacted.

"Oh believe me. They were very convinced and helpful after Professor Lupin paid them a visit." Hermione smirked.

"So why's Harry, James Pathertrory again?" Ron asked having lost his train of thought.

"Because she/I said so!" Both Ginny and Hermione snapped.

"Alright, alright. I get it." Ron held up his hands in surrender.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

Harry was at the moment cursing the gods that had probably decided that he was to be the Universe's personal spittoon. He was currently pinned down on the couch with a smirking Perenelle mounting him. He glared at the man behind the desk who was openly smirking at his discomfort.

"Oh Harry." Perenelle moaned seductively as she turned his head to face hers. "Don't pay the old coot any mind. Don't you like me?"

Harry's only satisfaction was when Nicholas frowned at being called an old coot by his wife. 'Take that old man, even she calls you a fossil. Wait, wouldn't that make her a fossil as well?'

With that though he was suddenly able to resist her advances and begin to push her off. However it was at this moment faith decided to throw him a curve ball as Mary decided it was time to check up on why her superior was taking so long.

"Hey James have you..." The newbie trailed off as she stared bugged eyed at the blond she had seen giving the Head of Department a lap dance earlier now on top of who she definitely knew as James.

"It's not what you think!" Harry shouted out almost immediately.

"And what should I be thinking Mr. Pathertrory?" Mary said suddenly noticing the hint of discomfort in his magically altered voice.

"Help?" He said weakly.

"Stupefy." Her wand was out almost instantly as she fired a stunner at the lady who she decided looked very out of place in the hooded and cloaked Department.

Despite her age as Harry thought, Perenelle was definitely very agile as was proven when she performed a perfect back flip off the couch and onto the side table.

Nicholas winced at the sound of his priceless Ming vase as it shattered on the floor. 'I love magic.' Was his first thought as he began going through the types of repair spells he could use to fix the object.

Mary surprised at her target's method of evasion was nearly hit by a returned stunner as she swayed to the left.

Cover was not an option in the small office and Harry decided to stop the impending unscheduled duel that was about to take place. Not to mention the amount of files and documents that could be damaged

during the duel.

Quickly smacking both his wands together he cast one of his favorite spells.

A bright flash of light and a bang filled the office as he proceeded to relieve both ladies of their wands. As the light died down he wasn't surprised to see Perenelle still had her wand and was arching an eyebrow at him atop the side table.

"James, please explain." Mary said as she pulled out her second wand.

"While both you ladies may wish to see who the better dueler is, I believe the old man over there would appreciate it if we didn't."

"You told me to stun her." Mary asked in annoyance.

"I asked for help."

"And I did."

Harry shrugged, she was right in a way.

"Oh by the way before I forget both my husband and I would like to invite you and your partner to our Manor tonight for dinner." Perenelle stepped down from the table with a sway in her hips.

Harry rolled his eyes when he noticed Nicholas was staring.

"I'll see you tonight James." With that she disappeared in mid step.

Silence passed as Mary wondered what was going on, Harry sighed at how abnormal his life was and Nicholas pondered which spell to use on his vase.

Finally it was broken by Harry clearing his throat.

"Oh yes, how was the flying assignment." Nicholas said finally coming out of his thoughts.

"Pathetic/Easy." Both Harry and Mary replied respectively.

"I suggest that the other Operative receive further training in aerial maneuvers as well as tactics. They may be pretty decent fliers but that's no good when your opponent outsmarts you." Harry pointed out.

"I'll recommend it to the Head of Division. Anything else?" Flamel asked as he summoned the prices of the vase to him.

"No."

"Who was that woman Sir?" Both men looked at the only remaining female in the room.

Harry suddenly remembered that Mary wasn't all that familiar with who their boss really was. He shrugged. If Perenelle was inviting them both then no doubt Flamel was going to reveal his identity.

"That Miss Sue was my wife."

"Wife?" Mary asked again.

"Yeah, no idea what she sees in a shriveled up thing like him anyway." Harry taunted and had to duck as a Shriveling Hex was fired at him.

Ignoring Harry for now Nicholas replaced his wand. "Yes, wife as in spouse as in better half. Now seeing as you have the rest of the day off, you can go prepare for dinner tonight."

"Very well/Yes Sir." Both said together.

"Well what are you waiting for? My dismissal? I've got a vase to fix."
He waved them out of the room.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – The Chamber

"James?"

"Hmm..." Harry replied as he waited for the room to stop spinning. He had lately found that if he closed his eyes he didn't get dizzy from the blurring blue flames.

"Just how old is out boss?"

"The old man?" Harry wondered how to answer the question. "Old enough to have lived through both World Wars."

"His wife..."

"She's older than she looks. Magic tends to allow people who are potentially powerful to now only live longer, but age slower as well. Most Magical folk who are seventy look only thirty when compared to their Muggle counterparts." Harry gave an excuse. He didn't think Perenelle would appreciate him saying she was old, let alone enough to be his ancestor.

"Oh." Mary accepted the explanation. "Does it mean us getting invited to dinner mean we can go shopping?"

Harry inwardly groaned as he remembered that his only presentable robes were those back in his fourth year and decided to humor the girl.

"Very well. We'll Portkey back to our temporary quarters, grab some Polyjuice Potion then head to Diagon Alley."

XXXXX

No. 4 Privet Drive – Dursley's Residence – Harry's Personal Safe House

"Why do I have to be the younger sister?" Mary pouted as she stared the photo and piece of hair of the girl she was turning into.

"Because I'm your superior and I say so, that's why." Harry said as he searched through his Unspeakable issued chest for the required potion.

"At least I don't have to perform a cross gender switch. Say this is not out of some perverted fantasy is it?" Mary eyed him suspiciously.

"It is better that I disguise myself as a female as most Unspeakable Operatives are male. Also people tend to underestimate and let their guard down around females. Something that I believe you should use to your advantage." Harry reasoned as he tossed an empty potion phial onto the bed.

"So this has nothing to do with seeing which form is better the female or the male?"

"I'll have you know that posing as a female has allowed me to infiltrate certain places that most criminals can't even see."

"Really so what's it like being a girl?"

"If you are that interested in what it feels like to be a male then by all means I have a couple of male hair samples for you to pick from." Harry offered.

"I'll pass." Was Mary's immediate reply.

Silence passed for a few moments.

"So is sex better as a guy as a girl?"

Harry nearly choked but refrained from doing so. "Frankly I do not know." He did not mention he had yet to even know if it was good at all. The-Boy-Who-Lived sighed. With the stress he was constantly under, he really needed to get laid, sixteen be damned.

"Funny, I thought that that would be one of the first things that most people would experiment with." Mary wondered.

"May I enquire as to why you are so interested if sex is better as a man or a woman?" Harry pulled out a phial and sniffed at it. Ra'em's blood, expired beyond a doubt. He tossed it onto the bed. He really needed to clean out his chest more often.

"Aren't you in the least curious? It's the age old question, is sex better for a woman or a man."

"Look Miss Sue if you are that curious I can always lend you an extra phial of Polyjuice and a male hair sample and an address to a very reputable pleasure house in Knockturn Alley."

"I don't think the idea of having sex with a woman is that appealing to... Wait, why do you know the address of a whore house in Knockturn Alley?"

"If you haven't noticed, I am an Unspeakable. It is my job to know where the best locations at which criminals and other undesirable persons gather and frequent." Harry found something that looked a lot like Polyjuice. Tilting the phials he examined the viscosity of the

liquid. Nope, too runny, ointment for healing bruises. He wondered where he had lost it. That too went on the bed.

Looking at the growing pile of phials on the bed Mary couldn't help but wonder. "I didn't know you were this disorganized?"

"As the items in your chest accumulate in number, due to time restrictions you forget to place a Sticking Charm on the items you, the jostling of movement in the life of an Unspeakable Operative causes most of your items to become rearranged. Thank god for strengthening and Unbreakable Charms." Harry tossed a couple of daggers onto the bed after examining that they were in good conditions.

Mary shrugged. "You could always put them into pouches which are stuck on. That way you can easily identify as well as put in and take out the phials."

"I believe that I shall take your advice into consideration and seek to obtain such an item."

"What's with the sudden detached way of speaking?"

"I am trying to remember where I placed the pouch containing my Polyjuice potions."

Mary suddenly had an idea and decided to try it out. "Accio Polyjuice Potion."

Harry looked up when nothing happened. "My items are charmed against the Summoning Charm. It wouldn't be beneficial should an enemy summon your weapon and use it against you."

"That reminds me, where did you get the runes on your wand from? I need the same thing as well. You've disarmed me twice already by simply summoning my wand."

"You'll be surprised how often that technique works. Better to do it when the opponent is in the midst of performing the wand movement for a spell. It's the point when they have least grip on their wand." Harry finally found a loose phial of the potion.

"But it surely isn't as easy as it looks right?"

"Of course not. The Wizard or Witch personal magic interferes when something so personal to them such as a wand is summoned. Therefore you need a decent amount of magic. Not to mention summoning something they don't want you to summon when it's on their person makes it even harder. Don't even think about summoning a person themselves. It's almost impossible. Doable but near impossible unless the target is willing."

"Hmm... Never thought about it that way." Mary said filing the information away into her brain.

"I have had a few experiences with Summoning Charms. You could say I'm a bit of an expert on them. Speaking of Charms, if you place the Runes on your wand you'll probably have to constantly overcharge all your spells as the runes themselves drain magic not to mention your wand might not be compatible to being overcharged so often."

"You sound like you've seen it happen."

"I overcharged a wand once. It blew up in my hand."

"Ouch."

"Yes, ouch." Harry finally found the object of his quest and pulled it out. "Bingo, five Polyjuice doses for each of us in one phial that should last us more than enough for the shopping trip and another five more for the dinner."

"We're going disguised to Dinner?" Mary seemed surprised.

Harry gave her the look but realized she couldn't see it. "I am not ready to reveal my identity to you despite you being my apprentice and partner. If it is any comfort only the Head of Department and his wife know who I really am.

"So who is the Dragon really? Wait... Did you say his wife?" Mary said incredulously.

"Yes. His wife, no idea now she found out, stupid old man probably bragged about it her when he was drunk. As for the Dragon's identity I think it something you'll have to find out for yourself." Harry smirked but realized it was lost on the girl.

"Now we have the Potions and the hair samples. We'll pose as sisters. I'll be the elder one and you the younger one. You're eighteen and I'm twenty. A cover story is not needed except that we need the dress robes, one female and one male to match yours as your escort. Everything else we can make up on the fly. If they somehow interview us individually which I doubt will ever occur just blast your way out and Memory Charm them."

"You're kidding about the last part right?"

"Just the blasting. Don't worry about dosage each time you tilt, the phial only lets out enough for a dose." Harry popped the phial open dissolved a hair sample in it and drank. "Damn." The potion still tasted as horrible as it did in his second year. You'd think after drinking it numerous times he'd get used to the taste. "Horrible."

"Likewise." Mary offered as she conjured up a glass of water for the both of them.

Harry accepted and downed it. "Just remember to take another dose

every hour and do it discretely when in public."

Mary nodded as she greedily drank her sky juice.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – Madam Malkin's Robes For All Occasions

When it said 'Robes For All Occasion' Harry never did realize it was in the literal sense. He had only been to Madam Malkin's a couple of times and each and every one had been simply to get his Hogwarts school uniform, even his currently only existing dress robe had been obtained for by Mrs. Weasley. Getting his dress robes for the dinner was easy enough. All he had to do was pass the assistant his measurements that he constantly updated and pick out a nice dark green generic common dress robe. That was a simple enough procedure that lasted at most twenty minutes.

Mary's dress on the other hand Merlin be damned. Harry didn't even know the store was twenty stories high. Stupid expansion charms. The Dress Robes For Women Going To A Dinner Party section had taken up an entire floor. Harry had already seen enough weird sections to be too bothered. There was the Robes To Wear When Breaking Up section and the Robes For Fighting A Dark Lord section. Harry was somewhat tempted to looking that section but decided his Unspeakable cloak was all he needed. Besides he didn't want to know what other weird sections lay in wait.

However the final thing that was testing Harry's patience was not the wait for Mary to find a dress robe that was both to her liking and would match his. Oh no, it was the irritating cockroach of a sales assistant that was trying to flirt with him.

He was starting to get annoyed, didn't this idiot get a hint? If his one word answers were not getting through he was seriously considering drawing his wand and start cursing.

Harry wondered for the fifth time if intentionally castrating a civilian could be reported as collateral damage as he fingered his hidden wand.

Running his hand through his raven locks as a habit when he was getting impatient Harry nodded. Unfortunately in his female disguise it looked like he was flirting back.

Harry sighed as the man renewed his flirting with vigor. He just had to pick this disguise of all things. Basically the disguise was of a lady who would look exactly like him if he were to be born a female. Green eyes, dark raven hair almost the same facial structure except a bit longer.

It wasn't that hard to find a person looking like that once you were an Unspeakable and had access to both Ministry and Muggle Government records.

"So how about we grab an ice cream, I'm off in five minutes." The worm had finally popped the question.

"Oh I'm terribly sorry, but I am here with my sister, we're looking for a dress for her." Harry tried to let the man down nicely.

"Wow in that case you can invite her as well. The more the merrier I always say." The man interrupted.

Harry internally snarled and looked around. No one was looking in their direction. A smile appeared on his face.

"It just so happens I was thinking of getting some lingerie as well, perhaps I could get your opinion of them?" Harry said coyly as he leaned into the man. Internally he was disgusted but it was going to be worth it.

As expected the man became putty in his hands as Harry seductively led him towards the changing rooms. No one ever said Perenelle's constant shows of seduction weren't educational in the least.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – Madam Malkin's Robes For All Occasions

Thirty minutes later Mary had finally found a dress that was to her liking. "Excuse me Miss but have you seen my sister around?"

"Oh, she wandered off towards the Robes To Get For Your Boyfriend section a while ago." The Assistant said as she tiptoed to look over the racks of clothes in hopes that she would spot a lump of black.

"Don't bother." Harry said as he rounded the corner. "Are you done yet Marriott?"

"Oh hello Harriet. Did you see anything you like?" Mary asked looking at Harry's hands.

"Not really." Harry said dryly.

"Wasn't Simon with you?" The sales assistant asked.

"He said his shift was over about twenty minutes ago, besides I didn't really need his help." Harry answered with a small smirk.

"Still, he should have recommended another assistant to you. That man is probably gone off chasing some unfortunate girl. I hope he wasn't too rude to you."

"Absolutely not. He was a perfect gentleman the entire time." Harry said innocently. Maybe a bit too innocently as Mary was giving him a pointed look.

The sales assistant seemed surprised but shrugged it off as a one time thing. Simon probably had some pressing matters to attend to or had already targeted some other female.

After paying, the two disguised Unspeakables were sitting down at Diagon Alley's only ice cream parlor with a sundae each.

"Alright, spill. I know you did something with poor ole Simon." Mary prodded.

"What makes you think that?" Harry said as he ate a spoonful of ice cream. He didn't know what it was, but eating the stuff as a girl was like eating the food of the gods. Something just made ice cream and chocolate so much more better when eaten as a girl.

"Hey! Are you even listening to me?" Mary poked him with her waffle.

Harry retaliated by snapping half the cracker off and eating it.

"Hey! That was mine!"

"I don't care. What did you say again?" Harry said munching on the biscuit. Stolen food also seemed so much tastier as well.

"I saw the smirk on your face and your too innocent answer led me to believe you did something to the sales assistant. Besides my assistant said the man was an absolute cockroach."

"I did no lasting harm to him." Harry stated taking another spoonful of the liquid goodness.

"Let me guess, he hit on you?" Mary said grinning.

Harry simply grunted in annoyance.

Mary laughed at the confirmation she received. "So what'd you do.

Surely it wasn't nice."

"As if." Harry snorted. "Nothing harmful, just stripped him naked, tied him up and hung him upside down in one of the women's changing rooms."

"That's all?" She said in disbelief not quite buying the story.

"I did make him grow a couple of tentacles out of his head and gave him a nasty case of acne." Harry added.

"You didn't think to gag him?" Mary pointed out.

"I wouldn't leave someone in a situation where they couldn't receive help. The idiot can call for help if he wants, provided he doesn't mind everyone in the entire stall hearing him."

"Sonorus Charm?"

"Yup"

"You're evil, you know that right?"

"I know." Harry smirked as he ate another mouthful of chocolate goodness.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Flamel Manor

With a slight distortion of air, the two Unspeakables appeared in the waiting room of Flamel Manor.

Harry's hand lashed out and promptly caught the shoulder of his traveling partner. Once again thanking the person who invented stability charms proceeded to brush down his already clean robes.

"I still don't get your sense of morbid humor." Mary said every once in a while staring at his Polyjuiced face.

"What? The old codger always said he wanted to invite THE Harry Potter over for dinner. I just decided to allow him the pleasure." Harry said as he pulled a piece of lint off his sleeve.

"You're just sick you know that?" She replied in a semi disgusted tone.

"Hnn..." Harry grunted.

"One might think you were actually happy when our Wizarding Savior died. Not only do you convert the home he lived in to your personal safe house, you use his face for a disguise."

Harry shrugged. "A face is just that, a face. Besides I doubt Mr. Potter would mind me using it."

"Of course he wouldn't. He's dead."

"As if I didn't notice, what with all those headlines in the Daily Prophet. I mean, that's all they printed for two whole weeks straight. Irritating is what it was, there was practically no news for an entire two weeks, all they printed was dead Potter here and dead Potter there."

"There was an article about the Minister and his Undersecretary getting fired and jailed if you wanted to know."

"Really?" Harry said sounding genuinely surprised. "Besides it's not like your disguise didn't come from someone dead as well."

The girl's face paled so rapidly that Harry curiously wondered where the blood had gone.

"I'm joking you do know that right?" Harry said grinning.

Mary regained her color and simply glared at him. "For a moment there you had me thinking you were going around digging up graves."

Harry watched in amusement as his partner seemed to realize something.

"Hey how'd you get Potter's hair? You didn't do what I think you did, did you?"

Harry raised an eyebrow at Mary's insinuation.

"If you're referring to me digging up Mr. Potter's remains then no. Despite how disrespectful I may be, I draw the line at exhuming the remains of the deceased."

Mary raised an eyebrow in askance.

Harry sighed in annoyance that he had to explain. "I have access to his bedroom. Hence I have access to hairs that can easily be found on his pillow."

"Oh." Mary said as an uncomfortable silence fell upon them.

Uncomfortable for Mary that is, Harry on the other hand not being so reserved had taken to inspecting the trinkets on display above the fireplace.

He was interrupted of course when the door to the room opened and a child no older than six bounded in.

"Hewo there pretty lady are you here for dinner?" The child flashed an immensely cute grin at them.

To Harry's credit he merely raised an eyebrow at the boy who was dressed in a perfectly fitted blue dress robe.

Mary on the other hand had problem controlling her maternal instincts. "Aw... Look at him James. Isn't he just adorable?" She cooed as she bent over to get a better look at him.

"And who might you be?" She smiled kindly at him.

"My mummy and daddy called me little Nicky, but I didn't like them to."

Mary smiled in amusement. "So what do they call you now?"

"Nicky, no little, just Nicky." The boy declared as if he was announcing he had been elected the Minister Of Magic.

"Aw... How cute, look James, isn't he just precious." Mary proceeded to pick the boy up and hug the life out of him.

Harry simply rolled his eyes and mumbled two words. "Stupid Brat."

Apparently Mary had heard him as he gained a smack on the arm..

"Pay no attention to the mean gentleman, Nicky. I'll protect you. Now where are your mummy and daddy? Hmm..." Mary questioned as she bounced him.

Harry gave a long sigh and ran a hand through his partially tamed hair. "Six feet under and long since rotten, last time I checked." He said as he gave the boy his best Harry Potter Glare.

Harry didn't know if Mary's looked of shock and outrage was at Harry's harsh comment or at what followed his comment.

"Oh go get laid Pathertrory." The little boy snapped out in a

somewhat annoyed tone.

"I don't know which is worse, my partner not realizing the way you used past tense when speaking about your parents or you de-aging yourself just to cop a feel of her breast."

To Mary's horror the toddler was indeed as Harry put it 'copping a feel'. Letting out a shriek she dropped the boy and backed away as she drew her wand.

"Very nice, definitely a C cup and you're not even wearing a bra." The boy said as he flexed his fingers with a perverted grin plastered on his face.

"Who the hell are you?" Mary held an arm over her chest protectively.

Harry simply burst out in laughter at the stupidity of the situation as well as the look on his partner's face.

"Mary, I'll like to introduce you to our boss and Head Of The Unspeakables, Mr. Nicholas Flamel." Harry said once he caught his breath.

"Pleasure to meet you Miss..." Nicholas never got to finish his sentence as a vicious stunner was blasted at him.

Harry grinned in satisfaction as he saw Nicholas narrowly dodge the stunner and drew his wand in one fluid motion.

"You asshole." Mary fumed as she sent another stunner at her boss.

Nicholas awaiting such an attack easily countered and returned a spell of his own.

The girl shrieked as her skirt was blown upwards by a sudden gust of wind.

"My, my, my, black and a thong none the less." The six year old smirked and flashed a perverted grin that looked out of place on someone his age no less.

Mary gave a scream of fury as she unleashed a barrage of curses on the perverted old man turned younger. With skill that defied his looks the child deflected them all, while non lethal they would hurt a lot had he been hit by them.

Harry shrugged his shoulders, chuckled and moved to a chair by the Floo fireplace to get a view of the duel.

Snapping his fingers, Harry summoned one of the Flamel's House Elves.

"Greetings Master Pathertrory. I is Milly. How can I's be helping to serve you while Master Flamel tests angry lady." The Elf bounced from foot to foot happy to serve.

"A Butterbeer while I wait will suffice." Harry smiled.

"Make that two." A new voice made both Harry and the Elf twist their heads.

Somehow Perenelle had managed to sneak into the room undetected as Mary and Nicholas went about their duel.

"Why hello there Mrs. Fla... Perenelle." Harry corrected himself as he stared down the wand point of Perenelle's wand.

He stood up and offered his hand only to be grabbed and kissed on both cheeks. "Don't be such a stranger Harry." She whispered seductively sending shivers up Harry's spine.

Harry pulled away gently and pasted a blank look on his face. "You

look well my lady." He commented. She was still wearing the same oriental styled dress as she was earlier in the day except she had decided to change the color and style her hair into a bun with two chopsticks holding it in place.

"You're not too bad yourself Mr. Potter." She said commenting on his disguise which really wasn't one.

Harry simply shrugged.

"Have a seat Perenelle." He offered up his chair.

The lady smiled. "But there is only one chair."

Harry quickly conjured another in case she suggested he take the only chair only for her to sit on him.

While the idea was somewhat appealing to him, the fact remained that not only was she married but she was THE Perenelle Flamel. Despite her good looks the fact that he knew she was old enough to be his ancestor turned him right off.

The blond Witch smirked as she took a seat and accepted the Butterbeer that arrived by the House Elf.

"So how's life Harry?" She whispered.

"Dead, according to the Daily Prophet it would seem." Harry smiled.

"You're still not mad at them printing your whole life story on how you stood against evil despite the setbacks you encountered."

Harry snorted. "Seeing as how they were the ones discrediting me and causing all those setbacks as you would put it, they could have at least gotten the story right."

"Actually none of the books written about you are right, seeing as how you never did give any sort of interviews to their writers." Perenelle pointed out.

"That's actually a great money making idea. I should write an autobiography, it could become an instant bestseller." Harry suggested.

"Could? More like it would. Of course seeing how complicated your life is, I suggest splitting them into separate books. That way not only will you make more money, it will be easier writing your life experiences out in segments instead of one whole blob. Trust me I should know."

Harry nodded seeing how Perenelle's life story began in the 14th Century. Her autobiography, if she had one would be massive. So far she was still helping Nicholas with his.

"So how far have you gotten with Nick on his life laments."

"Seventeen Eighty Six." Perenelle deadpanned.

Harry scratched his head as he tried to remember if anything important happened on that year.

As if reading his mind Perenelle answered. "The year he forgot my birthday."

"Ah." Harry stated.

"Yes, Ah." Perenelle replied.

"I take it that was not a good year for ole Nicky."

"Ever wondered why we don't have kids?" Perenelle asked.

Harry stared at the woman in horror. "You didn't." Seeing the humor in her eyes he let out a breath of relief.

"So why don't you have kids?" Harry delicately asked knowing it must be a sore subject.

"Have you ever wondered why you don't see any mini Dumbledores running around Hogwarts Harry?"

Harry thought about it and realized that Dumbledore didn't really have any family members he could remember.

"You see Harry, while the Elixir Of Life does extend one's life it has the nasty side effect of leaving one sterile. The three of us, Dumbledore, Nicholas and I all can't reproduce."

Harry raised an eyebrow at Dumbledore's name.

"Yes Harry, Dumbledore as a youth did in fact try some of the Elixir against his better judgment. Call it curiosity if you will but that man was pretty impulsive and idiotic in his youth. Thus he would probably live on a few decades more after his natural time comes."

"Interesting." Harry said noticing the duel was ending.

"Come Harry. Let's go entertain the two of them, the Elves should have dinner ready in about ten minutes." Perenelle got up and moved towards the two combatants who were groaning.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Flamel Manor – Waiting Room

If anyone had told Mary a minute ago that she would be engage in a serious duel with an eight year old, she would have committed them to the Irreversible Spell Damage Section of Saint Mungo's Hospital.

However it was not the case now. Not only was she engaged in a duel with an eight year old look alike, she was loosing.

Badly.

Come to think of it, she had never had the chance to duel with anyone younger than her seeing as how she was the youngest graduate in her Auror group. This was, of course, barring any of the Unspeakables that she had competed against. However despite her not knowing how old they were she was pretty confident in the fact that she would still be the youngest there considering she was the new recruit.

Then again the brat as she was now referring to him mentally was no ordinary eight year old. Six hundred year old Mages stuck in eight year old bodies were extremely hard to come by. Due to his size, it was proving a rather challenging task getting any spells near him. Not only did she have to aim downwards rather than straight, her spells being shot off at an downwards angle rather than straight were striking the floor rather than trampling on through the air like it normally would. Because of this not only was he restricted to dodging left and right like normal duelers would he had the advantage of easily dodging a spell simply by taking a step back.

Add the fact that all the brat's spells were fired off at a waist level making them extremely hard to jump over or duck under.

Mary gave a yell of anger as she released a special concussive spell that blew out as a shockwave rather than a simple bolt of light.

To her frustration the Alchemist simply smirked, raised an eyebrow and conjured a purplish shield that reflected the wave back at her.

Mary unable to react so soon after the spell draining effects was lifted off her feet and thrown across the room.

She cursed as the perverted old man had no doubt taken this as a chance to sneak a peek at her knickers as she flew through the air.

"What a simply delightful view I must say. Perhaps I should consider stringing you up. Now if I could only remember the blasted spell." The boy pondered rubbing his chin as though in thought.

Mary flipped up both wands glowing as she sent two bolts of magical energy at him.

"Not good enough lass." Her opponent fluidly twisted his body allowing both the bolts to pass by him. He wasn't however prepared for the pissed off girl to physically charge him during his moment of evasion.

Mary easily shouldered charged his followed by a swift knee to the groin.

"Take that!!!" She growled smirking.

Due to this she missed the twirling of Nicholas's wand as he too sent a Bludgeoning Curse at her solar plexus as he was sent backwards.

The spell connected leaving both the combatants wheezing and clutching their stomachs. To Mary's satisfaction, Nicholas seemed to be the one having more trouble breathing.

Her attention was pulled away from skinning the boy alive when she heard two pairs of hands clapping.

"Well done, not quite what I was expecting but well done none the less. Not bad considering this was just an evaluation test. Not many can have the pleasure coming out in a draw with the famous Nicholas Flamel." Harry commented as Perenelle went to help her currently de-aged and limping husband.

"That was a test." Mary massaged herself, the Bludgeoning Curse was a lot more painful than what she normally received from James himself.

"Of course you didn't think you could take me on in a real duel did you, besides, it's not like I go around doing perverted things just to pick fights?" Nicholas snapped, his childish voice somewhat higher than before.

"Yes you do." Harry and Perenelle immediately shot back.

"Hey! It's not my fault, damned teenage hormones." Nicholas complained.

"Hormones? You do realize that you're in an eight year old body right?" His wife countered sarcastically.

"I'm an early bloomer that's all." He insisted. "You know how some women go through adolescence at eight."

"Unless you're aware old man, you're no girl." Harry pointed out.

Nicholas pouted. "Well she started it."

Perenelle rolled her eyes at her husband's remark.

"Real matured Nick." Harry mumbled.

"Who's older Nick." His wife stared at him.

"I'm a child."

"Mentally."

"Some might say that's the same thing." Harry interrupted.

Mary simply nodded as she used a Numbing Charm on herself.

Seeing that everyone was against him, Nicholas pouted.

Perenelle just rolled her eyes as she picked him up as one would a child and slung him over her shoulder.

"Hey! Put me down woman! I say put me down!"

"If you're going to act like a child, I'll treat you as one." She then proceeded to give him a slap on the arse.

"Ow! God damn it woman! I said put me down!"

"You know the way James. Dinners in twenty minutes I suggest both you and Mary go freshen up." She ignored her husband's further threats as she carried him out.

Both remaining Unspeakables just grinned in amusement.

"You ever wonder why he just doesn't use his wand." Mary asked.

"Apart from the fact that he would only be making things worse." Harry smirked as he held up a small stick in his hand.

"Is that his wand?" Mary asked eagerly.

Harry just smiled and tossed it to her. "Enjoy." Was his only comment as he moved out of the room.

Mary grinned evilly as she started thinking up curses she could enchant the thing with as she followed her partner.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Flamel Manor – Drawing Room

"So I don't suppose that you have any intention of revealing your identity to your partner Miss Sue."

Harry rolled the glass of Fire Whiskey between his palm as he considered the question.

"Is Mary Sue even her real name?" He answered after a sip.

"As real as yours is James Pathertrory. Now I believe that I asked you a question first." Flamel said pouring himself another shot of the potent drink. "More?" He held the flask out.

"No thanks, two's the limit." Harry declined. "I suppose it's up to her really."

"Up to her? I don't understand."

"Your under doesn't stand Nicholas at your advance age."

"Ouch, that was below the belt Harry. I'll have you know I still enjoy a good shag every now and then with the missus." Nicholas replied curtly at Harry's bad joke and butchering of the English Language. "Besides I'm getting more than you."

Harry grunted. "Apparently not enough if your wife's as horny as she is. Besides I'm sixteen."

"Old enough to kill, old enough to get laid. That's what I say." Nicholas stated. "Now stop avoiding the question I asked earlier."

"I'm rather good at that aren't I."

"Yes you... Stop doing that." The man glared at him.

Harry just smirked. "What I meant earlier when I said it was up to her

was that I would only reveal her identity if she shows me hers first."

"You mean you haven't used your Mage sight on her yet?" Nicholas said in mock shock.

Harry raised his eyebrow. "Mage sight? While you may think me powerful, such a technique is extremely rare and would only develop after a certain power level of magic is reached. Stating that, only a handful of Wizards have such an ability. You, Dumbledore and Voldemort are some examples of such individuals."

"You mean to say you haven't unlocked your magical sight yet?" Nicholas seemed genuinely surprised.

"Not really, I've so far been only able to differentiate between enchanted and non-enchanted magical objects."

"The first steps the best step. Now get back on topic." The man pointed out as Harry once again grinned.

Eighty nine Potter. Twenty Flamel.

"Now while I don't have the benefit of Mage sight I can utilize my glasses to the same effect. While not as good as the real thing it is sufficient."

"So you've seen her face. Why haven't you researched her yet?"

Harry raised an eyebrow as he took another sip. "She's a Metamorphmagus, what's the point?"

"Ah, so you do know. How?"

"She was in my company for a duration of nearly a month and yet despite the time her hair did not change in length."

"Hair Care Charm, she is a woman you know." Nicholas pointed out the flaw.

"One's hair does not return to its original length as soon as a duel's over. I considered she either grew or cut her hair between training sessions, so I cut some intentionally with a spell and imagine my surprise when it returned to its original length immediately after the duel."

Nicholas nodded at the explanation. "So have an idea of who she is?"

Harry grunted. "No. Definitely not any Metamorphmagus that I've met and the only one is Auror Tonks."

"So rare a talent yet quite common in the Law Enforcement Business." Nicholas pointed out.

"I take it her pay is higher than the normal Unspeakable's much less Auror."

"Of course we did have to tempt her with something to join. You think Metamorphmagi are just going to join the Auror Corps just because they can make a difference do you? People with such talents could become famous in the modeling world."

Harry sighed as he leaned back in the soft leather chair and rested his eyes.

His host smiled and followed suit, enjoying the crackling of the flames in the fireplace and music of the Wizarding Wireless.

Both men were currently talking about random issues as the women went about their business together.

The dinner had been an interesting affair as Harry would have

described it. After freshening up in one of the lavatories. Thank god for the wonders of magic. They had proceeded to the Dining Room where a smiling Perenelle and re-aged Nicholas were waiting.

The man had simply taken a calculated dose of Aging Potion and had assumed the body of someone in his mid thirties, much like his wife.

Mary had of course questioned how it was done in the first place. This lead to Harry explaining with the Flamels adding in a point or two about the way the Philosopher's Stone worked.

Basically the Elixir Of Life was as the Muggles considered the waters from the Fountain Of Youth. It was basically the opposite of an Aging Potion.

That was where Harry found the irony of it all. While the Wizarding World had been able to invent a Potion that aged them they could not come with one that countered the effects.

Harry had voiced his opinion and Nicholas had pointed out that his discovery of the Elixir Of Life was actually due to a research project he and his wife had that was to counter the effects of an Aging Potion. When enquired as to why no one else in the Wizarding World had attempted to reproduce his achievement, Nicholas had simply shrugged and said, "Since they believe that there is no counter they don't bother looking for one, despite the fact that one actually exists."

When asked about anyone else trying to create a working Elixir Of Life both Flamels had snorted and laughed. The fact was the other alchemists were trying to produce a product that allowed the drinker to live forever never aging. What he and his wife did was simply find a counter to the Aging Potion. The transmutating ability of the Stone was just a positively welcomed side effect.

The topic then of course moved onto Harry's adventures abroad. This had of course included much laughter when Harry described the

numerous problems he experienced with Portkeys, Floo and any other method of Magical Transport apart from the Broomstick.

As dinner wound down both men had moved to the Drawing Room as Nicholas had something to discuss with Harry. Whereas Perenelle had dragged Mary off for a complete tour of the Flamel Manor, gardens, rooms and toilets included.

Harry was forced to open his eyes as he heard his boss addressing him.

"I'm reassigning you to England, Harry."

"What?" Harry said somewhat surprised.

"You heard me right brat. I'm assigning you to local missions rather than those in other countries."

"Wait let me get this straight. After months of keeping me away from England by sending me tripping across the whole of Europe, you are suddenly sending me back, and to the capital no less. Why?" Harry asked curiously.

"I did it because wherever you go, you cause destruction and political conflict." Nicholas snapped.

"Sure I do." He replied condescendingly.

"You do." The man insisted.

"So if I do, why now?" Harry pushed.

"Because you yield the best results and the Minister is being an ass by restricting us. Hence you are supposed to cause political turmoil for the stupid politicians and destruction for Voldemort. I mean just last week I received a letter from the idiot stating that we shall receive

no more funding from the Ministry."

Harry raised an eyebrow at that last comment.

"We don't even get funding from the Ministry." Nicholas snapped. Seeing Harry's still raised eyebrow he added. "Well we do get donations once in a while but that's from the capture of dangerous criminals and favors to the Magical Law Enforcement Agency.

"Very well." Harry quipped.

"That's it? No arguments? No comments?" The man seemed surprised.

"Nope."

"Are you sure?"

"Definitely you old codger. I'm doing this to irritate the Minister. Not please you." Harry snapped.

"What about Voldemort?" Nicholas asked curiously.

"What about him?"

"Dark Lord, trying to take over Britain. Gave you that scar? Remember him?"

Harry scowled. "He's on my 'to do' list."

"That may be but every once in a while I might send you abroad. Can't have you trashing the country if you're left here twenty four seven."

Harry smirked.

"Now on to lighter topics. Wizard Chess?" The man said summoning a board.

"I suck."

"I know." Was the smug reply.

"Very well, bring it on old man."

Author's Note:

Wow I just noticed just how time flies. I haven't updated this story much less my others in a really, really long time. Just so you all know I have not abandoned any of them except maybe "A New Beginning An Old Life." But I believe that someone has already taken over the writing duties for that one. Anyhow the sudden urge to return to writing can be attributed to my loving sister who dragged me in front of the computer and demanded that I finish the story so that she could read it. When stated that I would complete it eventually she then proceeded to point out that I've now got plenty of time to spare for the next one month. i.e. I have no model kits arriving by post thus free from assembling commitments, no uni as I've graduated (YES) (Further Studies this March = No), I am on holiday (Not like I have school), have no new computer games to play (Supreme Commander comes out in February 22nd and Tiberium Wars in March 15th) and finally I keep complaining that I am bored. Thus finally here I am posting a huge 13 thousand word chapter and already halfway in the process of writing the next one.

Finally I would like to brag that I managed to trick my dad into thinking 512kb/sec internet connection was slow. The result 17mb/sec connection. O_o. Yeah that's what I thought as well. Bloody thing downloads faster than I can click let alone the computer process.

Didn't even know speeds like that were available to public residential

houses. *shrugs* Oh well, my gain I guess. (p.s the bill that thank god I'm not paying for is simply scary.)

Oh yes and finally since this chapter was done in a rush I still haven't read through it yes to weed out the grammatical and spelling errors so if you can help, just point out the mistakes and plot holes in your reviews or email me at [rtwj\(at\)hotmail\(dot\)com](mailto:rtwj(at)hotmail(dot)com)

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Chapter 06 – Dock Em Out

London – The Docks Of London

"Who are you? You're not allowed here." The man that was surveying the shipment saw Harry.

"Actually I am. This shipment is classified under magical goods and thus I am here to inspect it."

The man noted his blue Unspeakable cloak.

"I was under the impression that shipping and removal of goods don't normally take place at night. Care to explain yourself." Harry asked calmly as he approached the man. His eyes categorically surveyed the no doubt illegal shipments.

The man looked uncomfortable for a very brief moment before he covered it up.

"Of course Sir, you just startled me. That's all. Just finishing off a last minute, late night shipment that the boss wanted ASAP."

Harry didn't buy it in the least.

"In that case you wouldn't mind me performing a small routine check up then?" He spoke as he flashed his Unspeakable badge.

"Sure of course." The man made for the crates followed closely by Harry, when he suddenly turned around wand drawn.

"Imperio."

Harry had to resist his now natural reflex of jumping out of the way and returning a deadly counter attack.

"Ha! Gotcha! Unspeakable or not. No one can escape the Impe..." The man's gloating was harshly cut short by a loud crack.

Harry had seen fit to terminate the individual's bragging rights by breaking his jaw bone.

He followed by lifting his knee and his foot lashed out. Coupled with the momentum of his forwards dash, the smuggler was catapulted seven feet back.

He smacked the ground and immediately assumed a fetal position as he nursed his soft tissue.

Amazingly the man had managed to retain grip on his wand during the fall. Harry kicked it out of his grasp easily.

Leaving the guy to roll about in pain some more, Harry flicked his eyes left and right. Emerald eyes burned as magic was forced into them.

"Did you have any trouble?" He spoke out into the darkness.

"How did you know I was here?" A voice asked from his right and another Unspeakable reveal herself.

"You didn't silence your footsteps. How was your end?" He watched his partner fold up his invisibility cloak and took it.

"Ran into two flunkies back at the unloading point. They were attempting to use an unregistered Portkey to transport the goods to..." She was interrupted by a moan coming from the injured smuggler.

"For Merlin's sake just put him out." She complained, irritated by the idiot's wails.

"Very well." Harry proceeded to deliver another kick.

Predictably the man screamed in agony but didn't faint.

He was about to deliver another when his partner sighed. "I meant magically." Instead of waiting for him to do it, she stunned him.

"You could have just done that yourself then." Harry spoke as he moved towards one of the many numerous crates that occupied the dock.

"I find your compulsion to leave your balled victims aware and conscious slightly disturbing." She stated dryly as she knelt and inspected the chief smuggler.

"I just find it much more satisfying that they experience the pain in the physical sense. No point just stunning them or using the Cruciatus. They gotta learn that we can fight back as well. Kinda dissuades anymore from joining the cause." Came the explanatory reply.

"Besides." He added. "Some of them are probably used to the Cruciatus by now."

"True." She nodded her agreement.

"Now..." A tinkering of metal interrupted him.

"DOWN!!!" Harry leapt at his partner, bowling her out of the way.

He distinctly felt something hot graze his left cheek as he rolled off Mary.

Fluidly he sent off three silent stunners randomly at the caster's original location. He flipped to his feet and followed with a devastating Explosion Hex.

Bits of wood and potion ingredients scattered in all directions from the explosion.

Harry was still on his guard and moved out the way when the red beam of a stunner came out from the dust cloud. It hit squarely on a still dazed Mary who was getting up.

Seeing his partner go down, Harry made to revive her but was interrupted by another spell narrowly missing him.

"Protego." He whispered as his shield deflected and blocked a few of the spells heading his way.

"Avada Kedavra!" The bright green light cleaved through his shield but Harry was already on the move when the first syllable was spoken.

He narrowly avoided a Cruciatus by twisting his torso in an almost impossible angle. He lost his balance and definitely pulled a few of his back muscles.

"Malleolus." Harry spoke clearly as he fell. He wanted his opponent to know the spell was coming. Sometimes knowing a deadly curse was coming would cause a person to freeze up.

"Shit." A voice cursed and the sound of a body hitting the ground was heard.

Whoever it was, was experienced enough to know when to duck. Harry's wand unleashed a deadly barrage of flaming darts. The projectiles pierced the darkness leaving red streaks of light in their wake.

Unknowingly, Harry had overlooked a fortunate advantage of the Flaming Dart Spell. The flames illuminated the area and revealed a figure rolling away on the ground.

Harry attempted to re aim his wand but he hit the ground first.

He heard a crack and felt pain shoot up his side and right arm.

He just had to land on his wand arm and most probably broke his elbow and ribs. They were no doubt bent now. His fingers felt numb and his wand fell from his unresponsive hand.

"Crucio."

His muscles tensed as pain raked his body. He trashed about as his muscles received a constant alternating neurological shock. He refused to scream however. This was personal now. He was definitely taking this guy down.

Eventually the curse was lifted.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here? Two Unspeakables poking their noses where they shouldn't. Accio Wand."

Harry twitching slightly watched as his wand flew towards a Death Eater.

'Idiot.' Was his first thought.

A piercing scream filled the air when the Death Eater caught his wand. The man screamed as his body stood shaking in pain. The wand's security runes that Harry the carved and enchanted, glowed white with power.

With a small flash the wand was sent back in his direction. The Death Eater now released from the attack, crumpled to the ground smoking.

Gritting his teeth, Harry picked up his wand with his good hand. He weaved a Numbing Charm onto his chest and elbow. It was sloppily

done but it made the pain more bearable.

He made a personal note to work on his left handed wand technique in the future.

He aimed it at his chest and winched in anticipation. "Ferula." Bandages flew from his wand tip and tightened around his chest and arm.

He bit back the yelp that threatened to escape. Damn it hurt.

Harry gingerly rolled over, careful not to jar his already injured ribs. He summoned his two opponents' wands and left them in front of him. He dared not touch them yet.

He inspected them and found them to be normal, he wasn't surprised. Not many Magical folk enchanted their wands. It made them temperamental and their magic erratic.

Even Voldemort hadn't done any modification to his. Enchanting a wand only made the spells that came out of it weaker as the runes absorbed most magic to power itself. Thus one had to force their magic through the wand. This required expert control, something that one lost during a tense duel. Without the control, the spell's power would become erratic and unpredictable, not to mention the wand could overload and become prone to exploding.

Harry didn't mind, his Phoenix feathered wand was capable of handling large magical outputs and would therefore never overload.

Besides he could live with weaker spells when he felt lazy. It wasn't that tedious to recast a Cleaning Charm twice to attain the desired result.

He still remembered the time he overpowered a summoning charm. He had dodged the flying book which would have no doubt broken

his neck if it hit him.

"Enervate." He shot a spell in Mary's direction.

She stirred and got up drowsily. Harry sighed and hit her with another.

She woke up fully this time and frantically looked around. "What happened?"

Only then she realized Harry's state on the ground. "Oh Merlin. You're hurt."

"So it would seem." He said sarcastically.

She ignored him and cast a few healing charms on his elbow. "I can't do much for your ribs, I never was good at healing spells."

Harry waved off the coming apology. "It would seem that our intelligence report was slightly off. A Death Eater showed up shortly after we did to oversee the shipment." Harry cradled his right arm as Mary leaned him against one of the crates.

"Does it hurt?"

He gave her a look that said 'What do you think?'. He winced as pain shot up his arm when he accidentally moved it.

"Here." She placed a better and stronger numbing charm on his arm. "I'll call in the clean up squad."

"I suppose so." He slumped and pointed at the two wands lying on the ground. "They don't look warded but I can't be sure."

Mary withdrew a pair of silk gloves and picked them up. She showed him two more she had taken and stored all four of them.

She then pressed a small amulet around her neck and spoke into it. "Mission complete. Send in the Aurors and Medics. We have one Operative down and other suspects in need of medical treatment.

"I am not downed." The boy protested.

"Oh be quiet you. You're down when I say your down." Mary waved his protest off.

Rolling his eyes, Harry took the time to look around at the mess that he had caused. He saw a familiar object by his feet and nudged it closer so he could pick it up.

It was a Basilisk's fang. It was only one inch in length compared to the one foot thing that had pierced him in his second year. The Basilisk that supplied this fang must have been bread solely for the purpose of being harvested.

He closed his eyes and tossed it aside. Definitely illegal Potion ingredients.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

"So this is indeed how he did it." The wizened old man muttered mostly to himself.

Across the room on a golden decorated stand his familiar chirped in reply.

"Yes indeed a most hideous act, but how does one destroy such a thing." He pondered staring at the now known second Horcrux of Lord Voldemort.

Dumbledore held it up to the light. The black jet diamond easily absorbed all light whereas the high quality gold of the ring itself shone with brilliance. Tilting it slightly he caught the faint impression of the Peverell coat of arms ingrained into the gem itself.

Sighing he placed the ring back on his desk beside a black diary with a hole through the middle.

"Two down and five more to go." Dumbledore sighed as he considered a way to extract the soul fragment from the ring of Salazar Slytherin.

XXXXX

London – The Docks Of London

After much poking and prodding by the Medi wizards that had arrived accompanying the Aurors, Harry was reluctantly allowed to go.

He had of course told them to expect some unusual results from his diagnostic scans. He had of course Obliviated them when they were done. After all, his medical history was somewhat unique.

Seriously how many Wizards had blood toxic enough to kill with a single drop? Harry still remembered the first time he had learnt of this. He was having a small duel with one of his Unspeakable instructors. The man had given him a bloody nose. In the process some of his blood got on the man's fist.

He had collapsed a minute after that and had to be rushed to the infirmary. They had detected a small but non lethal amount of Basilisk venom in his blood stream. The Medics he traced it to the small droplets of Harry's blood on the man's hands.

This had of course ended with him being examined. Had that drop of blood gotten into the Unspeakable's bloodstream, it would have killed

instead of paralyzing.

Apparently it was the by product of him surviving the bite of a Basilisk. The theory was that one had to be one the brink of death before the administration of Phoenix tears. A few Wizing researchers a few years back had experimented on the technique to develop a vaccine for the venom. They had done it on themselves.

None of them survived.

Harry on the other hand had to go one step further.

The fang had pierced his bone and had injected the venom directly into the marrow and magically altered it. The result was that his body's bone marrow was actively producing the poison.

Nasty stuff, Basilisk venom. A lot of studies had been done by both Muggles and Wizards on the effects of snake venom. They had been categorized into two groups. First was the neurological venom which blocked nerve receptors and paralyzed the victim. It would then slowly make its way into the major organs of the body light the heart and paralyze it causing death.

Second was a batch of digestive enzymes that actively and rapidly broke down cells and muscle tissue at a molecular level.

Harry shuddered at the thought of being digested from the inside out while still alive and conscious.

The Basilisk being a magical snake and with a title like "The King Of Snakes" it definitely had to have both types of poisons in its venomous secretions.

Therefore Harry was now immune to most, actually all poisons and most nerve screwing agents. This led to the explanation of why he never seemed to get sick when Snape poisoned him during his

Potions sessions. It was also the reason why he could never seem to feel the effects of getting drunk.

All in all, it was pretty good. He didn't have to worry about food poisoning, the flu and getting plastered if he drank too much. The off side was that no one would play drinking games with him and he had to be extremely careful when he was kissing someone, something which wasn't happening anytime soon. Imagine your snog partner dropping dead on you because she got too enthusiastic and bit your lip.

Talk about being drop dead gorgeous. He smiled.

Due to this, Harry always carried two phials of Phoenix tears on his person.

Too bad He-Who-Smells-Bad had to be immune to the damn thing as well. Imagine Moldieshorts being dunked into the potion on his restoration, only to die from the blood that was meant to restore him.

Then again it wasn't really surprising that Voldemort was immune to the venom effects. The insane idiot had been drinking all sorts of weird stuff. Unicorn's blood and Nagini's venom, which Harry suspected was a Basilisk as well, were some of the things Harry knew he had drunk.

Harry himself being curious had tried Re'em's blood. It tasted just like most blood did, copper with a rusted iron aftertaste.

The blood of the Re'em allowed the drinker inhuman strength, which Harry enjoyed briefly. Briefly, in the sense that the magical muscles only lasted for a day at most.

This was unfortunate as the blood itself couldn't be kept for more than a week and lost all its magical properties if preserved with a stasis charm.

There were of course ways to make the strength permanent but Harry wasn't too fond of anything Potions related that Unicorn Department cooked up. The last time he got a Potion from them it exploded in his face.

"Ah, James." He watched as the Unspeakable who was debriefing his partner had noticed him.

Forcing his eyes to pierce the man's shroud he was greeted with the happily smiling face of Nicholas Flamel.

"What has gotten you so tickled old man?" Harry snapped still experiencing and irritated by the after effects of the Curciatus.

"That Death Eater you took down."

"What about him." Harry asked.

"Looks like. What was it you called him? Oh yes, He-Who-Has-His-Name-Hyphenated-Like-The-Bloody-Boy-Who-Lived decided to send one of his inner circle members to ensure the shipment was delivered without a hitch." Mary was smirking beneath her glamour.

"I see. So who was it that decided to bless us with his presence tonight?"

"Augustus Rookwood." Flamel supplied. "A former associate of ours."

"He's mine." Harry immediately said when he heard the name.

Nicholas raised an eyebrow. "The Aurors have taken him into custody where he will be interrogated with the use of Veritaserum."

Harry snorted. "The fool is immune to it. Besides, one can still lie and fight off the Potion's effects. I know I can. He's also a known Occlumens."

"Very well, I'll arrange for you to have a turn at him. Mary, make sure that James here doesn't get too enthusiastic and kill him."

"I understand Sir."

Harry saluted him with the finger. "I ain't no sadist."

Both Unspeakables pointed behind Harry and spoke eerily at the same time. "That man would say other wise James."

He didn't need to look around to know they were referring to his balled victim. "He had it coming, ambushing me and all that."

Nicholas rolled his eyes and vanished via Portkey.

"Come Mary, grab hold. I just had a wonderful idea." Before she could respond, Harry had dual Apparated them away.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"The report please James."

Harry sighed in irritation. "Please elaborate to me again the point of me giving you a verbal report when I will have to no doubt write up a written one which you are going to have to read again."

"Firstly it irritates you and secondly I can make a faster decision when receiving the information by word of mouth rather than reading through all the crap you usually write."

"That and written reports are mainly for record purposes." Mary added helpfully.

"Fine." Harry huffed and pouted as he moved for the couch.

Nicholas cleared his throat as the still standing Mary wondered what her mentor was doing.

"You give the report since you seem so enthusiastic about it." Harry waved to Mary as he proceeded to lie down for a short nap. His ribs were still hurting from the earlier fall he took.

"Very well." Mary took a deep breath. "As stated in the Mission briefing both my partner and I arrived at location at 0200 hours to investigate a rumored smuggling operation with Death Eater ties."

She paused as Nicholas made some notes.

"A total of three smugglers were observed at the immediate scene one who was inspecting the shipments and another two who were the manual labor. Seeing as there were meant to be no shipments scheduled tonight we assumed the targets were indeed performing illegal activities and responded with appropriate actions."

"Meaning you." Flamel pointed at Mary. "Simply stunned the two grunts while he." Pointing at Harry. "Balled the supervisor."

"I wish to state that my action was completely justified as my opponent fired the first shot which was not only a curse but an extremely illegal one at that." Harry mentioned from his place on the couch.

"Seeing as you aren't dead and neither is the other guy I hazard a guess that it was the Imperius Curse and not the other two."

"You know me too well old man." Harry grinned with his eyes still closed.

"Anyhow." Mary regained their attention. "Shortly after I rendezvoused with my partner. I was about to call for a Ministry clean up crew when an unknown and unregistered opponent showed up. James knocked me out of the way of a curse and engaged the enemy in a duel."

At this point she seemed rather embarrassed. "Due to my slow reflexes I was caught off guard and knocked out. When I woke the duel had ended and I saw James on the floor injured. I administered medical treatment as best as I could before calling for reinforcements and the earlier said clean up crew."

Nicholas raised an eyebrow and looked pointedly at Harry. "Getting wounded in a one on one duel James? This isn't like you. Maybe I should consider sending you back to boot camp."

Harry merely gave the man the bird. "He caught me by surprise and let's not forget Augustus Rookwood was an Unspeakable Operative unlike the other untrained pieces of shit we have gone up against, besides, I won."

"Cocky aren't you?"

"You better believe it." Harry muttered.

"Why are you sleeping by the way?"

"I am trying to get some shut eye before I have to go interrogate that idiot."

"You do realize that we have professionals for that sort of thing."

"You do realize they are Ministry Interrogation Specialist which

means jack squat and that the person they are interrogating was an ex Unspeakable."

"So what am I suppose to do now?" Mary asked pointing at her sleeping partner.

Nicholas shrugged and reached under his desk. "Wizard's Chess?"

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Eight: Interrogation Rooms

"Level eight. Interrogation Rooms, 1, 2, 3..."

Harry didn't wait for the voice to finish when he exited the lift followed closely by his partner.

"You remember where the old man said they were holding him?" Harry asked his partner.

"I demand that you release me immediately. I'm a citizen of Great Britain's Magical Community. You can't do this to me." Came a voice from one of the many rooms.

Harry's grin was almost contagious. With a statement like that, the man was definitely guaranteed an inner circle member. Arrogant and assured of his blood superiority.

'So is Snape.' He reminded himself. Too bad Dumbledore would never allow him to kidnap and interrogate the slimy git. Well, no matter. He had a perfectly healthy and willing specimen here at his disposal.

Harry raised his hand in a casual salute to the Aurors when he entered the room. The two current interrogators looked at him and his partner somewhat uneasily. They were probably wondering why

Unspeakables were here.

"How's our guest, gentleman?"

"We haven't gotten anything out of him yet Sir, except that he wants a barrister."

"Really?" Harry looked at Rookwood who was currently bound by one of the chairs that he'd seen in the courtrooms.

"Stand down men. You're relieved of your duty for now." He paused for a moment. "Would you two like to watch how an interrogation is correctly done? Or would you rather leave?" Harry asked politely.

"Stay." One of them answered. "He's immune to the Veritaserum, so I'd like to see how you boys do it."

"I'm a girl." Mary stated.

"Ladies then." He corrected.

"I'm a guy." Harry intoned.

"Unspeakables then."

Harry smiled at Mary Sue and she began layering silencing, locking and privacy charms around the room. Rookwood was looking more worried with each new charm.

"I'll never talk."

"I'm sure you wouldn't." Harry replied.

"Go to hel..."

He never got to finish the reply as Harry had drawn his wand.

"Otheo Shatteria."

The yellow Bone Shattering Curse was followed by a high pitched scream.

Rookwood was buckling in his chair. His arms trying to grab hold of his leg.

Harry slowly pocketed his wand and approached the twitching prisoner. Rookwood's shin was a mess. The curse had exploded his tibia, turning the bone into shrapnel and had nicely ripped his leg apart.

Mary who was watching the door threw a Blood Clotting Charm over her shoulder. They didn't want the man dead after all the trouble taken to catch him. The two Aurors were looking quite pale now.

"Sir, you can't do this!" One of them approached Harry who just pulled out a document.

He had used one of the special parchments he had nicked from Nick to draft up a license for him to basically employ any means he saw necessary to gather information from prisoners. Nicholas definitely knew about this one, but he couldn't do anything about it despite how much he disapproved of torture.

"Actually I can and I will." He ignored the Auror who looked lost.

"Now, Augustus, care to take back your earlier statement?"

"You'll pay for this you..."

Harry nicely cut him off with a Bone Breaking Curse, this time to his other shin.

Rookwood howled in pain.

"Oh calm down you pussy." Mary turned around looking insulted at Harry calling a Death Eater such a thing.

Harry ignored her.

"That's it. Two broken legs? Pathetic. I'd bet your victims of the Cruciatus faired better." He spat.

"Fuck you." Came the weak reply.

Harry was impressed. The man has balls.

"Castratio." Augustus shrieked in agony.

Harry corrected himself. The man had balls.

Another clotting charm flew past him.

"Thank you Miss Sue."

At this point, one of the Aurors had bolted and the other looked very green and was clutching at his groin.

Mary giggled at the Aurors reaction.

'Damn, and she calls me a sadist.' Harry thought.

Harry got tired of waiting and cast a Numbing Charm on the wounded areas.

"Now Augustus. You're one of Voldie's inner circle members, and have no doubt done worse than what I'm doing now. Therefore while I hate killing, I have no problems however making your feel like one of your victims. Understand?"

The Death Eater moaned and didn't seem to hear him.

"Otheo Shatteria." Harry pointed at his kneecap.

A burst of clear jelly liquid and white matter exploded out.

"YES!!! GOD DAMNED MERLIN!!! YES!!!"

Harry used the Clotting and Numbing Charm. "Good that we understand one another. Where's Voldermort's hide out?"

"I don't know." The man choked.

"Wrong answer." Harry tilted his wand to the other knee.

"No! Wait! Stop! It's in Little Hangleton, but I don't know where."

"Now you're learning." Harry smiled. "See, I ask the questions, you answer them and no one gets hurt."

Rookwood nodded quickly.

"How do you not know where?"

"Fidelius Charm." Was the quick reply.

Harry already suspected that the blasted charm was in use. So Voldermort was indeed using the Riddle House as his base of operations and not just as a meeting point. Interesting.

Harry was just a bit irritated that a spell used by his parents to hide from Voldermort was now being employed by snake face himself. Come to think of it, the spell was an extremely old and ancient piece of magic. Since the whole Voldermort's back fiasco, a lot of people seem to be employing the use of that spell liberally to hide their

families.

"Who's the keeper?"

"The Dark Lord." Was the quick reply.

Harry frowned. The reply was a bit too fast, not to mention that the secret keeper of a location couldn't stay at the location too long or the entire charm would fall.

"Otheo Shatteria."

The other kneecap exploded and Rookwood screamed in pain. Harry canceled all the Numbing charms and pressed the tip of his wand into the man's mutilated groin.

He twisted it causing louder screams.

"Listen and listen closely Rookwood. I already took off one of your fun bags, lie to me and I'll take off the other. You can survive without any you know?" Harry hissed, his face close to the man.

"Malfoy. Lucius Malfoy. Just make it stop." The man was weeping.

"Good." The Numbing charms were back on.

Mary, who was now inspecting Rookwood's possessions, passed Harry a small pendent carefully by dangling it on the tip of her wand. Harry wondered why she just didn't levitate the thing. Harry accepted it with his wand and dangled it just out of Rookwood's reach.

The man seemed to be eyeing the golden skull shaped medallion like it was a lifeline.

"I take it from the way you're looking at this, that it is a Portkey."

Augustus nodded and Harry moved it further from the both of them slightly. It wouldn't be good if he were to touch it and Rookwood shouted out the password and sent him off to a Death Eater safe house.

"Where does it lead and what's the password?"

"Tap it twice and say 'Blood Purity'."

"How unoriginal. Where?"

"Malfoy Manor." The man replied but Harry caught his hesitance.

The wand twitched and Harry begun the wand movements for another bone shattering spell.

"The entry point is guarded by four Death Eaters at all times."

"Thank you." Harry lowered the wand and Rookwood relaxed.

"Now let us talk names."

The "interview" as Harry liked to call it, continued.

Ten minutes later both Unspeakables left the room with a copy of all the Death Eaters Rookwood knew and all his spies and contacts within the Ministry.

Harry had also requested that he obtain Rookwood's pendent for further study. The fact that Harry had his wand out and that the Auror were looking at the now whimpering Rookwood, helped smooth thing over much more easily.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level One: Ministry Atrium

Harry who decided to take a walk after the interrogation decided to head out into Muggle London via the normal Ministry entrance of the telephone box.

Mary who moved to keep up with him noticed his shaking hands.

"You know, I never did expect you to take that interrogation so hard much less injure Rookwood that badly."

"I am not a sadist Mary, I hate killing and I despise torture. However to end this war, I shall do what I need to. The only comfort that I look to is that magical medical advances are much better than those of Muggles and those injuries that I dealt to Rookwood aren't permanent."

"The last time I checked I don't remember there being a cure for castration." Mary supplied.

Harry snorted. "I left him one didn't I?"

"You do know the Minister I going to hear about this."

"The man's an idiot."

"He may be an idiot but he is still the Minister and already he has made life hard for the Unspeakables."

"How do you know this when I don't?" Harry raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Unlike you James during our breaks I spend my time in the training room talking and not training. Most Wizards tend to have a loose mouth when a Witch they want to impress is around."

Harry rolled his eyes.

Stopping by the Fountain Of Magical Brethren, Harry tossed a few gold Galleons into the waters.

Before he could move to the entrance a voice cut through the hall.

"HALT!!!"

Harry turned round his hands immediately feeling two of his four wands.

"By order of the Minister Of Magic Halt!"

Harry growled under his breath as he saw the Minister himself with a group of Auror heading towards him.

"That man is starting to outlive his usefulness as Minister."

"Don't do anything rash now James." Mary cautioned.

"Under no cases are the Unspeakables to be involved with any Ministry interrogation unless called for." Scrimgeour stated as he approached Harry.

"The prisoner was immune was an ex Unspeakable and thus held information that was sensitive and highly classified. Not to mention that he has been trained to resist most Ministry certified means of interrogation and that includes the forceful use of Veritaserum." Harry stated in a bored tone.

"That still does not excuse you over stepping your boundaries. I am the Ministry Of Magic and all interdepartmental relations goes through me before they are carried out."

"I am well aware of the Ministry Scrimgeour and as such I have a documentation certifying me from our head of department." Harry

reached into his cloak and pulled out the folded piece of parchment he had shown to the guards earlier.

To his greatest annoyance the Minister swatted it out of his hands where it fell to the floor.

Harry's only reaction was the narrowing of his eyes as they followed the paper.

"The Department Of Mysteries does not have the authority to overwrite any of my orders as per the decree that I passed just last week. I will be having words about your performance later with your Head Of Department. You deliberately ignored the request of an upstanding member of the public's request for a Barrister as well as performing serious bodily harm. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Harry remained quiet as his hands behind his back started moving.

"Nothing it seems. I also believe that you have tampered with evidence by removing something that was in the captured individual's possession."

Harry grunted as the hands that were behind his back appeared with a familiar medallion.

"What is it Unspeakable?" The Minister demanded.

"A Portkey in the form of a medallion." Harry answered truthfully.

Scrimgeous looked at one of the many Aurors behind him in question. The man who Harry recognized as one of the guards that was in the room during the interrogation nodded in conformation.

"Give me the item Unspeakable." The Minister demanded.

"Fine." Harry handed it over.

"The actions and possessions of Death Eaters are the Auror's concern, not yours. You Unspeakables have no right to take possession of any materials that we may use as convicting evidence."

Harry was getting very irritated at the man. He was almost a carbon copy of his predecessor except that he had more of a brain and was actually doing something about the Voldemort threat.

However his efforts to control and monitor the Department Of Mysteries were getting more and more drastic. They were beginning to not only irritate Harry but they were hampering the efficiency in arresting the Death Eaters. The man insisted that the public only saw the Aurors doing the arresting and no one else. He completely refused civilian help and foreign aid. Harry would definitely have to work with Nicholas on how they were going to be rid of this new pest.

"What's the activating password?" The Minister asked as he shook the thing before Harry's face.

A feral grin appeared and Harry's brain started ticking.

"Are you sure you want to know it Minister?" Harry asked nicely.

"I insist."

"Very well. Blood Purity."

'Idiot.' Harry thought and voiced it as soon as the medallion activated whisking the man off. For an Ex Auror the man must be getting rusty. Too bad he wouldn't be around any longer.

The Aurors naturally panicked and pointed their wands at him.

"Just following procedures boys. The Man wanted the password, I gave him the password. I advise someone to go inform the Wizengamot that we'll be needing a new Minister now. If this one makes it out alive, I doubt he would be in any shape to perform his duties. Good day gentlemen."

Harry turned and swept away from the wide eyed Aurors.

"We're so fucked. We lost the Minister." He heard one of them say as he entered the lift.

Harry laughed as he walked away from the group.

"What the hell was that James?" Mary hissed as she grabbed his arm.

"Just disposing the trash." Harry calmly replied.

"I may not be the most observant person in the world James but I noticed you activated the Portkey without the two taps that were required."

Harry smiled. "I have no idea what you mean Mary. I simply followed the Minister's words to the letter and gave him the medallion. You saw the Auror confirm that it was the genuine article yourself."

Beneath her shroud of darkness, Mary's eyes narrowed.

"Now run along and report this latest development to the Dragon. It seems my new mood had decided I have an errand to run."

With that Harry left his partner in confusion as he bypassed the wands scan and exited the Ministry.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"HE WHAT!?!?!?" Nicholas Flamel's voice could be heard outside his office despite the multiple privacy wards layered on it.

Mary simply shrugged as the old man composed himself. "Pathertrory is up to something Nick and I have no idea what it is."

"Knowing him it's definitely big. If you run into him tell him I wish to have a word with him regarding his latest actions."

XXXXXX

Hogsmead

Harry briskly moved across the grounds of Hogsmead. He mainly ignored most of the town's inhabitants as they stared warily at him. It was after all not a common sight to see an Unspeakable out from the Department Of Mysteries.

Seeing the small Basilisk's fang had given him an idea.

Reaching the Shrieking Shack he attempted to Apparate past the barbed wire fence but was rudely tossed back to his point of origin with a headache.

"This is interesting." He mumbled as he shook off the dizziness. It would seem that someone had recently placed an Anti Apparation ward over the small building itself.

Drawing his wand, he sheared away the wire, wood and creepers, he moved towards the house. He kept his wand out, ready incase the dwelling was occupied.

As he neared he saw a small path leading to the front door from an

actual gate.

Whoever was the previous owner of the house was definitely a very private person. He questioned the logic of placing a gate at the back of the house facing away from the road. The path itself was barely visible from the growth of the long grass pushing out from beneath the gravel.

The house was uninhabited and he made his way through the tunnel to the Whomping Willow. Donning his Invisibility cloak and for good measure, activating the Disillusionment Charm of his cloak, he left the small entrance.

Paralyzing the tree with a simple Banishment Charm to its knot at the base, The-Boy-Who-Became-An-Unspeakable moved into the castle past the main doors.

Harry thought about how easy it was to infiltrate the castle but shot it down quickly. The wards were probably ignoring him due to his non harmful intentions, that and he was still technically a student at the school.

He easily made it to his destination of the girl's toilet haunted by the ghost of Myrtle. Being a school day, most of the teachers and students were in class and thus he didn't need to avoid anyone.

He had of course seen Snape heading towards the Headmaster's office muttering about insufferable brats. For a moment, Harry wished the he'd trip the greasy bat, but doing so would give himself away.

Shutting the door behind him he checked each cubicle to make sure Myrtle wasn't around.

She wasn't.

"Open."

The hissing followed by the deep rumbling of stone mechanisms. Taking a deep breath he plunged into the darkness.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Chamber Of Secrets

Now this was new.

Four frigging years and the damn snake hadn't even rotted one bit.

Damn.

The nature conservationists would be pissed. Imagine the pollution caused by the non biodegradable snake.

Harry couldn't believe it. The serpent was still whole and didn't look any older. Maybe a little dryer, but only slightly. After all not many things would dry up in a wet cold dungeon.

'This doesn't make sense.' As he inspected the carcass he found the answer. By the dead body's head were two rodent skeletons.

Apparently rats were pretty smart. Two of them must have picked at the Basilisk flesh and died. The others now knew better and left it alone.

Also judging by the lack of stench. He concluded that bacteria couldn't grow on it as well. This was of course new to him. He had always thought that snakes stored their venom in glands somewhere at the roof of their mouth, apparently this wasn't the case with the Basilisk. The King Of Snakes just had to take it one step further and become a living mass of poison. No doubt it had venom glands which he would probably harvest at a later date.

"This sucks." Harry referred to his blood and imagined himself in his coffin forever preserved.

He chuckled briefly at what future exhumers would think when they decided to move his body in the future

Harry had planned to at least harvest some useful ingredients from the creature before it completely rotted. However seeing how it was doing, he decided to do so at a later date.

Call him selfish for not exposing such a treasure trove of Potion ingredients but he didn't want such valuable items falling into Voldemort's clutches.

He saw something familiar on the stone floor near the Basilisk's head. Harry bent down and picked up the broken fang piece. He placed it in his robe's many pockets.

He then reached into the thing's mouth and forcefully snapped off the opposite fang. That too went into his robes.

Pulling out two empty crystal phials, he pressed them to the fang's fragment remaining in the beast's mouth. Pressing upon the venom glands located at the roof of the mouth, he was rewarded with a steady flow of milky white liquid running out the hollowed fang.

With the two materials he needed collected, he tapped his cloak twice and mumbled the activation password.

Harry Potter vanished from the Chamber Of Secrets.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – Ollivander's Wand Store

"This is indeed a surprise." The low scratchy of the old wand maker spoke.

As an Unspeakable with a high rank with a first name familiarity with the Head Unspeakable, Harry had learnt some very interesting things.

When Ollivander's Wands stated 'Makers Of Fine Wands Since 382 B.C.' it literally meant it.

The old wand maker had been around for more than two millennia. Nicholas had told him the story of how the man had attained his immortality.

Ollivander had taken the same steps in the creation of the Philosopher's Stone as had Flamel. He had unfortunately pulled a Neville and messed up without knowing.

He had accidentally attained that which Voldemort had been seeking all these years. Permanent Immortality.

"Holly and Phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple."

Harry had the feeling of Déjà Vu but answered in affirmation.

"Nice to know that its still working. Albus told me what happened a few years back. Simply amazing the result of what Brother Wands can achieve." The man seemed to zone out.

Harry cleared his throat and the man returned to reality.

"What can I do for you Mr. Potter. It's not everyday I get a dead person in my store."

One of these days Harry simply had to figure out how he did that.

"I require a new wand Sir."

"Another? I can tell you already have a few. Might I see the new ones?"

Harry withdrew his backup wand. It was pure white and slightly translucent in some places. He handed it over. He had forgone the security runes on this one as it didn't require it.

"Very interesting combination Mr. Potter, truly a unique combination." He rolled it about his palm much like he had done back at the weighing of the wands in Harry's fourth year.

"Hmmm... A Gregorovich creation. Unicorn ivory, hair and oh my... Its blood Mr. Potter. A cursed yet very powerful wand."

In his travel, Harry had come upon a Unicorn slain by poachers. Rather than letting the magnificent animal go to waste. Harry had harvested it before burying the remains.

As a result he had gotten the wand created in the only place that he knew allowed legal yet questionable wand creation. He had traveled to Bulgaria to do so.

When he had seen the result Harry had fallen in love with it. The wand maker had used the entire horn of the Unicorn as the shaft, replacing the need for wood. His own blood had been added into the core allowing only himself use of the wand. Anyone else would receive a rather nastier surprise than what they would expect from his Phoenix wand. The only down side was that the wand thoroughly refused to perform any dark magic spells.

Mr. Ollivander handed the wand back to him. "Now, might I ask what type of wand do you need? It is very rare that a Wizard or Witch requests a fifth wand. You'll need to fill out a license for, allowing you anything above one personal wand."

Ollivander drew up the necessary documents when Harry supplied him with some special confidential charmed parchment allowing the ownership of multiple wands. The wand maker had raised his eyebrow at the nature of the parchment but remained silent.

"I need another two." Harry indicated as he signed the papers with a blood quill.

"A sixth wand Mr. Potter? Fancy yourself a collector do you?"

"In a way. You wouldn't regret making these two new wands for me ."

"I look forward to it."

With the documents signed and filed away magically at the Ministry. The confidential stamp would prevent anyone peeking at them. Ollivander got down to business.

"I request privacy for this matter Sir."

The man understood and waved his wand to shut the shop and erect privacy wards.

Harry noticed that his wand looked extremely old and fitting for someone like him. The wand resembled a gnarled piece of drift wood. It wasn't straight like the modern ones that were carved out. It looked as if the man had drilled a hole in a twig and filled it with a core. It looked extremely delicate.

"Now Mr. Potter. Tell me your specifics."

"I wish to commission two of the most powerful custom wands made to date."

"How?"

"It should be an excellent project for you. Remember the effect of Brother Wands?"

Ollivander nodded.

"These wands would not be Brother Wands, I intend for you to construct a set of twin wands."

Harry smirked at the eager light that appeared in the man's eyes.

"I'll provide the materials." He withdrew several items from his cloak. "Two twin fangs of a Basilisk, two phials of venom for the same creature and lastly two phials of my own blood for the bonding process."

"Oh my." Ollivander inspected the two fangs. "In normal cases the wood of a wand requires treatment to allow it to infuse itself with the magic from the core material. This however is fully infused and requires no such preparation. Follow me." Ollivander picked up the two fangs and four phials and swept into the back room.

Harry shrugged and followed.

"With all the ingredients already prepared I'd say your wand could be completed today." The man sounded positively giddy as he dashed from workbench to another gathering tools.

Only then did Harry realize that throughout the entire time Ollivander had been handling the fangs with gloved hands.

Harry suddenly had a worrisome thought. What if he had reduced the fang's magical potential by touching them bare handed? He voiced his thoughts.

"Normally it would Mr. Potter. However the wands are meant for you

and it wouldn't make a difference." Harry relaxed.

Ollivander placed both fangs on the workbench and Harry observed.

Using a saw made from cast iron the man laid both fangs side by side and cut off the jagged ends. Both, were now of equal one foot length.

Next, they were steam heated and carefully bent straight. They now resembled bone white wands instead of teeth.

Once again using the same saw, he carefully split both in to two. All this was done with only the fang touching cast iron and the silk lining of the workbench.

"Can't have them touching anything living or was once living Mr. Potter. Iron is very insulating and doesn't contain magic in the slightest."

Ollivander finished by etching various runes on the inside with a iron chisel. Harry had to admit, it didn't look easy and even then the man was taking extreme care and going slower than he normally would,

"Excellent how the hollowed fangs allow for the easy implantation of the core materials. Drilling damages and unbalances the magical properties of the fang."

Harry stayed silent, willing to watch and not disturb the man.

After the runic carving, it was dusted to remove extra bone fragments with a silk brush. It followed by another steam heating where tongs closed the holes on either end of the fang.

Finished, they were wrapped in a silk cloth and stored in an iron chest. Now that Harry had been in the workshop for nearly an hour he noticed every thing in the room was either silk or iron. Ollivander

definitely took his business and trade extremely seriously.

"Excellent. Now, we prepare the venom."

The four phials were uncapped and their contents measured. The same amount from each phial was mixed in a small crystal beaker.

Ollivander then pulled out something Harry thought he'd never see in a Wizarding environment, a portable Bunsen burner and tripod set. It reminded Harry of his primary Chemistry Science class.

The small beaker was placed in a larger one filled with water that was heated.

"Can't allow direct heat. Basilisk's venom is extremely volatile and we need to thicken it by heat."

What followed was the most boring half hour of watching water boil and evaporate. Harry was fidgeting with the hem of his cloak. Ollivander on the other hand eagerly kept switching views between his watch and the breaker.

Eventually the mixture had turned into a thick blackish sludge. It was sucked up with another crystal syringe and equal amounts spread into the four fang pieces.

Two were swapped to ensure equality. Harry noticed the runes flash white as the pieces were tipped sideways.

' They must prevent the venom from spilling out.' Harry assumed.

Finally the two halves were carefully joined and a white light ran down the wand's seam sealing it back to its original state. The two master pieces were then placed in a silk lined mahogany case with Ollivander's name on them.

The old man slumped back onto the many chairs. He let out a contented sigh.

"Finished."

Harry looked at his watch. Almost five hours had passed.

"How much Sir?" Harry enquired.

"I would say no charge but you don't look like you'll accept that."

Harry nodded.

"Very well I'll charge you the normal price then. For each wand beyond your first the Ministry charges a fee of two hundred Galleons for each wand, since you have six that will come to a thousand each of your custom wands are five hundred Galleons each, but since you provided the ingredients a discount of five hundred is added. Therefore the total comes to, one thousand five hundred Galleons Mr. Potter."

Harry placed two leather money pouches on the man's workbench. Each had a thousand Galleons in them but Ollivander didn't need to know that.

The wand maker handed him the cases. "These are without a doubt my two most powerful wands ever made this century. Use them well." His eyes bore into Harry's

"Yes Sir. Thank you."

"Good. Now go. Leave me to rest." The man waved him out.

"Another thing, Sir, I would advice that you disappear within the next few days. Voldemort has been stepping up his attacks and very soon he would come for you."

"This store Mr. Potter has withstood the ages of Dark Lords and has never fallen, why would it now? The Ollivander Store Of Fine Wands shall always remain neutral."

Harry sighed. "Take my advice Sir, Voldemort isn't like the normal Dark Lords. He thinks and operates on a different level. He would never allow another to remain neutral. It's either join or die."

"I'll consider your advice Mr. Potter." The old man said.

Harry bowed and activated his cloak's Portkey.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – The Chamber

Harry moved briskly towards Nicholas's office. From the intelligence gathered from his earlier interrogation Voldemort's had made the Riddle house his new Headquarters and Lucius Malfoy was the Secret Keeper.

The man had of course gone into hiding the minute he was released from Azkaban the previous year. But Harry knew arrogant Purebloods all too well. A Malfoy would always be a Malfoy. There was after all no place like home. Where else would Lucius find a place that could cater completely for his high maintenance lifestyle?

No.

He wouldn't have to search anywhere else. Lucius would be at his family manor and nothing the old man said was going to stop him from storming the place. Actually, Nicholas might help him storm the place come to think of it.

He had heard many times both random Unspeakables and Nick himself express his want to perform a thorough and complete search of that house.

Harry smirked. Now that the Minister was gone the Wizengamot would be in chaos. With the help of Flamel, it would be practically child's play to obtain a warrant to investigate.

Author's Note:

Here you go folks a much shorter but still long update after a shorter period of time as compared to my last update.

Not much new in my life apart from the occasional naked drunk streaking across my front lawn.

Just for the hell of it I decided to include my personal list of miscellaneous junk that I type and store to ensure that I remember what have typed and haven't typed.

Also regarding the ending of the story there would definitely be a showdown between Harry and Voldemort. However since I have already written that particular scene, I'll like to state that it is going to be one of the most unconventional ways to end Voldemort's reign of terror.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

These are the names of Voldemort's Death Eaters:

Name – Rank

Avery–Regular

Carrows, Alecko–Regular

Carrows, Amyces–Regular

Crabbe–Regular

Dolohov, Antonin–Regular

Goyle–Regular

Greyback, Fenrir–Regular

Jugson–Regular

Lestrangle, Bellatrix–Inner Circle

Lestrangle, Rabastan–Inner Circle

Lestrangle, Rodolphus–Inner Circle

Macnair, Walden–Inner Circle

Malfoy, Lucius–Inner Circle

Mulaber–Regular

Nott–Inner Circle

Rookwood, Augustus–Inner Circle

Snape, Severus–Regular

These are the names of the different division within the Department
Of Mysteries:

Division – Code name

Research And Development – Unicorn Division

Field Surveillance – Phoenix Division

Analysis And Tactical Specialists – Serpent Division

Counter Intelligence - Raven Division

Operatives – Griffin Division

Head Unspeakable – The Dragon

These are the names of the departments within the Department Of Mysteries:

Name of room – Overseeing and managing division

Intel. Department – Phoenix and Raven Division

Tactical Operations. – Phoenix, Serpent and Griffin Division

Danger Room – Griffin Division

Room Of Death – Raven and Griffin Division

Research And Development – Unicorn Division

Room Of Unknown Magic – Unicorn Division

Room Of Prophecies – Unicorn Division

Room Of Time – Unicorn, Phoenix, Raven, Griffin and Serpent Division

Room Of Memories – Unicorn, Phoenix, Raven, Griffin and Serpent

Division

Unspeakable Offices – Unicorn, Phoenix, Raven, Griffin and Serpent Division

Head Unspeakable's Office – The Dragon

The layout within the Department Of Mysteries

The Chamber leads to all rooms in the Department Of Mysteries

The Unspeakable Offices lead to most of the other rooms

Unspeakable Offices

- Head Unspeakable's Office
- Tactical Operations.
- Intel. Department
- Danger Room
- Room Of Time - Room Of Death - Room Of Prophecies
- Room Of Memories - Room Of Unknown Magic
- Research And Development

These are the levels within the Ministry Of Magic

Level One:

Ministry Entrance And Exit

Ministry Atrium

Fountain Of Magical Brethren

Floo Access

Apparation Point

Level Two:

Department Of Magical Law Enforcement

Improper Use Of Magic Office

Auror Headquarters

Wizengamot Administration Services

Level Three:

Department Of Magical Accidents And Catastrophes

Accidental Magic Reversal Squard

Obliviator Headquarters

Muggle Worthy Excuse Committee

Level Four:

Department For The Regulation And Control Of Magical Creatures

Beast, Being And Spirit Division

Goblin Liaison Office

Pest Advisory Bureau

Level Five:

Department Of International Magical Cooperation

The International Magical Trading Standards Body

The International Magical Office Of Law

The International Confederation Of Wizards, British seats

Level Six:

Department Of Magical Transportation

The Floo Network Authority

Broom Regulatory Control

Portkey Office

Apparation Test Centre

Level Seven:

Department Of Magical Games And Sports

The British And Irish Quidditch League Headquarters

Official Gobstones Club

Ludicrous Patents Office

Level Eight:

Interrogation Rooms 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16,

17, 18, 19 and 20

Level Nine:

Department Of Mysteries

Level Ten: Accessible Via Level Nine

Courtroom 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20

These are the locations visited so far:

Location Unknown

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: Rally Point

Location Unknown – Aerial Combat Training Center: North Forest

Location Unknown – Flamel Manor

Location Unknown – Flamel Manor – Waiting Room

Location Unknown – Flamel Manor – Drawing Room

Location Unknown – Harry's Personal Safe House

Location Unknown – Classified

Location Unknown – Ministry Safe House

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Harry's Office

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Outside Harry's

Office

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Dueling room

No. 4 Privet Drive – Dursley's Residence – Harry's Personal Safe House

Ministry Of Magic – Level One: Ministry Atrium

Ministry Of Magic – Level Two: Wizengamot Administration Services
Subdivision: Minister Of Magic Office

Ministry Of Magic – Level Two: Auror Headquarters – Briefing Room

Ministry Of Magic – Level Eight: Interrogation Rooms

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head
Unspeakable Office

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Armory

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Tactical
Operations

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – The
Chamber

Ministry Of Magic – Level Ten: Courtroom 5

Ministry Of Magic – Level Ten: Prisoner Transit Room

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Quidditch Pitch

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Castle Grounds

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Chamber Of Secrets

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Room Of Requirement

Hogsmead

Hogsmead – The Shrieking Shack

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place – Library

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place – Kitchen

London – The Docks Of London

Diagon Alley – The Leaky Cauldron

Diagon Alley – Gringotts Bank

Diagon Alley – Ollivander's Wand Store

Diagon Alley – Madam Malkin's Robes For All Occasions

France – Paris Wizarding District

France – Paris Wizarding District: Transport Department

France – Outskirts Of Paris

Italy – Outskirts

Somewhere On Earth

The Timeline So Far:

- Harry is held for trial in the Ministry's courtroom and is found guilty.
- Harry escapes and levels the Prisoner Transit Room.
- Harry is intercepted by Unspeakables on his departure to Azkaban Island.
- Harry goes against Unspeakables in main entrance of Department Of Mysteries.
- Harry's Double dies in Azkaban Prison.
- Fudge and Umbridge are brought to trial and found guilty.
- Harry gets awakened by the Head Unspeakable and is recruited into the Unspeakables.
- Harry knocks out Head Unspeakable during his recruitment.
- Harry visits his own wake.
- Death Eaters attack the wake of Harry Potter and Harry leaves.
- Remus reaches Shrieking Shack.
- Harry lounges in Leaky Cauldron and visits Gringotts to edit his will and accounts before returning to the Leaky Cauldron and getting caught by Nicholas Flamel.
- Minister Of Magic, Rufus Scrimgeour plots to take Potter and Black fortunes when he is alerted of the will reading.

- Ron and Hermione reads Harry's letter.
- The will of Harry James Potter is read.
- Harry begins his training with the Unspeakables.
- Harry Potter appears as James Pathertrory.
- Harry Potter takes out Malfeays and Malgerians in Death Eater safe house.
- Harry gets assigned to Italy to destroy any support base for Voldemort from the Italian Organized Crime Families.
- Harry makes a detour in France and gets the Head and his Heir to the Malfeay house arrested.
- Harry completes his Italian assignment and gets issued a partner.
- Mary's training begins
- Mary's takes the evaluation test which gets interrupted.
- Harry is requested to break in some FNG's for flying lessons.
- Harry and Mary gets invitation to Flamel Manor.
- Harry and Mary go shopping.
- Harry and Mary go to Flamel Manor.
- Nicholas tells Harry about new assignment and reassigns him.
- Harry and Mary breaks up illegal smuggling operation at the Docks Of London.

- Harry interrogates ex Unspeakable Augustus Rookwood.
- Harry vanishes the Minister Of Magic.
- Harry visits Hogwarts and acquires two new wands.
- Harry plans for the eventual assault on Malfoy Manor.

Chapter 07 – Stake Out? But It Was Only A House, Sir

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Harry's Office

"God damn it Potter." Nicholas yelled as he barged into Harry's office.

The only reason the old codger hadn't been cursed to high heaven was because Harry was expecting him.

Oddly enough Harry who could never be found in his office was in it. Nicholas had no doubt been able to locate him easily through some unknown means.

"You can just go around doing what you did this afternoon. Do you have any idea what you just did?" The man yelled.

Harry frowned. "Seeing as I was the one who did it, yes. I think I do know what I did."

Nicholas looked pissed. "Don't give me your cheek. Have you any idea what the consequences of your actions were?"

"The removal of an incompetent Minister Of Magic?" Harry answered blankly as he continued writing.

"You deliberately sentenced the Minister to a fate worse than death." Harry looked about to reply but Nicholas cut him off. "Don't give me the 'I only did what he was asking' thing as I know damn well that you planned this out."

Mary who had decided to grace the two men with her presence simply shrugged and leaned against the wall, happy to get out of the oncoming firestorm of words.

Harry opened his mouth but was once again cut off. "Endangering

Ministry personnel without good reason is prohibited and dealt with harshly in this department."

Deciding that he definitely needed to get a word in, Harry simply fired off a Silencing Charm. Nicholas of course expertly blocked it, but another came from behind him and caught him unawares.

Turning in surprise the old man caught Mary re-holstering her wand. He yet again was unprepared for Harry's Disarming Charm to cause his wand to go flying into Mary's awaiting hands.

"Good catch." Harry commented, turning to Nicholas. "Now are you going to sit down so that we can discuss my actions earlier today or are we going to have to settle for a duel?"

Nicholas removed a second wand from within his robes, canceled the charm and summoned his first wand.

"Speak." He demanded as Harry conjured up a tea set and extra chair for his partner.

"Firstly the Minister is safe and sound at an undisclosed location." Harry poured the tea into the richly decorated cups. "Lumps?"

"Two with milk." Mary reached for the offered cup.

"You mean he's alive?" Nicholas's eyes narrowed in thought.

"What do you take me for? I only wanted to get rid of the idiot, not kill him." Harry said annoyed.

"So that's why I thought the Portkey was dodgy."

"Correct, as you said earlier." Conjuring up a plate of biscuits he offered them to his partner. "The Portkey that I handed to the Minister was activated with only the activation phrase and not the two

required taps of the wand. The original Portkey in question is right here." He revealed from within his robes a familiar looking medallion.

"So what did the Minister get?"

"You mean ex-Minister? He got a personal creation of mine straight to a secured safe house where he has probably been disarmed and will be kept there under house arrest for an unknown amount of time."

"You mean until the war is over." Mary questioned.

Harry shrugged.

Nicholas sighed and slumped in his chair. "Honestly, one of these days either you or my wife are going to give me a heart attack, so now what?"

Harry rubbed his chin in thought. "If my memory serves me right, in the case of a Minister Of Magic being eliminated, the head of the DMLE is immediately elected as the interim Minister Of Magic. Given the current state of the Wizarding world I give them till tomorrow before they realize that particular rule and instate Amelia Bones."

"That would mean the Ministry would be without a leader for a complete day." Nicholas was already thinking.

Harry looked at his watch. "Not really an entire day just around nineteen hours till eight tomorrow morning."

"You have something planned don't you." Mary reached across the table and plucked one of the sheets of parchment that Harry was filling out before. Her eyes scanned the document before widening. "Malfoy Manor? You're planning to assault Malfoy Manor?"

"Correct my dear Watson." Was the enthusiastic reply.

The girl looked confused for a second before seeing the relation and rolled her eyes.

"Interesting." Was the only comment that came from Nicholas as he began looking over the work. "I believe it would be in our best interest to take advantage of the chaos that you just caused to hold a surprised raid on that place." He looked up. "Do you have the plans already?"

"Most of it. I pieced together a general layout of the house based on past information by Phoenix Division members. I'll probably have to hand these to those at Serpent Division to get it checked out. They are after all the analytical and tactical people."

"Excellent, with the general layout and most of the work already done by you we can get this operation going by midnight tonight."

"I suggest carrying it out at three in the morning as it's the time most watchmen start getting sleepy."

Nicholas nodded as the group stood and made to exit the office.

"You never do things by half James." The old man commented jokingly.

"Of course not, why settle for a win when you can thoroughly destroy and humiliate your opponent?"

Mary has no idea what he was referring to but got the general idea. Overkill was not generally a bad thing.

XXXXX

Little Hangleton – Riddle Mansion – Death Eater Headquarters

"My Lord the Minister has gone missing. The entire Ministry's in an uproar." A random Death Eater interrupted Voldemort's musing.

Setting aside the tome he was reading the Dark Lord considered whether the interrupting deserved a punishment but decided on something else instead.

"Details? Alecto."

"My Lord." The Death Eater bowed. "The details are sketchy due to all the rumors and chaos caused at the Ministry. However one thing is for certain, the Minister is missing, presumed indefinitely. Almost all Magical Law Enforcement Officers have been recalled for a mass search throughout the whole of the British Isles."

"Any information on who performed the kidnapping?" Voldemort's crimson eyes bored into the man's.

"Not sure my Lord, however the main rumor is that the kidnapping was done by our side my Lord."

"Interesting." Voldemort seemed to consider something before moving towards the still bowed man.

"My Lord?" The man questioned fearfully as the Dark Lord himself approached him.

"Your arm, Alecto." The man demanded. "This event deserves a celebration." Lord Voldemort finished with a savage grin.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Tactical Operations

"Alright, listen up men..." A clearing of the throat by Mary interrupted

him. "And women."

Harry rolled his eyes at his partner's smug look.

"Tonight's operation will be considered standard black ops. mission. Therefore there will be no presence of Aurors. The Department Of Mysteries will be the only ones raiding the target location tonight. All Ministry Aurors found on the scene without prior notice are to be considered hostile and taken down with non-fatal means. Anyone else is to be dealt with using extreme prejudice, provided they shoot first. Death Eaters are not included as they are to be treated with extreme force. Anyone wearing black cloaks and white masks are to be immediately incapacitated without any warning. I don't care if a pet Puffskin is dressed as one I want it taken down with no chance of it getting back up again within the next twenty four hours."

Seeing the uneasy looks he decided to elaborate a bit.

"This does not mean kill all Death Eaters, the Department would love to get our hands on as many live enemy personnel as possible."

Harry paused to allow a few Unspeakables to hand out orders and instructions.

"As you can see, due to the large scale of this operation, we will be employing the services of every single division within this department. This includes fifteen teams of Operatives from Griffin Division, five personnel from Counter Intelligence, Raven Division, five teams from R&D, Unicorn Division, five teams from Field Surveillance, Phoenix Division and finally nine members of our Analysis and Tactical Division, Serpent Division. All other members of the Unspeakables are being briefed as we speak and believe me when I say this would probably be the largest divisional joint operation within this department this century. We are employing the use of eighty nine Witches and Wizards in this raid."

"As per the intelligence obtained from the Phoenix Division's scouts, we have pieced together the general layout of the target location, Malfoy Manor. Therefore we shall be infiltrating via ten entry points. Each team has been given an individual section to sweep and clear. Our main objective is to hold and secure the location for the other Divisions to insert and conduct their missions."

Harry pointed to a raised hand. "What are the counter measures in the case of a team being downed?"

"Since the initial entry of the Manor will be done stealthily we do not expect any problem till the insertion of the house itself. From there teams who have secured their locations will be directed by members of Serpent Division, who will be supervision the operation to assist any pinned or downed assault members. On another note my partner and I will also be participating in the main assault and thus we would be the main force of backup should any of you run into heavy resistance."

"I would also like to remind you that the entire Manor has been warded against Portkey and Apparation and thus evacuation will be made difficult, this also means that the enemy will know that once we have secured the main Portkey room that there would be no escape and would thus be fighting with everything that they have. Expect heavy resistance from that point onwards."

Harry paused to take a drink from his flask.

"Now, standard assault gear which includes medical potions, viewing globes and communicators will be issued. We predict the entire operation that will commence at 0300 hours will be over within an hour. Should the Death Eaters manage to contact the outside world despite the severing of the Floo lines and Aurors are called in assuming an attack against the home of an upstanding citizen by cloaked Death Eaters." Harry said the last part sarcastically. The irony was that he fully expected Death Eaters to call in Aurors to

combat his Unspeakables who would probably be mistaken as Death Eaters themselves.

"Should the Aurors be contacted, Raven Division personnel in the Ministry will run interference to buy us some time. Worse situation, we will have to hold the line while the other members evacuate. On a side note Cloaking and Disillusionment Charms are to remain active when engaging opponents to prevent the Department Of Mysteries from being tied with this event."

Here another Unspeakable took over. "Evacuation will be held at location Seta where a team of Unicorn Division will be punching a hole in the wards."

"What about enemy reinforcement?" Another Unspeakable questioned.

"Intel states that the main entry point will be at the main Entrance Hall where it will be up to teams five and six to incapacitate the room to prevent further entry. Entry times and movement will be coordinated by Serpent Division."

Nodding to his partner Harry gave one last comment. "I suggest you all rest up, for this operation will take most of your strength."

With that he left the briefing room, his partner following closely.

"Just who was that guy?" One of the Operatives asked after seeing his unique badge.

"No idea, haven't seen him around at all." Another said.

"That would be the infamous James Pathertrory." Another supplied. "He hardly uses the facilities here but can be seen moving around once in a while. Rumor has it that he's been seen moving around in the other Ministries within Europe as well as causing setbacks for

any dark Wizard activity within the Continent."

Those that knew shrugged and those that didn't goggled at the now legendary figure that was just briefing them.

"Funny we haven't heard anything about his partner though." Someone added.

"You don't suppose she's available do you?"

XXXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

"Headmaster! Headmaster!" Arthur Weasley practically flew in through the door.

Dumbledore widened his eyes slightly at the normally composed man in such a state.

"Dumbledore, the Ministry..."

"Calm down Arthur, panicking will only serve to further complicate matters, have a seat." Withdrawing his wand, the Headmaster of Hogwarts threw a Calming Charm on the frantic man as well as conjured him a comfortable armchair. "Now Arthur what seems to be the problem?"

"The Ministry is in an uproar Albus. The Minister's been captured by You-Know-Who."

Immediately the old man was at his feet and his head within his fire place.

In no more than in five minutes the entire order was assembled at Grimmauld Place. The main topic of discussion, 'Just how did the

Minister get spirited away?'.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Harry's Office

Harry was interrupted from his reading by a knock on the door.

"Enter." He made his mark and placed the book on his desk.

Presumably Mary stuck only her head in. "James?"

"Come in Mary. Drink?" He offered waving at the liquor cabinet.

"I'll pass." She raised an eyebrow. "Drinking before a mission?"

Harry ignored the taunt. "Time."

"Quarter to three."

"Excellent." Harry rose and moved towards the girl. "Your armor?"

"Never left home without it." The girl chirped.

Harry moved towards a wall where he started tapping in a random pattern. "Excited?"

"Of course. I keep thinking I'll screw up."

"You won't, you'll be with me." The wall popped open to reveal a hidden cabinet.

Curious Mary tip toed and easily looked over James's shorter shoulders. The cabinet was filled with hundred of miniature glass globes each with a different color. For a moment she was reminded of the Hall Of Prophecies.

"These are some of my own creations." He threw a small pouch at her.

Opening it she counted two red globes and three blue ones. She looked at him in askance.

He didn't bother to turn around and continued to ponder which ones he would take. "In there you'll find three blue and two red orbs. Simply tap them with your wand once and throw them at the enemy."

"What are they?"

"Simple glass balls filled with air. And a time delayed Strengthening Charm. Tapping them with your wand will cause the charm to fail in five seconds, so please don't hang on to them for too long. Actually the slightest jolt of direct magic would cause them to go off. There's a lot of air in them and I rather not be around when they went off. The red ones contain shrapnel." Harry took four red and two blue orbs.

"So it's pull the pin and throw the other thing then." The girl said jokingly.

"Somehow I believe the Purebloods might throw the pin instead." Harry muttered seriously.

Mary snorted.

"Anyhow times a wasting, come Mary." He grabbed her shoulder and before she could protest, Portkeyed them to their destination.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Operations Room

With a lurch Harry stumbled slightly while he firmly held on to his

partner who would have lost her balance had he not been holding on.

"Warn me next time."

"Apologies." Mary glared at him as he didn't sound too concerned.

"Status?" Harry immediately asked one of the members of Serpent Division who was monitoring everything via holographic projections much like in Mary's initial test.

Mary looked around to find herself in a dimly lit room with ten other personnel. She recognized Nicholas further down the room giving orders to the field Operatives via a small mirror.

All in all, they were in a windowless room that was dimly lit to allow the holographic projections to appear visible. It was mostly longer than it was wide to compensate for the number of viewing globes that were arranged on one side.

"All personnel are in position, Griffin Division teams one to fifteen are all in position and the rest are ready to deploy when the target is secured."

"Good." Harry stated as he watched the view on one of the globes through a small pin attached to the Unspeakable's cloak.

"Coming just to claim the credit I see." The rich voice of his boss called out.

"Just making sure you haven't screwed things over that's all. Where are the Division Heads? I assumed an operation of such magnitude would require their involvement." Harry stated as he noticed there was neither hide nor hair of any Division Heads at the earlier briefing.

"They have other duties, mainly holding the fort should old Tommy boy decide to come out and play." The alchemist handed Harry two

small bags.

He accepted one of them and tossed the other to his partner. She looked at them in askance.

"Field pack, medical kit as well as viewing pins and communicators." Was the explanation from Harry as he pulled out an ear plug and stuck it in his left ear. He then pinned two pins onto his cloak.

"Testing, testing, this is Griffin reporting, come in HQ do you read me over."

"We do Griffin, we read you loud and clear."

"Do you have visual?"

"No joy, Griffin try tapping the pin."

Harry did just that and given a confirmation. He turned to Mary who had also completed setting up her equipment.

"Ready?"

"Whenever you are, James."

"Be careful you two. I'll be in contact." Nicholas said patting both their shoulders.

"Not joining us old man?"

"With you on the job? I wouldn't even be needed. Might as well stay here and enjoy the show."

Harry chuckled as he caught sight of the Portkey Flamel tossed towards him. Sidestepping he banished it at his partner who vanished with a squeak.

"Now that wasn't nice James." Nicholas said reprovably.

"And neither is tossing Portkeys at unawares subordinates." Nicholas never heard the rest of the sentence as Harry was hit squarely in the head by a second Portkey.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – Outside The Gates – South East

Temporarily assigned Griffin Team Three were waiting just outside the fence of Malfoy Manor when they were warned via their earplugs that they had an incoming friendly.

The three member team was treated to the appearance of a woman appearing before them swearing enough to make Voldemort blush.

This was of course followed by another man who was also swearing, appearing beside her.

"Commander?" The team leader asked unsurely as he recognized Harry's unique badge.

"Mother... bloody... rip testicles..." The men winced at the word the both of them were muttering at each other beneath their breaths.

"Er... Commandant, Griffin Team Three reporting." The leader once again tried.

"Yes, yes, yes." Harry held up a hand to stall Mary's further complaints.

"Will you be joining us Sir?"

"Up till we get to the main Manor, from there my partner and I will

separate with your team and freelance." Harry informed the woman.

"All teams, operation is gold. I repeat, operation is gold." The distorted voice of Nicholas Flamel announced over the communication devices.

"Well what are you waiting for? Ladies first." Harry offered.

Team Three which was surprisingly an all women team picked up a pair of bolt cutters and proceeded to easily sever the bars on the fence.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – Outside The Gates – North West

"Why can't we just vanish the bars again." An Unspeakable complained to his team leader.

The man sighed. "Didn't you read the notes Mel? The fence is layered with alarm wards that respond to any form of magic being used against them. This however does not include Muggle security systems so bolt cutters it is."

After thirty seconds of cutting a gap wide enough for a two humans to enter was made. Activating their cloak's Disillusionment Charms and casting a localized Silencing Charm the group of three made their way across the Malfoy's immense lawn.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – Gardens – South East

"Halt." Harry whispered despite the Silencing Charm, he wasn't taking any chances. "Death Eater Guard at two o'clock."

"Suggestions?" Mary offered.

"No magic." Harry reminded.

"I vote Pathertrory James." One of the members of Team Three suggested.

"Seconded."

"ThirDED."

"FourthED."

Harry looked betrayed at his partner. "Those aren't even words." He hissed. She stuck a disillusioned tongue at him which he easily saw but couldn't return.

Grumbling he moved towards the lone Death Eater who was now standing by a rose bush.

'Bloody rich wankers and their rose bushes. Why can't they plant something nice like a simple cherry tree.' At least this time he didn't have to dive into it.

Sneaking up to the man was the easy part. The Death Muncher was practically asleep on his feet if the yawning was anything to go by.

Tapping the man on the shoulder Harry got ready. The now surprised man turned around. Harry proceeded to ram his palm upwards into the man's chin. An uppercut into his solar plexus followed and a final straight sucker punch into his face finished the right, left, right combination.

Harry winced as he felt the face mask give way beneath his fist.

Examining that the man was indeed out Harry withdrew a small

syringe. Turning his victim over, he mercilessly plunged the needle into the man's posterior. Pushing the plunger all the way and tossing the now empty syringe aside, he withdrew a time delayed Portkey and shoved it into the man's robes. He then lifted the man on his shoulders and promptly dumped him into the rose bush.

By this time the four girls had made it towards his location.

"What did you give him?" One of the asked.

"Since no magic is to be used, less we trigger the alarms I simply gave him a shot of Drought Of Living Death. A time delayed Portkey will ensure he ends up in one of our department's holding rooms."

"We have holding rooms?" Mary asked in confusion.

"They are hidden in the department, wouldn't do for anyone to break in and free our prisoners now would it?" The group leader explained.

"Come one, let's get moving." Harry started moving towards the main Manor, his disillusioned form easily followed by the girls.

Elsewhere all around the Manor, Death Eater patrols were falling like flies in a bug zapper. Caught completely surprised, they were taken down via non-magical means. An electric stun gun, a club to the head or simply a knife in the back, by all means the Unspeakables were very creative in their methods.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level One: Ministry Atrium

The night watchman John Sterling patrolled the dimly brightly lit atrium of the Ministry Of Magic. Despite the chaos caused by the Minister's disappearance earlier that morning, by nightfall the entire Ministry was silent as a grave. The Ministry workers, more interested

in their own business and leisure had immediately left the building for their homes when clock struck six.

'Maybe not as silent as a grave' John thought as one of the fireplaces that lined the atrium lit up in green flames.

He paid it no attention as only registered Ministry workers could enter via the Atrium's Floo network and there was always the occasional dedicated worker.

However as per his normal friendly attitude he got ready to at least give a simple hello to the late night visitor.

Imagine his surprise when an imposing figure draped in a black cloak walked out from the flames, wand drawn. The first thing he noticed was the glowing red eyes staring out from within the darkness of the hood.

To his credit, John didn't freeze like many others would when face with the deadliest Dark Lord of the century, instead he sucked in his deepest breath and made to shout.

His drawn in breath was instead released as a dying gasp as the green light of the Killing Curse washed over him.

Lord Voldemort calmly lowered his wand.

"Can't have you giving up the surprise now can we." He spoke to the now cooling corpse.

Unfortunately for him a dedicated Ministry Official who was about to leave for the night witnessed the murder. Rushing back into his office the man pulled the emergency switch in one of the walls.

Lord Voldemort's growl of annoyance mostly came out as a hiss as the atrium immediately lit up and alarms began blaring.

Behind him the rest of the twenty something fireplaces lit up in green flames as Death Eaters began pouring out from the Floo network.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Operations Room

"Team one, location secured." The scrambled distorted voice announced over the com link in the darkened safe house.

"Team four, position and held."

"Team five, ready and waiting."

"Team nine, awaiting orders."

"Team six, in position."

"Team two, location held."

"Team seven, we're in position."

"Team one, ready."

"Team..." Nicholas chose to ignore the rest of the announcements from the fifteen, three man teams sent in initially. He was only awaiting one particular signal. Surprisingly it was the last one to signal in.

"Team three, and freelance backup one and two awaiting orders, did you miss me?" Harry's uniquely distorted voice announced.

Nicholas smirked. It was just like the brat to wait and announce himself last, just for the suspense value.

"Dragon, Sir. All fifteen Operative squads are in position and are awaiting the assault order." The coordinator turned to inform his superior.

"Inform freelance backup one the situation is go. Launch the signal and begin assault." The man calmly ordered.

"Freelance backup one your orders are to initiate assault signal. I repeat, initial assault signal."

"Finally, I get to indulge in some wonton destruction at the old man's order." The enthusiastic voice came over the com link.

"See that you don't over do it, Operative Griffin, I want that house somewhat intact at the end of this mission." Nicholas had grabbed the microphone.

He could practically see the smirk on the other speaker's face.

"Why hello old man. Nice to see I still warrant a direct supervision from the head honcho himself." Everywhere else the other Operatives were wondering who would show such little respect to their Head Of Department.

"Just do it. You're wasting time as it is." Nicholas tiredly asked. "Please." He added as an afterthought.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – Outside The East Wing

Harry turned to the collection of four girls. "Hey ladies, want to see something really neat?"

Mary looked interested, while the others tilted their heads slightly in confusion.

From within his robes came a collection red and blue orbs held securely together with duct tape.

Mary stared at the small bundle of at least 17 glass globes. How he manage to hide the thing in his robes without the use of a Shrinking Charm was slightly discerning.

"Planning on a future career in demolitions?"

The only man in their party smiled. "You could say so."

"How are those orbs gonna help us take out the main Portkey room? Last I checked teams five and six were to secure that room first before anything else commenced." The team leader inquired.

"That is correct love. However the mission parameters never said anything about clearing the room." Harry pulled out a very familiar medallion.

His partner stared at the gold object. "Poor bastards."

"Indeed." Harry tapped the Portkey twice placed both orbs and medallion on the grass. "Ready ladies?" Without waiting for confirmation he tapped one of the glass orbs before speaking out clearly. "Blood Purity."

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – Portkey Room

Like every other night in the life of the Malfoy Manor Portkey Room Guard, Jake Hamminton was bored.

Day after day, night after night. His main job was simply to sit and guard the Portkey entrance to Malfoy Manor. Not that it was very

important at all. Only those given a Portkey by the Malfoy's current head could enter and surprisingly the only ones with one were Death Eaters themselves. Ironical as it was, the Malfoys being the richest Pureblooded family in Europe, were rather reserved at holding their lavishly extravagant parties in the Manor itself and instead preferred to use one of their other mansions for the task.

Then again Jake wasn't too surprised, what with all the illegal activity going on in the Manor itself it wouldn't be good should a guest accidentally walk in on one of the rooms containing some rather questionable items.

"You know what? Wizard's chess really does get rather stale after playing it more than three times every night for the last two months." One of the other Death Eaters commented as he watched his opponent's knight bash his queen into submission before dragging her off the board by her hair.

"We could always play exploding snap." His opponent suggested.

Jake snorted. The last idiot that had played the game was punished severely when the card's small explosive bang was mistaken for an assault.

"Gob stones?"

"Too much of a mess. Stupid goop doesn't clean out with magic."

Out of options due to the Wizarding World's rather meager amount of games the collective groups sighed.

"Monopoly?" The other three members glared at the suggestion of a Muggle game. "Yeah, bad idea."

Once again, they collectively sighed.

A bell chimed sounded and all four men immediately stood at attention, their games banished to places unknown. The ring was the indication of an incoming Portkey. The last group of Death Eater guards had promptly disappeared when Voldemort had been the one arriving and caught them relaxing.

Instead of a hooded figure of a fellow comrade or the imposing visage of the Dark Lord himself, the four member team was rather surprised when a small blue and red package appeared on the polished marbled floor.

"Huh?" Was the only reply the man manage to get out before everything went white.

The intensely compressed air blasted outwards as the Strengthening Charms on its container failed.

The initial blast catapulted the four men into the walls as well as throwing the rest of the deadly globes around the room.

Strengthening Charm or not, glass was a very fragile substance and an explosion of that strength had caused a crack. This was immediately exploited by the high pressure causing the entire container to fail.

The second orb went off, spraying the room with deadly shrapnel and setting off a chain reaction the followed with many more lethal explosions.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – Outside The East Wing

All four girls jumped slightly as the shockwave of sound tore through the air.

"He he... boom." Harry chuckled insanely.

"Showtime ladies." Mary commanded. Standing up she pointed her wand at the nearest window and fired off her strongest blasting curse.

The blast ripped a hole in the wall and threw up a cloud of dust. Smaller explosions followed the initial one as the other four members fired spells into the cloud in precaution that some Death Eater might have survived the initial attack.

Harry smiled as he moved towards the opening, both wands drawn he immediately activated his glasses mage sight as well as reinforcing his rather shoddy Occlumency barriers.

In the distance he could hear similar explosions going off as the other fourteen teams began their assault.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – East Wing

The Death Eater had no idea what was happening. One moment he was trying his hardest to stay awake as he and his partner patrolled the East Wing, the next he was trying to figure what the hell had just happened.

The initial explosion had shaken the entire Manor causing him to stumble into a suit of finely crafted armor. If it wasn't for the explosion, his partner would have cursed him as the large polearm had narrowly missed him.

"What the hell was that?" He questioned.

The answer never came as many other detonations followed announcing the presence of unwanted guests.

One again the both of them felt the ground shake as another detonation went off near to their location.

The drawing room.

They both looked at each other before running in the direction. Due to his younger years of playing Quidditch he manage to stay in front.

It probably wasn't a good idea. As soon as he turned his latest corner the Death Eater immediately felt the air leave his lungs and a sharp stinging sensation in his lower abdominal region.

He barely had time to analyze the situation before he caught sight of a fist and his vision went black.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – East Wing

Harry had just finished off the man with a devastating right hook when he jerked his head back to avoid the brown streak of light.

Glancing once around the corner he spotted who he no doubt guessed was the unconscious man's partner.

His opponent had ducked into a corner and was now throwing a barrage of non stop curses to prevent him even remotely sticking his head out.

"Pinned?" The cheerful voice of his assistant greeted him.

"Where were you when I was assaulting that last group of idiots down the corridor?" He questioned her lateness.

"Command called in, squad eight required assistance, seems they

ran into a large group of Death Eaters."

Harry nodded and placed a finger on the ear plug he had. "Command, have there been any attempt at reinforcements by our targets?"

"Negative freelance one, no reported enemy reinforcements. Our Operatives managed to erect an anti Portkey ward at the entry point, they are attempting to punch through the existing wards as we speak."

Harry didn't bother to reply as his mind was already on other things, mainly the Death Eater who still hadn't let up on his barrage.

"Remember my bouncing spell?" Harry suggested.

Mary understood and immediately threw up a shield around the both of them.

Taking aim, he whispered a short incantation and waved his wand at the opposite wall. It glowed briefly to show the completion.

"Stupefy En Multiplicus." The red ball of power flew from his wand before bursting into a multitude of stunners that fanned out in every direction.

Due to the unique shielding charm on the opposite wall. Most of the spells were redirected at an angle straight at the Death Eater.

Immediately the barrage stopped.

"Tag them Miss Sue. I'll go on ahead." Harry left his partner to stun and pin Portkeys to their attires.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level One: Ministry Atrium

The green jet of light flew across the Ministry Atrium and struck a distracted Auror in the arm.

Voldemort didn't spare the falling Auror a second glance as he trained his wand at a new target. Slashing his wand in an arc he easily blew out the supports for one of the many columns surrounding the Atrium. Aurors scrambled in order to evade the falling debris as his Death Eaters picked them off.

"Avada Kedavra!" The green light caught an unaware Auror on the shoulder as he dodged another oncoming curse. The man went limp, his momentum from dodging carrying him across the marble floor of the Ministry's Atrium. The body leaving a small path of clean floor in its slide across the dueling ground.

A flame curse followed the jet of green light. Engulfed in flames, a woman Auror, screamed in pain as she roasted alive within the raging inferno. Nearby teammates sprayed jets of water attempting to extinguish the magical fire. In doing so they were only distracted from their opponents and laid to waste as targets under a barrage of curses.

More magical fires sprung up as the Death Eaters switched to raze tactics. The water spewing out from the demolished fountain once again drenched the floor. Muttering a welding charm the Dark Lord sealed the hole and stemmed the flow of water.

Due to the confusion caused by the lack of a Minister earlier in the day the Auror's numbers were severely thinned as most were nowhere near the Ministry on search missions.

As such they were being pushed back and into the inner departments. Trapped between his Death Eaters, flames and Portkey and Anti Apparation wards the Minister and its Auror forces would take months to recover.

Suddenly, Voldemort's good mood was cut short when a barrage of curses flew from a side entrance. Unlike most spells from the earlier defenders, the latest barrage was filled lethal ones and caught unawares, Voldemort scowled as he witnessed a whole platoon of his men go down.

Turning to meet the uninvited visitors he growled at the give away blue cloaks.

"Avada Kedavra!" The Unspeakable dodged the spell only for it to continue on and hit one of the others.

Suddenly as a collective group every single Unspeakable wand was trained on the Dark Lord.

"Fire!" A voice commanded from the back of the group.

Eyes widening, The Dark Wizard threw up his strongest shield charm and rose his left hand, silver shield defending. Predictably it shattered under the enormous onslaught of magic and the Voldemort felt himself thrown harshly back into the fire place from which he came.

Feeling absolutely no pain whatsoever from the earlier spells or his crash into the wall, the Dark Lord scowled as he watched his men get pushed back by the reinforcing Unspeakable as well as the old fool's Order Of The Phoenix who had arrive via the Floo and were not forcing his troops into a two front battle.

"Retreat." He ordered before realizing his slight error. Instantly he felt himself spinning as he was no doubt being Flooed to a location know simply as 'Retreat'.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – East Wing

Harry moved down the corridor swiftly, constantly throwing around detection spells. It wouldn't be productive if he were to be caught by a booby trap laid out by a paranoid Death Eater.

"Status old man?"

"The operation is proceeding as expected. We have encountered a much heavier amount of resistance than what we predicted. It seems that there are more personnel at your location than we were led to believe."

"Any teams requiring assistance? I'm on my way to location 12, the main entrance."

"Not at the moment, I just dispatched Mary to assist team eleven as they were encountering heavy resistance who were held up in the main library."

"I take it she cleared them out?"

"From what I saw on the viewing globe she tossed an object that easily wiped out a small part of the library, along with a considerable amount of books. One of your toys I assume." Nicholas stated.

"My version of a Muggle grenade." Harry supplied. "Besides, the books were probably of no importance. Purebloods tend to keep their valuables in a hidden private collection."

Harry would have said more but a voice of one of the other members in the coordination team interrupted him.

"Freelance one please report to location 12. Team fifteen and fourteen are encountering heavy enemy resistance and is having problems taking the main entrance. Caution is advised, two members

are reported downed and it appears the enemy is holding their stand in the main office."

"Thought they would, the office is the most heavily warded room in the mansion."

Harry sped up at a run as he ignored the detection spells completely now. The up coming passage way had already been cleared by another group as they had gone through earlier.

XXXXX

Malfoy Manor – East Wing

Mary raced through the corridor of Malfoy Manor without paying much caution to her surroundings as the area had already been secured previously.

'Just where the hell am I now?'

She would never understand what it was with rich people and their large mazy overcomplicated houses. A nice three story mansion was probably enough.

She had just passed by a side corridor when an arm snagged her collar.

Eyes bugging as her throat bore her full forwards momentum she would have fallen on her back as her legs gave out still moving forwards.

Would have, if that person hadn't let go allowing her to stumble forwards choking.

"Fancy seeing you here, my dear."

She turned an irritated glare at the person who no doubt had no reservations on performing such an act during a mission no less.

"You could have killed me." She accused.

Harry snorted. "Stop being so overdramatic." He waved her off. "Seeing as you're here as well I take it you also got the call."

"Yeah." The girl answered catching her breath.

Harry was about to answer when he saw his partner's eye widened in fear.

"JAMES!!" The panicked girl lunged at him.

Not expecting such an attack, Harry felt the wind leave his lungs as over forty five kilograms of weight shouldered tackled him into a door.

Understandably when faced with a total weight of over a hundred kilograms, the door gave way and the two Unspeakables tumbled into the room.

"Backup, we need backup, over. Freelance one and two pinned by surprise enemy ambush." Mary shouted into her communication device as she threw a few explosive curses out the door.

"Get away from the wall." Harry having just recovered snarled as he dragged his partner further into the room.

True to his advice, a segment of the wall blew inwards as the Death Eaters took it upon themselves to demolish as much of their target as possible.

"How goes you on grenades?" Harry prodded the woman.

"I'm out, used the last one in the library, you?"

"One shrapnel." Harry produced the globe as he flung it at Wizard who had decided to enter the room back out into his team mates.

"Where is our backup?" Mary yelled as more spells flew into the room raining plaster around them.

"Deflect the explosive curses and dodge the rest." Harry advised as he conjured up a strong white shield charm.

"You'll have to hold out a bit longer, our teams are on their way." Harry heard from his earpiece.

"Damn," He cursed. "Just where did these guys come from anyway?"

Apparently someone on the monitoring team got his question. "The Death Eaters managed to push us back in the main hall and a small group broke off. I believe you found them."

Harry would have commented had the wall separating them and the enemy not have blown inwards under a hail of fire. He grunted as his Mithril vest took the impact off a large piece of wall that connected with his chest. However he was still bowled over from the concussive wave that followed.

Mary on the other hand was blown back into the wall only to face an onslaught of curses that followed as the Dark Wizards advanced.

To Harry it happened too fast, one moment Mary was standing, left arms hugging her chest as she moved about cursing, and the next the unmistakable green flash of light plowing through her shield charm and striking her chest.

Whether it was the force of the spell or her trying to dodge backwards Harry would not know as he watched the surprised look on his partner's face beneath her concealment charms as she flew

into a cabinet smashing it to pieces.

"Mary." He whispered still in pain. His mind replaying her face, the look of surprise as the spell impacted on her chest.

For that short moment of horror, Harry saw red.

Power like none he had felt for a long time surged through his body in his rage. Even when he had watched Sirius fall had he not felt it. The feeling of pure energy, energy he had felt back in his third year of Hogwarts.

"Explodra." The spell was whispered but the force of the magic channeled through his arm left it in pain and his wand blew out of his hands with the recoil.

Too surprised to dodge, the Death Eaters hurriedly erected shields in panic. Their eyes mimicked Harry's partner as the powerful red bolt cleaved through their barrier before detonating.

Harry turned his head from the carnage.

As the moans of the injured filled his ears a sudden sick feeling filled him. The power he had felt before was leaving him, replaced with a feeling of wrongness.

His eyes widened as he realized what he had just done. For the first time he had consciously killed an opponent. He took in rapid breaths. It wouldn't do to panic. His main focus was to be on the fight. It wasn't over yet as he spied five men climbing to their feet.

"Occido." Two quick Bludgeoning Curses took two of them out before he had to sway to the side as a flame cutter curse ripped open a gash in his shoulder.

Returning fire with two powerful banishing charms Harry sent the

men into the wall and into unconsciousness.

"Expelliarmus." The spell caused a loss of motor control as Harry's wand flew from his fingers.

Ducking beneath a second spell, he snarled as a quick flick of the wrist sent a dagger into the man's forearm.

Rushing in at his now disarmed and final opponent, Harry delivered a devastating punch to the man's face. A knee to the solar plexus followed and a double hammer strike to the back sent the man into the ground.

"You bastards!" He raged at the Death Eater as he delivered a kick to the man's ribs turning him onto his back.

"You killed her." Harry once again saw red as he mounted the man and delivered punch after punch at the man's face mask.

He knew not how long had passed but as he delivered yet another blow to the man's pulp of a face. He saw the bone white mask lying on the floor having been split during the brutal assault.

Harry gritted his teeth in anger. That mask symbolized the one person he truly hated, letting his anger build up he reared back for the final killing blow.

Screaming in rage, pain, and sadness he plunged his arm forwards only to have it intercepted.

"Enough!" The voice was firm and the grip unyielding.

"Let me go!" He shouted the man was still breathing. He had to kill him. He had to put Mary's murderer to peace.

"I'm not letting you go until you get a hold of yourself. You're an

Operative now get a grip." The voice hissed as it pulled him away from the downed man.

Defeated, Harry allowed himself to be pulled away as two medics rushed towards the man inspecting him.

He turned his eyes towards the man still gripping his forearm. He stared into familiar blue eyes that he had seen for the last few months.

"James?" Nicholas asked with some trepidation.

He did not answer, his head bowed.

"James? Are you all right?" Nicholas suddenly regretted that question.

"No." Harry sniffed, face still hooded covered. "Do I look bloody alright?" He chuckled somewhat weakly.

"No." The tall man quietly agreed as he took a seat on the ground.

"I wanted to kill him. I needed to kill him. Why'd you stop me?" The Boy-Who-Lived muttered breathing heavily.

"Because, you would have regretted it."

"He killed her, killed Mary." Harry once again choked as an image to Mary's surprised face filled his mind.

"Oh my god!" The medic's voice caught their attention. "Get over here now! I need an immediate evac! Now! She's still alive."

Harry's eyes widened in shock. Mary was alive. He knew not how but the Medic had claimed it so.

Shaking he stood with Flamel's help before rushing towards the limp form of his partner.

"She's alive but her pulse is faint. There's residue of a partial Killing Curse on her upper thorax. It damn well nearly stopped her heart. We need to get her medical attention ASAP." The Medic informed his associate.

"I'm going with you." Harry informed the Medic who looked about to protest. A gesture from Nicholas however immediately shut him up.

"Here grab hold." The white clothed man held out a simple white amulet. As his partner dual Apparated away with Mary's body

With sharp tug at the navel Harry was whisked away.

Author's Note:

Here you are people. The much awaited update of IOG. Yeah I am sorry for the shoddy update times and I really hope I do indeed find time to write.

Once again I apologize for my crappy time management with my honor's project and job. However this update would probably not have been made possible if a particular reviewer hadn't emailed me making sent a reply with a promise to update by a certain deadline. Lol.

Anyhow I wish you a happy whatever festival is going on and good night. It's bloody 3am here and I really need to catch my sleep.

G'nite.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

These are the wands that Harry owns

Holly Wood – Phoenix Feather – Eleven Inches

Crafted By Ollivander

Unicorn Ivory – Unicorn Hair And Blood – Thirteen Inches

Crafted By Gregorovich

Oak In Pheonix Tears – Phoenix Feather – Eleven Point Five Inch

Crafted By Unicorn Division

Yew In Basilisk Venom – Basilisk Eyestalk – Eleven Point Five Inch

Crafted By Unicorn Division

Basilisk Fang – Basilisk Venom And Blood – Twelve Inches

Crafted By Ollivander

Basilisk Fang – Basilisk Venom And Blood – Twelve Inches

Crafted By Ollivander

Chapter 08 – Size Does Matter

London – St. Mungos Hospital For Magical Maladies

White, a blazing radiant laser of brilliance pierced her eyelids despite them being only but a sliver open.

"And the sleeping beauty graces us with her consciousness." Despite the sarcastic remark there was no sign of coldness to it, only a hint of relief.

"Waaargg." Mary rasped as she attempted to speak, her eyes shut tightly to ward off the irritating glare of the ward's lights.

"Ah, the wonders of halogen light bulbs, lighting our lives but also burning out the retinas of awakening hospital patients." Harry commented as he poured out a pitcher of water.

"Fak yuu." Was the raspy illegible reply from the bed ridden girl?

"Not now dear, maybe when you're better and in more private settings, never did take you for an exhibitionist. Now keep your eyes shut for a while." Harry smirked as he guided her hand to the offered glass before reaching for the light switch and turning them off.

"What hit me?" The girl whispered her throat still dry.

Harry chuckled. "Congratulations, Mary Sue. You are now officially a Mary Sue and one of the very lucky few to join the 'I Survived A Killing Curse Club'".

"Huh?" The girl voiced her confusion as she risked opening her eyes in the now dimmed room lit by the sunlight entering from the windows.

"You my dear," Harry waved his hands in an elaborate gesture.

"Stupidly decided to take a Killing Curse of the green variety to the chest."

"I'm alive?" Mary's eyes snapped open as the memory no doubt came rushing back to her.

"No this is heaven, we decided that receiving dead trauma patients via hospital beds is much more beneficial nowadays, dismembered dead good guys tend to make those at the main gates think they're in hell instead." Harry rolled his eyes as his partner gave him the one fingered salute.

Now fully aware of her surroundings, the girl adopted a slight look of panic as she realized all she had on was a plain white hospital gown.

"You're wearing a distortion bracelet, standard Unspeakable issue. Your face is distorted despite the absence of the cloak." Harry explained.

"I know about the bracelet, jack ass." She proved this by jiggling her right wrist. "You changed my clothes while I was out didn't you?" She accused.

Harry snorted at her thought process. "I got the nurses to do that."

"I bet you stayed in the room as they did it didn't you."

Harry merely scratched his cheek in silence.

"What the hell!" Mary shouted. "You pervert!"

"Oh grow up. I was your guard. I'm not to leave your side no matter what. Of course I'm not going to claim I didn't enjoy it."

Mary scowled at his reasoning as she grumbled beneath her breath about skinning a certain part of the male anatomy.

"Anyhow, our little conversation aside. I have here in my hands a little Q and A sheet for patients that may have suffered brain damage due to spell trauma." Harry waved a sheet of parchment.

"Now eyesight first, how many fingers am I holding up?" He stuck one of his fingers out.

"Good enough to mimic and respond to your gesture in kind." Mary flipped him the bird.

"Now for your name." Harry stated in a deadpanned voice despite Mary's response.

"Mary Sue."

"Real name?" He received a middle finger as an answer.

"Sex?"

Mary rolled her eyes. "Female."

"I meant when was the last time you remember having sex?" Harry corrected, still maintaining his straight detached composure.

Harry promptly dropped the questionnaire as it burst into flames, courtesy of an Incendio sent by Mary who had by now shifted enough to obtain her wand from the bedside table.

"Meh, it was for standard patients anyway." Harry shrugged as he tossed Mary's clothes onto the bed. The girl herself didn't know whether to believe the last question was really on the sheet or was her mentor screwing with her as usual.

"Get dressed we are leaving."

"Don't we have to sign out?" Mary reached for her blouse. "Do you mind?" She gave an unseen glare at her partner who was shamelessly still staring.

"Can't say that I do, I'm actually enjoying the scenery for once in a hospital."

Harry had to duck as a temporary Blindness Curse narrowly missed him. "Alright, alright, jeez, did that curse kill off your humor instead?"

Satisfied that her perverted partner no longer had his gaze upon her, she conjured up a changing screen just in case.

"You do know that doctor recommended that you lay off any serious magic for a while." He stated still looking at a peculiar crack in the wall.

Throwing on her cloak, she snapped off the disguise bracelet. "What's he know about patients who have survived an Avada Kedavra curse?"

"You do know you aren't the first survivor of that spell." Harry stated.

Mary snorted. "Yes, we all know about Harry bleeding Potter and his miraculous survival abilities in regard to the impossible."

"Actually, he's only famous not because he survived the curse per se but a Voldemort powered Avada Kedavra. Of course bouncing the spell back is unheard of and killing off the Dork Bugger itself did kind of help."

"So you're saying it isn't that amazing to survive a Killing Curse?" Mary seemed a bit confused.

"Correct." Harry shrugged. "There are quite a number of survivors of that stupid spell."

"Stupid?"

"Yes, Avada Kedavra."

Caught completely unawares, Mary once again caught the green curse of death in her chest.

Eyes wide and falling on her behind more out of shock than the effect of the curse, Mary's wide eyes stared wide and unblinking in horror at her assailant.

"I'm alive?" The shock was evident on her voice, face and posture.

"Avada Kedavra."

The still motionless girls caught the curse this time directly on her forehead. Harry winced at his abnormally bad aim. That was definitely going to leave a mark.

Mary getting over the shock of surviving not one but three Killing Curse winced as she prodded the growing bruise on her forehead.

"Avada Kedavra." Harry muttered lazily, he figured the girl had enough time to poke and prod her new no doubt lightning shaped bruise.

To her credit, it was high time her survival instincts decided to inform her that bright green curses were not beneficial to one's health.

With skills borne from her near countless duels with Harry, Mary sprung aside, tucking herself into a roll and immediately sought cover behind one of the ward's beds.

Harry himself watched nonchalantly as the bolt of green light carved a small finger sized hole in the hospital immaculately clean floor.

"Finally." He commented with amusement lining his voice. "I was beginning to think you were developing suicidal tendencies after prolong exposure to my wonderful personality."

"Fuck you, James." Mary curse, still not daring to show herself should he start cursing her again.

"I'm still slightly disappointed though. I thought that I had drilled it onto your head that when an opponent attacks you, you respond with appropriate force before asking questions." Harry spoke as he calmly moved to flank the bed Mary had taken shelter behind.

"Here I am cursing you with deadly force and yet you fail to respond appropriately." He jumped the final step, throwing himself into a perfect striking view of her.

To his surprise, instead of a girl taking shelter behind an overturned hospital bed, he just found an overturned bed.

"Crap." He intoned as the unmistakable feeling of a wand tip pressed against his temple.

"Dodge this." The disembodied voice of his female companion taunted.

"Expelliarmus."

The flash of red light blinded the room as the cloaked form of Mary flew across the room and into a couch lining the wall.

Harry sighed as he returned his second wand hidden within his robes to its holster. It was still smoking at its tip from the overcharged disarming spell.

His partner grunted in pain at the impact before scrambling for her wand that that surprisingly landed by her feet.

"Accio wand." Harry intoned, pulling her wand out and away from her grasp. "Lesson over." He announced before she could go for the other weapons located within her cloak.

Mary stood up, her posture screamed annoyance as she caught her returning wand.

"Firstly, you failed to respond to my initial curse, while I can forgive you the shock of surviving, your opponent wouldn't. If you get tagged and survive, you damn well better be returning the favor." Harry growled.

"Secondly." He pressed on before she could reply. "Always respond with deadly force to one who had initiated it. Your subconscious may have told you that I was screwing around, but it doesn't excuse the fact that you taunted me instead of taking the shot. A stunner to the head would have sufficed instead of a comment."

"Thirdly, I allowed your wand to fall by your feet instead of across the room after that Disarming Hex. Why?" Harry waited.

Mary wincing slightly at the impromptu lecture pondered. "I immediately went for my wand."

"Yes, most people being disarmed and seeing their primary weapon nearby would go for it instead of reaching for their back up which would be both faster and safer. Hence reliance on only one weapon is bad. You lose a weapon, abandon it, you have many more on your person."

"And lastly, I take it you have no idea on how to cast the Killing Curse do you?"

"No." Mary seemed a bit disgusted.

"There's nothing wrong with not being able to cast the Killing Curse. Nothing wrong at all!" Harry reinforced. "It's considered an Unforgivable due to the intent required to successfully use it."

"You sound like you have intimate knowledge of the spell."

"I have always relied on the few spells in my repertoire when dueling." Harry moved to reset and sit on the bed. "While there are those like Professor Dumbledore, whose collection of spells is simply astounding and capable of performing just about any trick to get out of a sticky situation, his method of dueling requires decades of practice, familiarization, quick thinking and improvising. Something I am a bit short on."

Harry poured himself a glass of water from the pitcher he used earlier and gestured for Mary to sit in the chair he previously vacated.

He gave Mary a pointed look. "I have intimate knowledge of all the spells I use in duels. I stick to simple, easy spells that I have completely broken down to analyze. For example, my Disarming Hex, what can you use it for apart from obviously disarming an opponent?"

Mary glanced at where she had crashed into the couch across the room. "You can overcharge it to attain the dual affect of a disarming as well as bowling your opponent over to disorientate them. Seeing as you controlled the location of where my wand ended up, you can somehow control where the weapon lands."

"Excellent. Watson." Mary scowled. "The disarmer has many uses. You can banish an opponent into another resulting in two downed enemies. If the weapon is a blade, it can be made to fly into another opponent. I have even used it to change direction in mid flight sharply as well as to banish myself out of the way of spell barrages."

"So you're familiar with the Unforgivables then?"

"Yes." Harry admitted. "All three have their uses."

"Care to tell me how I survived then?" Mary seemed curious.

"What's to say, the guy who cast it was an idiot. The Killing Curse requires two parts to be satisfied to work. The intent to kill the target. The intent makes it an Unforgivable, if used in self defense, the Killing Curse would never work as to truly use it you have to want the person dead. You have to understand that if you kill him it would be both in cold blood and you are well aware of the repercussions that come with killing. Hence, its use shows that you are well aware of what will happen to both you and the victim. Therefore, successfully killing another person with it earns you a one way trip to Azkaban as you just about admitted murder."

"The second is power. You have to consciously put power into the spell. You have to concentrate, unlike other spells which can be snapped off subconsciously or without much thought. The power has to be molded and force into the spell, therefore once again showing the intent and awareness of its use. It truly deserves its name of the Killing Curse. Unlike other curses when cast successfully the victim may yet live, even the decapitation curse if countered immediately." Harry noted Mary's look. "The Killing Curse, if cast successfully has no counter and the victim immediately dies regardless of anything else. That my dear is the reason why Harry Potter is famous, he survived a true Killing Curse successfully cast from a person who was an expert with its use. Not to mention that unlike experts, Voldemort throws it around with deadly results on a duel by duel basis."

"Therefore the Death Eater that shot you was missing a requirement, he didn't truly understand what it meant to kill you, he wasn't aware of the repercussions as it was a spur of the moment spell, lastly he had no understanding of taking a human life. He did however put quite an amount of power into it which is the reason why you're here enjoying my company."

"Taking a life?" The Witch enquired.

"There's a reason why I can't use the Killing Curse. On animals yes, on another person never." Harry sighed.

"Can't?"

"Yes can't. To use the Killing Curse you have understand and experience killing another innocent human in cold blood. They have to be defenseless, begging for mercy, innocent and you will have to kill them out of your own will, not via orders."

Mary looked truly horrified.

Harry looked directly into her eyes via his glasses. "The Killing Curse is not evil, I can successfully use it on animals without fail. However the intent to successfully use it on another human and the one casting it is truly unforgivable. It can also be said that using it on oneself is near impossible unless you have attempted suicide once and failed."

"I am almost afraid to ask about the other two."

"Of the three I am only able to use the Killing Curse and Imperius Curse. And only the Imperius Curse on humans."

"What use have you got with the Killing Curse on animals besides hunting?" Mary thought of its use if stranded and required to kill animals for both defense and food. It was quick, clean and painless.

"Why, owl interception of course. You kill the bird painlessly, quickly, don't make a mess and the message or parcel is unharmed. I do admit I have used it in duels once or twice, there's nothing like a green bolt of doom that makes your opponent simply hit the deck, failure or not. Of course if you are going to do so, please don't do it in

front of witnesses. Successful or not, a Killing Curse is still a big no. The Imperius Curse is pretty obvious."

"So what are the requirements of the other two?"

"Not as severe as the Killing Curse but they do earn their titles as Unforgivables."

"The Cruciatus Curse requires one to truly want to see the victim in pain. You must want to torture that person, want them to suffer the utmost agony and truly understand the repercussions of doing it. Otherwise it would just cause a sharp jolt of intense pain unlike the real deal. Only people with a real thirst for torture can use it on another human. That's what makes it an Unforgivable, you have to want to torture."

Harry took a sip of water.

"The Imperius Curse requires the want to dominate another's will. To take away their free will, to destroy and relieve another of their sense of will. You have to both understand the results of your actions the repercussions and want to dominate them."

"So the first war..."

Harry interrupted her. "The Aurors were given permission for use of the Unforgivables. This only included the Cruciatus and Imperius. Those who attempted the Killing Curse failed obviously as it goes against the mindset of an Auror. Voldemort's spies who could use it wouldn't dare, as to use it would be to understand that if you did you were definitely guilty and no doubt a spy. Of course that didn't stop some Aurors from slinging it around. As long as no body died from it then they weren't guilty."

"The Cruciatus is easy enough to use for some of the Aurors at that time. A lot of them had family members and loved ones tortured and

killed. They obviously had grudges against the Death Eaters. Thus while frowned upon, it was understandable to be able to use it against a Death Eater."

"The Imperius, was the easiest to cast but hardest to maintain due to its long term of use. Simply reason with yourself that to take the will of Death Eaters would be performing the greater good and you easily cast the spell on them.

"It's all about intent and conditions for the last two. Aurors could only use the Cruciatus and Imperius on those they knew without a doubt were Death Eaters. The slightest bit of doubt would throw the spell off. Of course there were other conditions and reasoning. Knowing you were torturing a controlled civilian might cause your Cruciatus to fail but knowledge that a controlled person can't display pain only act it would make its use simple enough."

"Hence insane nut jobs can't use the Unforgivables as you need a stable reasoning mind to do so."

"Bellatrix Lestrange?" Mary enquired of the most famous insane Azkaban escapee who was famous for her Unforgivable use.

"That bitch." Harry spat. "Is not insane, else she wouldn't be able to use them and would instead be here in St. Mungos. She just acts nuts to freak and throw her opponents off guard."

"Why?"

"Would you rather duel a predictably sane opponent or an insane one. Would you rather be tortured by a sane or insane person?"

"I would rather not be tortured." Mary deadpanned.

"True." Harry pointed out. "However the stigma of insane people is that they have no sense of morals, and take sick delight in pain and

of course you never know what they would do next. That thought coupled with rumors of her sadism would probably break most people at her tender mercies before she even starts."

"Well." Harry slapped his knee and took a deep breath. "While this is all very educational, we have some place to be."

"When I just supposedly recovered?" Mary wondered if recovery time was even allocated in the Department.

"While you don't, I do. And seeing as you fit enough to duel and insult me. I believe you're coming."

"Slave driver."

"You do know you just admitted to being my slave." Harry pointed out with slight cheer.

Mary flipped him the bird. "Where we going?"

"The old bastard at HQ wanted a debriefing and I said I would give him one when you woke up." Harry explained.

"And how long was I out."

"Two days."

"Why didn't you give it to him earlier?" Mary enquired, she somewhat knew the answer already.

"I never left." Harry mumbled. He could see Mary's features soften under her disguise shroud. "Of course now that you had two days of non stop sleep you're going to have to make up for all the lost time."

Mary's face turned to a scowl.

Harry grinned as he held out a Portkey in the form of a wrapped Pumpkin Pasty.

"What? No bra?" Mary asked sarcastically and made a show of trying to look into his robes.

"Nope, just this. The old man took the bra if you remembered. Besides, I bet you're hungry."

"Don't we need to sign out?"

"The staff would notice you missing in about an hour, they would then contact the old man and by then we should be out of his office and on our merry way to our next assignment."

Mary just grunted and grabbed hold of the Portkey.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – The Chamber

"Well I guess I'll see you later then." Mary made towards the exit.

"Wait? What? You're abandoning me to the tender mercies of that old coot." Harry moved to block her.

"The specifics were for you to be debriefed, not me. Therefore seeing as you are still my superior, I'll leave it to you then." She circumnavigated him.

"Meh." Harry grunted and made for the Unspeakable Officers. "Go get lunch or something, I'll find you in a while."

Mary snorted as she tore into the Pasty.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"Here's the report." The Operative tossed a yellow folder onto the desk.

"I sort of expected your usual verbal report, Harry." Nicholas sighed. "They always did seemed faster and it pays to leave no evidence you were ever there."

"So sue me, I decided to follow protocol."

"You just had too much time on your hands waiting for Mary to wake." Nicholas pointed out as he searched his robes for a pipe.

"So." Harry erred. "What happened after the raid, I was sort of left out for the last two days?"

"Does it matter?" Nicholas began stuffing his pipe.

"All Death Eater activity concerns me." Harry's eyes narrowed. "I did make Voldemort's defeat my main priority."

Nicholas sighed. "That's not the way this works Harry."

Harry growled. "We made a deal old man. My services on any case dealing with the Dork Tosser and I get all information I want on any Death Eaters this department has."

The Head Unspeakable lit a match and drew a few puffs. "This obsession of yours with anything Voldemort related is unhealthy."

"It's not an obsession." Harry intoned. "It a goal. A goal I wish to see over as soon as possible. The longer that Dark Idiot stays around the

more this country and its people suffer. That and I really want my permanent Dark Bugger free vacation as soon as possible."

"You do know that some say that knowledge is both a blessing and a curse." Nicholas pointed that out.

"Cut the crap, you're not that old coot with the twinkling eyes. You're an Unspeakable and to us knowledge is power." Harry stared pointedly.

"You do have a point, very well." Nicholas pointed to a yellow folder on his desk with large printed 'CLASSIFIED' stamp on it. "It contains all information on what we know about the latest Death Eater activity, this includes the raid on both the Malfoy Manor, their raid on the Ministry and the subsequent questioning of captured Death Eaters."

"So who'd we get?" Harry raised an eyebrow. "And raid on the Ministry?"

Nicholas gave a look as to say what planet had he been on lately.

"Two days out of touch remember?"

The man rolled his eyes. "The Dark Tosser as you so eloquently call him attacked our Ministry on the night of the raid. Apparently he had the same idea as you, taking full advantage of the Ministry being in chaos to attack. Unfortunately for him, while in chaos, we are not part of the normal chain of command and are not prone to running like headless chickens when a single bureaucratic idiot goes missing."

"Too many department heads fighting over the spot of Interim Minister?"

"Idiots, the lot of them." Nicholas rolled his eyes.

"So who and what'd we get?"

Nicholas gestured to the earlier folder that was already within The-Boy-Who-Lived hands.

"Carrows Aleco, Carrows Amycus, Crabbe Vincent Snr., Dolohov Antonin, Goyle Gregory Snr., Malfoy Lucius, Macnair Walden, Mulciber Michael, Nott Francis and Rookwood Augustus, are the only ones that really stand out."

"Four inner circle members captured. The other three were at the Ministry raid with Voldemort."

"The three Lestranges, huh." Harry flipped a bit more.

"With information garnered after interrogation we raided a significant number of safe houses, unfortunately due to time restraints nothing of much importance was obtained apart from a large amount of galleons and dark artifacts of no importance." The Older Unspeakable pointed out.

Harry snorted. "So despite our raid we still know jack squat."

"Actually, we do know one of the Lestrangle brothers was to lead an envoy to establish relations with a small tribe of Giants hiding up in the Northern Scottish Highlands of Strathnaver."

"Forgive me, but geography has never been a strong point."

Nicholas expecting this pulled out map of the North of Scotland. "There." He pointed out a name on the furthest top of the map.

"A loch?" Harry stared at the name below the region of Strathnaver.

"It's the most possible location for their camp being a large source of water. Your Portkey will drop you about 5 clicks off from the supposed meeting point. There will be two members of the

Department Of Magical Creatures who will meet up and oversee that you don't do something too extreme. The Giants are a protected species after all."

"I see, so either I try to dissuade an alliance or if impossible, search and destroy. Not to mention babysit two annoying Ministry fuckmooks who would try their hardest to screw this mission up."

"Affirmative." Flamel grinned. "Don't scar them too badly, it must be pretty hard to find two people who would willingly spend time out in the freezing wilderness looking at things that could use you as a toy doll. They would be rather hard to replace."

"Crap." Harry deadpanned. "I've seen a Half Giant shrug off some pretty mean spells."

"Hence I believe it's time you decided to comply with your friend's Professor Von Hindleburgh demand that you go see him. He might have something of use." Nicholas threw what Harry assumed was a Portkey to an outpost in the Scottish Highland.

Harry gave him an irritated look. "You know as well as me that entering that department is more dangerous than getting tangled with a Hungarian Horntail, trust me I know."

"At least you have Mary for backup." Nicholas unhelpfully pointed out.

Harry simply rolled his eyes, flipped the bird and left.

"By the way, your safe house is safe again." The dimmed voice called behind him as he exited.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Harry's

Desk

"What are you eating?" Harry asked curious that his partner was actually at his desk.

He had spent the last half hour searching for the girl since he exited Nicholas's office. Already searching all her usual haunts he decided on the last place she would be.

His very much unused desk.

Except unlike the other Unspeakables inside the room, she was eating instead of filling out paper work.

"Lunch." Came the mumbled reply as she popped a fork full of salad into her mouth.

"I am aware of that." Harry deadpanned.

"Then why ask?"

"That looks tasty." He decided to break the topic just to throw her off.

The girl looked up somewhat surprised. "Want some?"

Smiling Harry bent slightly forward. "Just a bit, it looks interesting." He examined the jumble of lettuce, shredded roast chicken and ham.

Commandeering her fork he moved for a piece of chicken.

"Not the chicken." Was the quick reply.

Raising an eyebrow, he decided to move for the next best thing.

"Not the ham either."

Was this girl for real? Deciding to humor her he went for the last thing, the lettuce itself.

"Oh please not the lettuce, I just love the lettuce."

Behind his Disillusionment Charm Harry goggled incredulously.

"If you aren't aware Miss Sue, that via the simple process of elimination that leaves nothing else for me to poke at with this sharp pointy instrument."

"Well, too bad then, no lunch for you." She took back her utensil and proceeded to stab a large piece of chicken while sticking her tongue out.

Maturely Harry conjured a fork and proceeded to spear the largest piece of chicken, ham and lettuce he could find. "Tough, you ate my Pasty."

"Hey, that's mine." The girl protested moving her lunch away from his reach.

Harry simply smirked and ate the salad. Stolen food always did taste better. "Well doggy bag it, we got an assignment. But first, toys." Harry gestured wildly in the direction of the Research And Development Department run by the Unicorn Division.

Mary rolled her eyes as she made to follow her sometimes eccentric partner. "Boys."

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – The Chamber

"Remember how I always said that the Wizarding community seems

to have gotten the short end of the stick in the intelligence department?" Harry commented as his partner stared at the glowing blue trails left by the spinning of the chamber.

"No. No I don't remember actually. Since when did you say that?" Mary sounded curious. Her partner never did bring up strange topics out of the blue.

"Really? Weird." He went back to looking at the revolving doors.

A moment of silence followed as Mary waited and her partner simply idled.

She finally broke. "What no words of wisdom this time?"

"Oh you wanted some." Came the mock surprised answer.

The Unspeakable rolled her eyes. "Yes, you don't just insult the whole Wizarding community as a whole randomly."

"I do when it comes to our ex Minister."

"Fudge or Scrimgeour?"

"The obvious one." Harry answered like it was the most obvious thing.

"There you go again, changing the subject." Mary deadpanned.

He made a show of cautiously looking around. "Damn she's catching on."

Judging from his partner's posture, she was definitely giving him 'The Look'.

He decided to explain. "See, I have this running theory that Wizards

and Witches seem to have this problem contemplating anything related to common sense and logic."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well judging from my experiences, the greatest safeguards in the Wizarding world seem to be either logic or common sense puzzles. Take the Sphinx for example, excellent guard for treasure and entrances, highly resistant to magic as well as physical attacks. However, answer a single riddle and bingo, instant access." He rolled his eyes.

"Hmm..." Mary thought about it. "I see. I guess a powerful wizard could easily get past certain wards by simply overpowering them, but that doesn't mean jack shit if the thing they want to get to requires logic."

Harry nodded. "My friend always did say that not many Wizards and Witches had logic to spare. I guess it's because magic itself isn't logical at all."

Mary frowned. "I guess that's true in some sort of warped way." She paused. "Wait. Did you say friend?"

Harry gave her a weird look. "What?"

"You have friends other than our boss?" She seemed genuinely surprised.

Harry scowled. He wasn't that much of an introvert was he? "Yes woman. I do interact with people other than your good self when I am off duty."

"But you're never off duty."

"I am always on duty Mary. My primary mission is still in progress."

Everything else is secondary. That includes your training and the raids I have been on."

Another moment of silence passed as Mary wondered just how long did it take for the stupid chamber to stop spinning. "So going to tell me what it is?"

"Assassination."

The single word shut Mary up instantly. She knew about her partner's stance on killing and for him to have such a mission as his primary meant it was definitely personal.

Nothing more was said between the two as the chamber came to a stop conveniently.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Research And Development

Mary could only stare.

Chaos.

It was absolutely chaos in an ordered sort of way.

The main thing that one could describe the Division Of Research And Development was like the main office of the Ministry above them.

Firstly it was noisy. Sounds ranging from explosions to shouting permeated the room. Paper planes flew from one desk to the other delivering notes and messages.

Truthfully it was the last thing she expected down in the Department Of Mysteries.

"Not what you expected huh?" Harry prodded the woman to follow him as he headed towards a corner of the lab where a fairly short man was having a conversation with himself in a mirror.

"I believe this was what you meant by logic and common sense." She stated blandly.

"A prime example Mary, a prime example."

XXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Loch Meadie

"No I am sorry, but I do believe that it would be within the best interest of my clan to stay out of the coming conflict. That is unless you can provide us with a better deal."

"What sort of deal?" The Death Eater seemed to be scowling. When the Dark Lord told him to proceed as an envoy to the Giants he was definitely not expecting this situation.

"Better living conditions for one. While the outdoors are nice we do appreciate better living conditions. Apart from that we would also wish to have a say in the Dark Lord's new order should he succeed in his endeavor."

Rodolphus Lestrange gritted his teeth in annoyance. "Anything else?"

"Yes but I believe that I have it on parchment somewhere." The Giant looked through its pockets and withdrew an entire cow's hide.

Rabastan frowned as he and his brother looked over the terms written on the contract made out of cow's hide. This was definitely not going to impress the Dark Lord.

Behind them stood a small number of newly recruited Death Eaters who were getting an early wake up call as well.

The last time Giants were encountered was back during the rise of the last Dark Lord some fifty years ago. At that time, Giants were simply dumb beast of mass destruction that were unleashed upon the battlefield as shock troops. Magically resistant they were devastating against the Wizards of the Allied powers.

After the war, the Giants had simply vanished into the mountains, secluding themselves from Wizarding Community. The only mention of them was when one or two rogues would go on a rampage in some Muggle village and had to be put down by a team of Wizards. Other than that everything else was fifty year old news.

Voldemort himself had tried to track them down but due to time constraints was unsuccessful in his search. He had of course heard the stories of how the Giants were swayed to his predecessor's side by the trade of magical artifacts.

Then again evolution and natural selection had a way of eliminating the useless and less adaptable. The dumber Giants had joined the last Dark Lord and were killed. This logically left the smart ones.

The result.

Somewhat educated communities of Giants that while not on the level of Goblins and Wizards were definitely able to tell the difference between getting suckered into deal or not.

Rabastan once again let out a sigh as he looked over the demands of the Giants. The Master would not be pleased. Thank the gods that the Dark Lord had chosen his brother as the leader of this expedition. The insane Bellatrix had been paired up with Fenrir to convince the Werewolves.

"No, no, no, the term is allies not servants of the Dark Lord."

Rabastan sighed. Nope, the Dark Lord was not going to be pleased.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Research And Development

"Now I believe you expressed a wish to see me Professor Von Hindleburgh." Harry again wondered what in god's good name made him humor the man's request that he found himself in his most hated place of the Department Of Mysteries.

Mary took a step back in shock as a short man with the thickest glasses looked up from his work table.

"Ah Operative James." The man was practically bubbling in excitement as he witnessed the Unspeakable.

Mary just goggled at his glasses. The things were practically magnifying his eyes from her point of view.

"So many times I sent for you, yet you never turn up. I thought you like the toys I make." The man said in a somewhat hurt tone.

An explosion interrupted them as a Research and Development member was sent flying over their head.

"Forgive me if I express no wish to be anywhere near this disaster zone." Harry coolly replied as he pulled Mary out of the way of some Hex gone astray.

"Minor matter. What happens here we fix, no?" The eccentric man began opening drawers looking for something.

"Please at least tell me it's not another idea you thought up after watching a Bond movie."

"But their ideas. The inventions the Muggles have." The man's traditional accent showing through.

"You do know they aren't real right?" Mary stated drawing attention to herself.

"Do I know you?" The techno geek focused his glasses at her.

"Mary Sue, and regarding the Bond equipment, they don't exist." She offered her hand.

To her annoyance the man didn't take it but instead went back to searching in his cluttered excuse of a drawer. "They do now." Was the only indication that he had heard her.

Harry simply sighed.

"Ah ha!" The man came up and presented Harry with a simple one foot metallic stick.

"Wow, a shiny stick." Harry said sarcastically.

"Yes, shiny." The man said somewhat mesmerized by the light reflected off the instrument.

"Very shiny." The man once again said.

Harry rolled his eyes once again wondering if the man really was that easily distracted or did he have a serious case of Attention Deficiency Disorder. "The stick, what does it do?"

"Oh, yes right. Remember Battle Staffs of old?"

"Yes." Harry briefly recalled War Staffs that the Wizards used in their old wars. They were weapons that depended solely on pure magical power and no skill. Pure magical energy would be channel into the weapon and a beam of pure magic would lance out causing an explosion.

"This here new War Staff." The man proudly declared.

"It's a stick." Mary deadpanned.

"New War Stick then." The inventor corrected himself.

"It can't be new if it's the first of its kind." The Female insisted.

"Newly Invented War Stick then." The Professor didn't seem at all insulted or irritated at all.

"But..." Harry decided to give the man a break and silenced Mary.

"So what is it meant for?" He enquired.

"I don't know." Came the quick reply.

Harry sighed. He would have to reword the question. "What does it do?"

"Oh, why you not say so? It makes big explosion. Now you stay yah? I run test on you, yah?" The man easily switched subjects on the fly.

"Not invasive, no pain." He paused contemplating something. "Alright, maybe a little pain, only little."

Harry decided it was about time he left. He never did want to find out what would happen if he was left to the mercy of the weirdo.

"Well er... GET DOWN!!!" He shouted startling those near him.

Surprisingly enough, due to working in the constant hazardous environment, everyone in ear shot ducked and covered.

Using the distraction, he grabbed the still silenced girl and beat a hasty retreat back to the normal world. "Now that's good reaction time." Harry commented as he exited.

XXXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Cliffside Overlooking Loch Meadie

"Well good ole freezing jolly ole Scotland." Harry commented as he reached out a hand to support his partner.

"Actually, it's rather nice this time of the year." A voice called out from behind them.

Both Unspeakable immediately spun around wands drawn and curses on their tongues.

"Woah! Cool it!" One of the men behind them said hands raised in surrender. His partner likewise in the same posture.

"Department Of Magical Creatures?" Harry enquired.

"Yes. Would you please put your wands away?" The man seemed nervous as Harry's twin wands were still glowing.

"Not until you give us the password." Harry demander aiming each wand at a different target.

Both men paled. "What password?"

"Excellent." Harry holstered his wands and motioned Mary to do so as well. "No password, just making sure."

He shook hands with the two who still looked somewhat uncomfortable. "I'm Agent James and my partner's Agent Sue I believe you are to be our guides."

"Well yes." The man replied scratching his chin. "My name's Robert Miller and me mate there's Richard Heath."

Harry looked back towards the scenery provided by the altitude. It really was impressive to see such a wide expanse of greenery. Very much like Hogwarts. He had forgotten how much he missed that place.

Turning back to the two men he caught the end of a conversation between his partner and the two.

"... any contact at all." He caught the tail end of Robert's comment.

Harry tilted his head. It was rather unique to see Wizards who didn't wear robes and actually got it right. Both men were decked out in typical woodsmen fatigues right down to the leather breeches. Weird.

"I'm sorry the scenery caught my eye there." Harry apologized.

Mary decided to brief him. "James, Robert just told me that unless you know it's there, the Giant's village can't be seen at all. They seem to have some magical artifact that disillusions the entire village from both magical and Muggle eyes."

"Yeah damn near gave me and Rob here a coronary when we stumbled into it." Richard commented. "Good thing none of them saw us."

"I take it the Giants are not too friendly then?" Harry drawled.

"No idea really. We haven't made contact with them since we found them really. Other than this village we have no idea where they all are. Kinda weird seeing as they are about thirty foot versions of us."

Harry's mind ground to a halt. "Wait, you mean you two on an expedition to locate the Giants found them and have not made contact?"

Richard rolled his eyes. "Ministry red tape. No contact to be made until a decision has been made. That was about eight years ago. Methinks they forgot about it already."

"But we aren't complaining, we get paid to go camping out here, scenery is good, air is fresh, it's peaceful, does get a bit too quiet though." Robert added.

Harry snorted quietly. "So where's the village then?"

"Oh you're gonna love this." Richard chuckled. "Right there, over on the left side of the lake's shore." The man pointed over his shoulder.

Both Unspeakables turned as their eyes followed the lakes shore. Instantly the village appeared replacing a large section of trees.

He didn't know about his partner, but his jaw nearly dropped. The village was massive. Not in population but the size of the log cabins being half the height of hundred foot tall trees.

"How many?" He heard his partner mumble.

"We estimate around at least thirty."

Harry grinned as he pulled out his Firebolt. "Well let's go meet some Giants."

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"What's this?" Nicholas questioned the Head Of Division that stood before him.

"I wish to enquire why is it that the Operative simply known as Griffin and his partner Griffin Eight are not under my command despite their position as Operatives."

The Head Unspeakable leaned back into his chair. "They are under my direct command. Code name Pathertrory James is under our temporary employ till his assignment is complete. His partner however shall be transferred to your division upon the completion of his current long term assignment."

"Their Identities?" The head of Griffin Division pressed on. "Surely you could have assigned any other Unspeakable from our many divisions."

"Due to the assigned mission, their identities are currently on a strictly need to know basis. As to your second question, I requested his assistance for the mission as he's the best person for the job. Mary Sue was assigned as a partner should he require backup."

"Giving him a greenhorn with no prior habits just so that he could train someone to complement his style?" The Division Head nodded.

"Yes, you should have noticed by now that Mr. James does have a certain unique way of conducting his missions." The Dragon pointed out.

"Indeed. Thankfully there are only two of them."

"Thankful indeed." Nicholas snorted.

XXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Cliffside Overlooking Loch Meadie

"What's with the harness?" The man asked as Harry began strapping him in.

"It's for precaution, just in case he does his thing." Mary answered as she pulled up beside Harry's broom.

Harry noticed that her partner too was nicely secured by a similar harness. Throwing a knowing look at her he finished securing his passenger and hopped on.

"What thing?" The man asked looking somewhat worried.

"This." Harry accelerated and shot into the sky at a blinding speed, the sound of his passenger's scream fading away.

Mary smiled and turned to her passenger.

"Ready?"

If possible, the man paled further.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

Headmaster Albus Dumbledore stared at the remains of a small black diary.

"Was immortality really worth the cost to your soul Tom?" He flipped

through the ink splattered pages. Beside him a large wilting tome lay opened.

He sighed as he closed 'Soul Repositories', the ancient tome letting off a puff of dust. Grabbing the diary he looked towards his familiar.

"Fawkes my friend, we have some work to do."

XXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Above Loch Meadie Forest

"I'M GONNA DIE!!! I'M GONNA DIE!!!"

Harry was beginning to get irritated with all the screaming. All he wanted was a chance to fly peacefully and quietly.

"Oh do shut up." Harry snapped as he performed a complex evasive maneuver.

If possible, the man screamed even louder.

A red beam of light flew past his broom, missing it by a few feet.

Harry frowned. It was either his evasive flying wasn't working or his pursuers were much better than he gave them credit for.

Still frowning he sent his broom into a downwards spiral dive.

"AAAAHHHHHHIIIIIEEEE!!!"

"What's your problem! You're going to get us killed you kamikaze!"

Harry eyes widened slightly.

"Well what do you know, an educated Wizard, don't get many of

those nowadays. Funny you mentioned Kamikaze. Did you know that back in World War Two, the Kamikaze pilots of the Japanese Imperial Army were one of the most honored and respected men? They were warriors who didn't fear death. They were willing to die for their Emperor and defend their land no matter the cost."

Harry swerved sharply to the left to avoid an incoming curse as well as the Death eater that shot past him. This prompted another round of screaming from the piece of deadweight behind him.

"Oh fine scream then. I thought we were having an intelligent conversation."

He reached into his robes and pulled out one of his glass spheres.

Looking behind, the first Death eater was still trying to catch up. Feeling a new idea creeping up on his mind, Harry pushed his broom once again into a steep dive.

Predictably, the opponents followed blindly firing curses in hopes that they would get lucky and hit him.

Now that he thought about it, an aerial firefight was extremely lame. The chances of you hitting an opponent was next to none due to the high speeds and large distances involved. The only time a proper firefight took place was when both flyers would slow down enough to aim or get hit.

Blocking out the annoying screaming of his passenger, Harry activated the orb with his wand. Once again making sure they were behind him, he tossed it over his shoulder.

The Levitation Charm kicked in floating the magical grenade.

Banking hard, the closest pursuer dodged the small seemingly harmless globe.

The second blocked by his teammate and concentrating on the fleeing Unspeakable fail to notice the small red colored orb. By the time he realized, he had flown within a meter of the Proximity charm, triggering it.

Predictably the weapon detonated with great force, releasing its contents of deadly shrapnel. The Death Eater had barely realized he was falling and in pain before everything went dark.

"One down." Harry mumbled.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" His passenger screamed in terror as he once again pulled a suicidal mid air maneuvers that sent them spiraling out of control. The perusing Death Eater fell behind unable to keep up with the wild movements.

"Oh do shut up. Stupefy. Petrificus Totalus." Annoyed of his tag along Harry promptly stunned and force him is position, a passenger going splat was definitely not going to amuse Nicholas.

XXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Loch Meadie Forest

"God damned son of a..." Mary's curse was interrupted as another exploding curse violently detonated upon the large boulder she had sought cover from.

As rock shards rained down upon her, her eyes scanned the forest for the next avenue of cover she could get to. Spotting no large boulders behind her she once again cursed. Wincing in pain she once again reapplied the numbing charm to her wounded right arm.

"Assholes." She screamed in rage as her cover was once again worn away by an exploding curse. Rock had so far been the best form of

cover available. Despite the shield charm one of the Death Eaters had enough raw power to blast through.

She once again cursed her mistake of initially hiding behind a tree. The Death Eater had powered through her shield and turned the tree into splinters. Pieces of which now resided in her dominant arm.

"Malleolus." It was one of the only combat spells that didn't really require aim.

The advancing men scattered behind trees as flaming arrows peppered them.

Mary snarled as she once again fired random bone shattering and rotting curses blindly. They were moving to flank her. She prayed that James would hurry the fuck up as she was in serious FUBAR.

"Deflagratio" She once again sent her opponents ducking for cover as she unleashed a wide area flamethrower spell.

"Ardeo ardere arsi." She conjured a line of fire and forced it towards the Death Eaters.

XXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Loch Meadie Forest

Rodolphus grunted in annoyance as the lone Unspeakable threw yet another puzzler at his team. He glared at the new recruit at his left. "Spread out you fools." He yelled. "You're a target together. Spread out." He once again fire another exploding hex at the boulder.

He had to hand it to the Unspeakable, she definitely knew what she was doing. Despite the odds of five against one she had so far been able to hold out via use of delaying tactics. He resisted the urge to scratch at the bleeding cut upon his cheek.

Early on she had conjured a flock of ravens that she had attack them. He and two others had been liberated of their masks in the chaos as well as suffering multiple scratches to their faces.

"Flank her!" He ordered before his eyes went wide. "Cover!!!" He screamed as another barrage of flaming arrows flew in a wide area arc at them.

He panted in exhaustion. Five exploding hexes had taken their toll on his magical reserves. "Reducto." He settled for the less demanding version.

XXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Above Loch Meadie Forest

The Death Eater's eyes widened in horror at the incoming tree. Leaning all his weight to the left he narrowly avoiding a personal encounter with a spruce tree. Still a bit of his cloak had been ripped by the close shave he had with the bark.

Rabastan cursed once again. Damn that pest could fly. He once again pull hard to the right. It was taking everything he had to even keep the flying menace in sight as he waved through the trees at insane speeds.

The part that really annoyed him was that the Unspeakable had a passenger and despite that he was still flying expertly.

He had long holstered his wand. There was no clear shot as long as the man had tree cover. Instead he focused sorely on flying.

His eyes narrow as a glint of light caught his attention. Directly in his flight path was yet another reason for his ire. The pest had been lobbing explosive orbs at his throughout their chase. Banking hard he

detoured around the seemingly harmless floating sphere.

His smirk turned to horror. Directly before him floated at least five orbs of various colors.

"SANCTUARY!!!" He screamed as his vision went white and his consciousness faded out as the Portkey activated.

XXXXX

Scotland – Far North – Strathnaver – Loch Meadie Forest

"Mary? You there?"

The sudden voice of her partner startled the girl that she nearly dropped her wand. "What the?"

"It's me James. What's the situation." Her partner's voice coming from her cloak was slightly discerning.

"I'm outnumbered, getting flanked and there are both Portkey and anti Apparation wards up around the entire area. How'd you think I'm doing?" Mary hissed as she threw out another flamethrower.

"Numbers?"

"Five." A scream interrupted her. "Four. I can't keep this up James. Get your ass here now!"

"Lady, your wish is my command." The arrogant voice announced.
"Oh, one more thing."

"What?"

"Duck." The mono syllabic word was her only warning.

Mary's brow pinched for a millisecond or two before her eyes went wide. "Oh shit." She flattened herself to the forest floor.

Immediately explosions rocked her world.

Flames of intense heat were unleashed. Trees exploded spraying shrapnel everywhere. Ball bearings shredded wood to the likeness of Swiss cheese. In the chaos of the airborne bombs, three newly initiated Death Eaters were instantly added to the KIA list.

Five seconds after the last explosion. Mary peeked out from her shelter to witness the forest before her in near devastation. Every tree that wasn't either blown apart or felled was burning with holes caused by shrapnel.

"SANTUARY!!!" A lone voice echoed off the cliffs in the distance.

Mary shook the bits of debris out of her hair and advanced through the embers. Her wand held tightly in her left hand and a backup dangling in her right.

"SANTUARY!!!" The voice screamed in agony.

"James?" Mary spoke aloud.

"Yeah, I hear it to. Hold up."

Climbing over a fallen tree trunk, Mary caught sight of her partner descending.

"SANTUARY!!!"

"Mary." Her annoying mentor greeted.

"Where. Were. You." She growled out.

"Where's your baggage?" Her superior raised an eyebrow as he gestured to his still knocked out passenger.

"His knack for survival caught on." She spat. "Asshole activated his Portkey while we were still in the air. When we went down, he Portkeyed out. Coward didn't have the decency to hold on to my broom and take me with him."

Harry snorted. "They," he gestured at his passenger, "are ministry flunkies." He tilted slightly and dropped the still frozen man off. "Don't expect anyone from the Ministry to aid you when the name 'Death Eaters' are mentioned."

"SANTUARY!!!"

"I thought you had a plan." Mary ignored the scream as she and her partner moved towards the scream.

"I did."

"And?"

"Why Mary dear, haven't you heard the saying, 'No plan survives initial contact with the enemy'?" Harry smirked.

Mary resisted the urge to curse him and settled with the finger.

"SANTUARY!!!"

"What's with that incessant screaming?" Mary gestured towards the direction.

"Portkey activation Pass phrase." Harry shrugged. "Don't bother." He held his fellow Unspeakable as she made to run. "The Portkey wards fell the minute he started screaming."

"Malfunction?"

"Definitely. Seeing as he's still here. I'm actually surprised he's still alive. Anyone caught in that shrapnel storm should be dead." Harry floated forwards.

"One of the five was fairly powerful. Probably a team leader."

Harry nodded. "He was. Coward was standing about the same distance from the epicenter as you. Too bad, boulders make better cover than falling trees."

Mary stopped and stared at him. "You mean I could be screaming just like him now."

Harry snorted. "You didn't say 'where'" Was his monotone answer.

Mary was about to lay into him on friendly fire when she noticed something amiss. "The screaming's gone."

Harry shrugged. "Either the Portkey activated, or you know..." He trailed off gesturing to a fallen tree trunk fifty feet away.

Mary frowned and moved towards the downed tree, her wand ready.

Harry dismounted, both wands drawn, he followed.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Death Eater Safe House

Rabastan was in pain.

It wasn't that pain of the Cruciatus Curse. No pain could compare with the sheer mind shredding torture of the Cruciatus.

This, however was coming pretty close though.

All he remembered was the sight of five floating orbs burned into his vision before waking up staring at the ceiling.

His vision was hazy and he just didn't seem to have enough breath left in him.

"He's awake." The voice sounded muffled.

"Good get him to drink this."

A tube was forced down his throat and liquid started flowing.

Rabastan gagged as expected.

"God damn it."

"Doesn't matter." The minute his hurling paused a fresh batch was poured down his throat.

Rabastan tried to focus on the two healers tending to his injuries despite the pain.

"Will he live?" The unmistakable voice caused the two healers to pause.

"My lord. I don't know. His injuries are severe."

"I see." The Dark Lord's voice held a trace of his no doubt building anger. "Legillimens." The voice hissed.

Rabastan thought the pain could not get any more worse but it did. Coupled with his lack of breath, the pain and now memories flashing, his hold on consciousness failed.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

Nicholas raised an eyebrow at Harry's lack of partner.

"Infirmary." Harry explained with a shrug. "She proved she could hold her own."

"Your plan failed. I'm already getting reports flooding in from the Department Of Magical creatures." Nicholas held up a sheet of parchment.

"We located the Giant village, however the Death Eater's meeting place was unknown. I suggested we lure them out into the open." Harry reported.

Nicholas nodded glancing at the self dictating quill.

"I decided aerial combat was the way to go due to the numbers against us. We gained the attention of the Death Munchers. However I was unaware that one of their numbers had the knowledge to visually hex a broom. Not common knowledge that." Harry grunted remembering his experience with that particular hex.

"Two of their numbers engaged me in an aerial pursuit. I took one down and the other Portkeyed out after I ambushed him. He should be critically wounded after what I did." He reached within his robe and withdrew one of his orbs.

"As for Mary, she was forced to land while her passenger saved his ass via Portkey. This left her to hold the remaining five off till I could provide aerial support."

"I take it, that's the reason why a small patch of forest is now black

and burning?" Nicholas interrupted.

"Yes. I commenced aerial bombardment via the use of my orbs. Mary was under sufficient cover and as such was unharmed other than a wounded arm from shrapnel incurred earlier on during her duel where she eliminated one of the targets. My initial blast killed off the other three. As for the squad leader who hung back, we found him dead after a tree fell on him." Harry grimaced at the memory. He withdrew a bottle from within his robes. "Here are copies of Mary's and my memories of the event today."

"The Giants?" His leader enquired.

"Disappeared. After the amount of damage we did, it wouldn't be hard to notice we were there."

"So you did not make contact."

"Nope." Harry shrugged. "Their village vanished completely. Apparently they have an artifact that not only conceals their village but allows it to relocate on a moments notice."

"I will take that as a positive result." Nicholas sighed. "While we didn't get to meet them, their relocation has resulted in the loss of the only known location of Giants."

"Excellent." Harry pointed out. "What I remembered of Giants from Hagrid was that they were pretty reclusive and never did like getting involved in the matters of Wizards. With knowledge of their location now gone, neither the Ministry nor Voldemort can gain their assistance."

"Yes. That just leaves the matter of explaining to the Department Of Magical Creatures this entire debacle."

"Hey, your job not mine, I just get things done, efficiently and quickly."

Harry pointed out. "I may cost the Ministry a couple of Galleons, but my actions incur no deaths on our side."

"And that's the only reason why I still let you do as you please. The Department and Ministry have the funds, especially more so now that Fudge is no longer embezzling Ministry resources into his Gringott's account." Nicholas handed a manila folder over. "Your next assignment."

Harry accepted it with a raised eyebrow. "So soon?"

"We are busy." The Alchemist stressed. "Just don't blow anything expensive up this time."

Harry snorted. "No promises old man." He walked out the door in search of his partner.

Author's Note:

And here it is. The much awaited, after two years, the eight chapter of Innocence Of Guilt.

Together with this I have uploaded another story of mine that has been sitting on the back burner for a while. However Innocence Of Guilt will definitely take precedence over that one.

Some of you may notice that the latest chapter may not be up to my usual standards. I apologize, I seem to have been out of touch. Not writing for two years really does do weird things to one's style.

As for the extremely long period of hiatus, I apologize. It was a combination of writers block, procrastination, a case of CBF and I really was busy as Fuck. Still am, but I finally finished my PhD. Muah hahaha. Gonna milk my titles for all its worth now. Basically eight years of university and ton of my father's money = MBBS surgery title, Bachelor Of Biomedical Science Degree, Bachelor Of Medical

Engineering, Honors In Medical Anatomy, PhD In Medical Physiology.

My latest course undertaking is Masters In Business Administration. Why a course so out of the Medical field? My dad's idea. His reasoning, he allowed me to study my chosen course till I finished it completely, which I did. Now he wants me to help run the company. Thus Business knowledge required.

Shit, believe me when I say switching from a scientific POV to a business POV is freaking hard. I have no idea what the lecturers are going on about. At least I have plenty of study time. I mean WTF 12 contact hours a week? Shit son, you Business students have the lightest contact hours ever. Science freaks require a minimum of 26-28 contact hours a week. Then again, I pity the Engineering students, they get 32-34 hours a week.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Chapter 09 – Oh God She Is A Mary Sue

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries - Infirmary

"Now that must be a rather nasty wound." Mary looked up at the sound of her partner's distinctive scrambled voice.

"You know I never did realize that we had an infirmary." Mary pointed out as she looked towards a shelf stocked full of various colored potions.

"With the amount of dueling that goes on down here and the fact that we do get injuries while on missions, a small infirmary is need for minor wounds. The rest get sent to St Mungo's." He tilted his head.

Mary was seated on a stool beside a bed. Her injured right forearm was currently soaking in a galvanized basin of blue liquid. "Too many cuts for magic so a potion instead. The Healer says I'll be done in an hour."

"Where's the healer." Harry questioned as he moved towards the potions shelf.

"He went out, got summoned."

"Hmm..." Harry selected a small ampoule filled with an orange substance. He tilted it and was satisfied with its gel like viscosity.

"Here." He motioned for her arm which after some shaking she presented to him. He hummed as he examined the injuries sustained.

"Well I do have a way to make this faster." He commented while wiggling the orange filled phial.

"Please do." Mary grumbled. "I'm going nuts sitting here and staring

at nothing but white walls.

"Very well." In a fluid motion he drew his wand. "Inardesco."

Mary's eyes widened in horror as the wounded portion of her forearm caught fire.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!!!" She howled after using the bed covers for the standard stop drop and roll.

"Calm down." Harry snapped as he disarmed her.

"Use the burn salve." He once again disarmed her. The girl had gone for her reserve wand.

"Ass." She grimaced in pain and sheathed the dagger she had drawn.

"Waddiwasi, Ferula." He transferred the orange cream onto her burns and bound them in bandages.

Mary moaned in satisfaction at the cool feeling. "You're still an ass."

Harry smirked. "Cauterizing wounds and using burn salve to heal the burns leave no scars as well as gets the job done in ten minutes."

Mary ignored him and made for the door.

"I do have to wonder your fascination with asses. Especially mine though." Harry commented as she reached the door.

Mary froze. "What..." She squeaked.

"I'm a rather accomplished Legilimens, and you're broadcasting your emotional thoughts as strongly as the Eiffel Tower."

She turned around in horror. "You mean all this time I was broadcasting? You didn't tell me?" She was doing an excellent impersonation of a blood blister.

Harry shrugged. "No harm done. I do have a nice ass after all." He smirked moving around her and through the door.

"He really is an ass." Mary growled her eyes lowering.

"Broadcasting." Harry called out through the door.

"Shut up." Mary blushed as she reinforced her shields.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

Hermione Granger could easily say that since she enrolled at Hogwart's School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry she had seen the inside of the Headmaster's office more than she was comfortable with.

The number of rules and laws she had broken during her friendship with one Harry James Potter was almost staggering. Apparently when questioned, Professor Flitwick had mentioned that they had surpassed the Marauders in sheer number of broken rules by the end of their third year.

Of course despite all this there was still the little voice inside of her whispering that getting called to the Headmaster's office was a bad thing.

She looked to her left and rolled her eyes. Ronald Weasley was the same as always, like her he had seen the Headmaster's office more than any student save their friend Harry, however to him this was just another trip.

Therefore Hermione was thoroughly shocked into silence when she passed the threshold into the Headmaster's domain.

The once immaculately cluttered yet neat office was now a complete mess. The bookshelves once packed full of ancient valuable tomes of magic were now bare. Their contents spread throughout the room on the floors opened. Parchment was thrown haphazardly and crumpled among the books.

"Woah! What happened, Sir?" Ron posed the question that was on both their minds.

"Ah, Mr. Weasley, you do have to forgive my mess. It seems that at my age I have gotten a bit messy." Dumbledore who was seated behind his desk called out in greeting.

"A bit?" Ron waved around him and winced as Hermione elbowed him.

"Did we come at a bad time Professor Dumbledore?" The bookworm tried to approach the wizened Wizard without treading on anything too valuable.

Ron simple moved on stumbling whenever he tripped and eliciting a wince from his friend every time he stepped on something resembling literature.

Dumbledore seeing the ginger haired student's expression chuckled. "No harm done to the books Miss Granger. All books at Hogwarts have been charmed against wear and tear."

"Now a bit of tidying up is in order." He stood up waving his wand across the room.

To both the amazement of the students every book and parchment

returned to the shelves and the notes stacked themselves nicely in a pile atop a small console table.

"Useful spell that. Don't suppose you could teach us it." Ron wondered ducking as a large tome flew above him.

Eyes twinkling Dumbledore stared at the redhead. "It's a rather unique spell that simply requires one's will and power. I believe that you will be learning about it next year."

"Intent spell casting." Ron rolled his eyes as the Headmaster chuckled. No doubt the smartest girl of the year had already read up and attempted it.

"Now I believe I requested the two of you here for a reason." Dumbledore waved his wand conjuring up two arm chairs for his guests. "Tea? Lemon drop?" He offered.

"We're fine Sir." Hermione looked across the office to Fawkes's empty perch.

Dumbledore hummed. "I wish to ask a favor of you two but first..." He got their attention.

"I was wondering when the two of you knew that Mr. Potter was still alive." The raised eyebrow looked out of place on the man's face.

"What!" Hermione stood up in surprise.

Dumbledore had to give the girl credit. She really did know how to act.

"No need to act surprised Miss Granger. Mr. Weasley let the cat out of the bag the minute I posed the question." Dumbledore waved towards Ron who was looking slightly uneasy.

Hermione groaned. "Ron I told you to practice your Occlumency."

"Indeed." Dumbledore commented in humor. "Despite not using Legilimency, shocking revelations will cause people unprepared to unintentionally broadcast."

"We found out after his funeral Sir. We received a letter." Ron confessed. Hermione sat back and nodded to his answer.

"How did you know, Sir?"

"The prophecy." Hermione deduced almost immediately.

Dumbledore had to admit, the girl was sharp and fast. "Yes, I suspected that Mr. Potter had faked his death. The prophecy states that only Voldemort or Harry may kill one another. Azkaban wouldn't have caused Mr. Potter's death, driven him to madness maybe but not death. As such I am rather curious how he did it."

Both students shrugged. "Well he is Harry Potter." Ron pointed out as if that explained everything.

Dumbledore chuckled as funnily enough it did. Weird situations just didn't seem enough to describe their currently mission student.

"Now as to that favor." Dumbledore brought them back. "I would have taken Harry on this mission, however seeing as he is currently unavailable I would ask the two of you instead."

"What mission?"

"Nothing much." The Headmaster smiled. "Just a small trip to the sea."

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – The Chamber

"So where to?" Mary had recovered from her earlier embarrassment.

Harry pondered as he watched the blue trailing lights left by the torches as the main chamber spun around them.

"Back to the safe house I suppose. I do have a few things to do and you need to train." Harry moved towards the exit.

"Didn't you mention a mission?" Mary pressed.

"We have one, there just isn't a definite deadline at the moment. Plenty of time to plan or in your case train." He pointed at her now uninjured arm.

Mary sighed.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Two: Auror Headquarters – Head Auror Office

Amelia Bones stared at the piece of parchment in disbelief.

She was definitely going to have a word with the personnel at processing because of this. That and a word with all the Departments if she could get that old bugger from Unspeakables to attend.

The parchment in her hand listed both a series of requests for search warrants as well as a list of approvals. A piece of parchment that was one week old. While normally documents and communications within a department were passed on quickly, those between departments usually took between two days to a week. This is the main reason why most important Ministry Officials had personal assistants and

aides.

Their purposes were to hand deliver messages and documents directly to the department and cut down the lag between communications.

This was of course a whole different thing.

Starting off the Minister had vanished plunging the entire Ministry into chaos. While she had managed to get her department on its head the others were still running like headless chickens. It took the better part of the day till someone managed to spread the word that in such a situation, she was to be the Interim Minister.

Voldemort attacking did not help matters at the Ministry immediately underwent chaos again.

Funnily enough the Unspeakables had hand delivered a request for several raids to the Minister's office pending approval. Due to the confusion and lack of said Minister the requests weren't vetoed and stopped and thus approved when forwarded to her department.

As such the Unspeakables had carried out what was so far the largest number of raids within the last hundred years simultaneously. Mass amounts of Death Eater funds had been captured as well as a fair number of the terrorists themselves. Among them were six out of seven inner circle members who were either dead or in Unspeakable custody.

Amelia sniffed. Pity the most powerful and dangerous, Bellatrix was still at large. Amelia sighed. Despite the loss of his inner circle, Voldemort still had a fair number of veteran Death Eaters.

She made a note to see the Head Unspeakable as soon as she was done sorting out the mess Fudge had made and his replacement had ignored.

"Madam Minister." The assistant that burst into the room was immediately stunned, bound and gagged.

Amelia holstered her wand in annoyance, her heart still beating hard. Her Aurors had learned to never burst into her office. The Minister's Office would learn soon enough.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Dueling Room

"Tell me Mary, what do you know about intent based spell casting?" Harry enquired as he conjured up an armchair for himself.

She had to hand it to her partner. He definitely was efficient, barely out of the infirmary and straight into the dueling room. Mary sometimes wondered if the man actually did anything else. She had yet to see any signs of him even remotely having a hobby.

It was almost at the point where she suspected that being sarcastic and annoying was his hobby.

Instead of voicing her thoughts however she drew her wand and simply pointed away from herself. She frowned for a few seconds in concentration and conjured up a similar armchair without the wand movements or incantation.

"Hn..." Harry grunted in acceptance. "How many times can you pull that off?"

Mary seated herself into the cushy leather. "Around thirty times."

Harry nodded filling away that her power levels were mostly above average. "Excellent, but I did remember saying to tell me, not show me."

Mary rolled her eyes. "Spell casting without the use of wand movements coupled with silent casting. Theoretically any spell is possible provided the power requirements can be attained. Spell theory helps but isn't required as you are so fond of saying that magic isn't logical."

Harry nodded. "Well then off to the next topic. Dark magic." He said the last part with a mock eerie voice.

Mary snorted. "Spells that maim, hurt or cause general suffering to others. They contain a specific spell signature or taint."

Harry scoffed. "Now that my dear is a standard Ministry sanctioned answer."

"What is the correct one then?"

Harry shrugged. "I didn't say it was wrong, just sanctioned. Dark magic is basically spells laced with the intent to hurt, maim and generally cause not very nice things to happen. As you no doubt know that spells become much more powerful when fueled by one's emotions. Spells like the torture curses are fueled by the intent to cause pain. As such you will find that most dark curses are intent based and rather visual in nature."

"Therefore not many counter curses exist to them as intent based curses can only be removed by something intent based as well." Mary continued.

Harry nodded. "There are exceptions. Most healing spells that exist may be able to counter the effects of an intent based curse."

"I take it your bringing this topic up as it involves our next mission." Mary pointed out.

Harry smiled and stood up. "The opponents we might run into are much better skilled in dark magic than Death Eaters. As such we are taking some time off."

Mary raised an eyebrow.

"Oh pardon me. I'm taking some time off. You," He indicated. "Are training. Now if you will excuse me I will be in my office." With that Harry promptly vanished.

Mary rolled her eyes.

That man really needed a hobby.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Harry's Office

"James, if you don't mind. There are some people that I'd like you to meet." If he wasn't mistaken, Mary sounded almost nervous.

It was later in that day and Mary slightly exhausted had decided to seek her partner on a subject that had been bugging her.

Harry looked up from the report he was filling out.

"Yes?" He pressed his identification card against the parchment and it folded on itself turning into an envelope. He then tossed it into his "Out" pile.

"They have the same views as you regarding Voldemort." Harry noted she no longer had a problem with that silly name.

Harry grunted and took a document from the "In" tray. "And?"

"I'm a member of their group, not an active one per say." She

definitely sounded nervous now at what his actions might be.

Harry paused and replaced his quill in the inkwell. Twisting his neck, he was rewarded with a satisfying crack.

"Let me guess? They share my views as in, Voldemort must be stopped but the killing of Death Eaters is against the rules?"

"Something like that, they have been meaning to contact you but haven't been able to yet locate you."

"I should hope not." He stared blankly at her

She knew that stare even when his face wasn't visible. Mary just had the feeling he was reading her mind.

"I haven't told them that I have been in contact with you yet."

"Good." Was his reply and he returned to the form filling.

He knew she was still waiting for further words. He finished another document and threw it on the "Out" tray.

"This wouldn't be the Order Of The Phoenix by any chance would it?" He continued to fill out the forms.

"Er... Yes." She said, not sure if it was the right answer. At least James liked a truthful person.

"Send off a message to Dumbledore. We'll go meet the Order Of The Fried Turkey as soon as this mission is done."

"But..."

"I'll wait outside Grimmauld Place." His reply was followed by a gasp.

"Surprised?" He looked up. "It doesn't take a genius to notice a number is missing from a lane where many Apparation pings are detected. Not to mention that a ping is registered there when ever Arthur Weasley makes a departure from the Ministry Of Magic. Despite how good you Order members think your hiding places are. They aren't."

"Our Unspeakables in the Phoenix Division have been scouting that location for the last few months now. Good day Miss Sue." He went back to work ignoring the shocked look on his partner's face.

"I'm sorry Sir but there is something else." She said uneasily.

"What." Harry looked up annoyed. He needed those reports filled before he could set out on another mission. He briefly cursed the old man that had gotten him into this. No one ever told him that the job included more paperwork than action.

"It's the Order Sir."

"What about them?"

"They don't know that I'm an Unspeakable."

Harry put two and two together immediately.

"You have to go as what you normally go as and by doing so I'll have to know who you are." He paused. "It doesn't really matter, I already know what you look like, and you know that."

"Actually no, Sir. Well... I'm a Metamorphmagus." She removed her hood and showed him her true form.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Well isn't that handy." He commented on the rare talent.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

Dumbledore was currently resting against his chair's backrest, suckling a lemon drop and enjoying the soft classical music coming for the wireless.

He was brought out of his relaxation by a tapping on his window.

Sighing he waved his wand allowing the bird entrance. Good things weren't meant to last.

He reached into a drawer and fed the bird a treat before untying the letter and opening it.

He recognized the wobbly handwriting.

Professor Dumbledore,

I have made contact with James Pathertrory and have told him about the Order's offer. He is interested and wishes a meeting be held. Please advise further instructions.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled brightly. He would have to call the Order. This was indeed a positive development.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Harry's Office

He had suspected that she was a Metamorphmagus for a while now. While it did narrow down her identity a fair bit, there were quite a few of them running around Europe.

The world after all was not as small as some say. Her face of course

had not turned up in the records, but then again she is a Metamorphmagus.

He took in her true form. Other than the face, she was still the same. He took a slight bit of satisfaction in knowing that he was still taller than her. Mary's features while different were still Asian looking and he had no idea why she would go about hiding her true looks. She wasn't that bad looking after all.

"So what's your name then? It obviously isn't Mary Sue." Harry showed his distaste at the old Unspeakable's joke.

"Er..." The girl scratched the back of her neck. Harry noted that her voice had changed as well, it now had a slight Chinese accent to it.

"It would be better if I showed you." She waved her wand leaving a trail of glowing lines in the air.

Harry raised an eyebrow as he recognized the Chinese characters. "Do I look like I read Chinese squiggles?" He motioned with his hand for her to go on.

Mary waved her wand once more as the characters converted to their English pronunciations and was translated.

Harry stared at her name dumbfounded for a moment before smacking his head on the desk.

Mary giggled at the reaction her name caused.

Beautiful Tree

Su Mei Li

Harry could only really say one thing. "Fuck, you really are a Mary Sue."

Mary simply smiled in amusement.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Tactical Operations

"What do you mean you sent him after the Vampires?" The man hissed.

Despite the man's harsh glare from beneath his hood, Nicholas merely shrugged. "Exactly what I meant Lawrence old pal."

"Don't call me that name." The man hissed as he looked around his office.

"You really need to calm down Raven 01, your paranoia will be the death of you one of these days." Nicholas waved his concerns away.

"It's not paranoia if they really are out to get you." The Division Head snapped as he pointed to a massive foe glass by the door.

The Department head merely rolled his eyes at the annoyed expression on his subordinate's face. A rather interesting charm allowed those who already knew who you were to see past the shroud the cloaks had. There were of course other ways but the spells were a rather closely guarded secret.

"The figures are rather vague." The immortal man pointed out. "Besides I believe you have already applied sufficient wards and privacy enchantments to this office. Why I believe yours are of better quality than mine." He noted in amusement.

"Unlike you Nicholas, my office is not a meeting room. This is Raven Division and secrets are our job. As such secrets are meant to stay

secret. Now, the Vampires." The man questioned.

"I merely told Mr. Pathertrory to dissuade them from participating in the coming conflict that we are having with our current Dark Lord."

"And a hornet's nest the man will stir up in doing so. I know his style Dragon. Mass collateral damage has always been his specialty, that and constantly reminding the public that we exist."

"Now now, Lawrence." Nicholas ignored the hiss the man made at his name being spoken. "Mr. Pathertrory might just be the person we need. He does after all attain the desired results."

"That man has no subtlety as an Unspeakable, let alone as an Operative, I just thank the powers that be you didn't stick him in my division. Whatever reason you made him an Unspeakable had better be a good one. Besides you know the reaction most Vampires have towards our kind."

Nicholas grinned. "I believe that if the Vampires do indeed wish to engage in a little dispute with Mr. Pathertrory, it will not end in their favor."

"None the less, I shall have agents covering all known Vampire locations."

Nicholas snorted. "The ones we know of you mean. They are quite a rather hard to track bunch."

"All the more reason to watch and interfere if your man decides to let on to every single one of those blood suckers that we are aware of their hiding places."

"Somehow I believe with him on the job, those hiding places wouldn't matter very soon." Nicholas chuckled. "By all means do so. I would certainly like to know how he goes about accomplishing this."

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Harry's Office

Mary stared at her now silent partner. Judging from his posture he was most definitely contemplating something.

She herself was of course still grinning from the earlier reaction he had to her name. It was of course the Dragon's idea to simply use her real name as it was just so ridiculous it would never have been suspected.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the man looked up.

"Are you an Occlumens?" Harry watched the owl flying off into the distance. He really was starting to miss Hedwig and his friends lately.

"Good enough to stop minor probing and I can throw a person out after a short while in an open assault."

Harry growled in slight annoyance. Of course she didn't have strong shields if her constant broadcasting was anything to go by. At least she had the basics down.

"That is not acceptable. By having the first contact with me it would put you in the spotlight of the Order. I wouldn't put it past Dumbledore to pay more attention to your mind. As such your status of an Unspeakable is a subject I rather keep secret."

She suddenly looked panicked as she had already sent off the letter.

"Worry not." He assured her. "I can teach you."

She looked at him in disbelief. No one could train a fully accomplished Occlumens in a day, let alone become one.

Harry raised his hand to prevent her speaking. "Truthfully, I myself am a rather shoddy Occlumens. Actually you're probably better than I am. My furthest achievement is the ability to block out minor readings. I do however have a thump card. It's a memory from my childhood that I place among my surface thoughts allowing the attacker direct access to. No matter how powerful they are, the memory will prevent them from going any further than that."

She looked interested. "So you're going to give me this memory then?"

"Yes, I'll give it to you from a first person's view. You'll view the memory from my point of view and only this time would you experience the magical backlash. I only request that you not share this memory with anyone else."

"Is it that bad Sir?"

"No, just magically traumatic."

Mary thought for a while and accepted.

Harry nodded and brought forth the memory and placed his wand to his temple. It was a short piece of history.

Mary grew slightly apprehensive as her mentor started breathing heavily and was turning rather pale.

Harry's eyes snapped open and withdrew his wand. It now held the silvery threads of the memory. It wasn't the regular silver sheen like the normal ones though, Mary noted that they were slightly blackened.

"You might want to sit down." She took the seat opposite his desk and Harry pressed the tip of his wand to her temple.

Her eyes rolled back as the viewing begun.

It was dark. There wasn't much light and everything was blurred.

"Please not Harry. Spare him. Take me instead." A women's voice pleaded.

"Move aside you foolish girl" A harsher voice, hissing and nasal in nature interrupted.

"Please take me instead"

"Avada Kedavra" The voice sounded annoyed.

The sound of a body falling echoed in the darkness

Crackling laughter echoed as twin red orbs of malice appeared through the haze of the memory.

Two words were hissed in a voice full of malice.

"Avada Kedavra."

She gave a sudden jerk and collapsed forwards extremely pale and clammy. She was weakened and barely had the strength to raise herself up.

"That... That was the killing curse. Voldemort's killing curse. It's impossible. Only one person..." She trailed off.

Harry grinned in response and threw back his hood thus breaking the concealment charms. "Surprised?"

It was too much for the girl, already weakened, the Metamorphmagus fainted.

Harry smirked. "Yeah, surprise me once and paybacks a bitch."

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Harry's Office

"Enervate." Harry woke up the sleeping Metamorphmagus.

"I seriously hope I was dreaming." Mary stated with her eyes shut.

"I sometimes wish the same thing as well." Harry said in mock resignation.

"James?"

"Yes."

"Please tell me you aren't Harry Potter."

"Sorry love, no can do. I am the good ole Boy-Who-Just-Won't-Fucking-Die."

"Oh crap." The girl groaned when she heard his voice. "I hate you Harry Potter."

"Funny." Harry commented. "I half expected you asking me how I'm alive."

"You obviously faked your death, else you would be in a pine box six feet deep and not screwing up my life anymore than it already is." She said still refusing to open her eyes.

"You can open your eyes now. The light isn't going to burn out your retinas anytime soon."

"I'm still under the delusion that if I don't see you, you are technically a figment of my imagination."

"Now that doesn't make sense. If you're imagining me it wouldn't really matter if you opened your eyes or not." Harry analyzed.

"Harry?" She voiced sweetly.

"Yes?"

"Shut up."

Harry promptly held his tongue.

"James?" She called after a minute of silence.

"Yes?" Harry smiled.

"You're not Harry Potter are you? Please say no." She pleaded.

"There in lies two conflicting answers my dear. You demand an answer to which the answer is 'yes' but yet you insist on me answering 'no'." Harry stated.

"Arrrghhh... Nrnghhgiddygiddy..." Harry was truly enjoying her display of irritation and refusal to belief. "God damn it, just stun me."

"O.K. Stupefy." Harry did just that and decided to let her cool off.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Dueling Room

"Tell me again how you're better at this than I am." Mary questioned in frustration as she was once again sent flying and disarmed.

"What, dueling?"

"You're younger." The lady snapped in annoyance. "When I thought you were some barmy old coot it was fine. Now I just feel somewhat pathetic."

Harry snorted. "Believe me when I say you're far from pathetic in a duel. I merely improvise better, play dirty, don't follow pure blooded traditions for dueling they teach you at in Auror school and I simply overpower and barrel through most shields."

"Exactly my point, you're younger." Mary pointed out.

"Being target number one for a madman hell bent on global non magical genocide would make anyone improve." Harry pointed out as he threw back his partner's wand. "On that note, how's the Occlumency?"

"No difference, my shields remain the same. I don't see a difference in whether I use the memory or not." The woman prodded her temple with the tip of her wand.

"Take my word. Just overlay the memory of the bright green bolt 'o' death with your shields and any idiot who tries to go beyond brushing your shields will be in for a big surprise. Of course don't overlay the entire memory, Voldemort's downfall version 1 is sort of a rather unique memory that will bring up questions on how you obtained it from a currently living impaired person."

"That reminds me. How ever did you pull off the all dead act? I'm pretty sure I remember seeing your decapitated head on the front page of the Daily Prophet. Not to mention I was the one that stunned the Death Eater that lobbed it off."

"Really?" Harry sounded surprised. Some wanker had actually managed to desecrate his remains. Once again he thanked the

powers that were out there that Nicholas had gone the whole dead person and Polyjuice route, rather than simply stuffing him with Potion Of Living Death.

"I'd like to know how you survived getting your head removed. The Aurors examined the body afterwards and it was you."

Harry simply smiled at the woman. "They don't call me the Boy-Who-Lived for nothing you know."

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Mary's Room

It had been a couple of days before Harry had been satisfied that she was able to use intent spell casting on the fly. She was currently relaxing on her bed attempting to read a light novel. Attempting was the word, as her mind was constantly on the up coming mission. The fact that her mentor and partner was the Harry Potter was also on her mind.

Not that she really cared of course. She had long gotten over the fact that he was better yet younger than her. One's world views on anything Harry Potter got so much easier when one simply answered with 'It's Harry Bloody Potter that's why.'

But damn he had a nice ass.

Mary mentally slapped herself. She really needed to get out more. Her only male contact being an underage boy was doing weird things to her.

'I'm not a pervert. I must not admire his ass.' She mentally reinforced.

"Mary you there?" The voice beyond the door started her.

She caught herself before she could ask who it was. There was only one person who it could be and he would no doubt give a sarcastic answer in return.

"Come in Harry." She called out adopting to remain sprawled across her bed.

The door clicked open and she heard the telltale sound of glass clinking.

"Here." Something landed by her on the bed.

"Polyjuice." She stated as she peered at the disgusting liquid.

"Same as always, you're Mary the younger sister and I'm Harriet. We really need to get out more. Staying cooped up is definitely affecting you if you're fantasizing about me." Ha pointed out.

Mary blushed. She really did wonder why he never did respond to the fact that she constantly checked him out.

She mentally slapped herself. Got he was right. She really was going barmy if she was considering someone yet to reach their age of majority.

'Then again he is only four years younger and one year off from adulthood.' She thought before slapping herself.

A chuckle from his partner caught her attention causing her to blush once more.

Damn it, she had been broadcasting again.

"Let's go on a date." His words seemed to confound her. The word 'date' kept on repeating.

"What?" She didn't think she heard him right.

"Not what your thinking." He shook his ampoule of Polyjuice. "we both need to get out so what say we waste some time in Muggle London before heading to a pub for a good ole ladies night out."

Mary frowned at his choice of words. 'Maybe he's gay' she thought.

Harry frowned and Mary immediately knew he knew.

"I assure you Mary that I do indeed find your behind rather attractive as well." He rolled his eyes. "Now if you would please." He indicated the phial in her hands and tossed her a small flask. "Get changed. Staying cooped up is impairing your better judgment."

Mary rolled her eyes as he exited the room.

"A date huh?" she mumbled. Somehow she didn't think date and Harry Potter worked in the same sentence, especially when disguised as a girl.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Headmaster's Office

"Just remember that I'm highly opposed to this plan Headmaster." The Potions Master snarled in irritation as he made for the exit.

"At this point Severus, no more alterations can be made. Your role as a spy must not be disclosed." The old Wizard sighed as he leaned back into his seat.

Snape paused at the exit. "Just remember this Headmaster, the plan, it's not for the best. As much as I loath to admit it, the Wizarding World needs its icons. With Potter now gone you're all that's left." With that parting comment he left the room.

"It is said, that to sacrifice one, you can save a thousand, however it is also said that by sacrificing a thousand you save an empire." Dumbledore mumbled as he rolled the locket of Salazar Slytherin in his palm.

He chuckled to himself as he examined the locket in finer detail, he hadn't been wrong to include Harry's friends on the expedition after all.

Despite them not being at the level of a fully qualified curse breaker to tomb raider the two had shown a talent for it, Hermione with her outside the box way of tackling a problem and Ronald his sheer dumb luck.

Then again the Headmaster wondered if being clumsy and triggering the trap of Inferi was being lucky or not. While tenacious and deadly with their swarm tactics, Inferi lost their shock value when only attacking from a single front.

This was the case as Ronald had slipped upon entering the cave and caused a small amount of rocks to disturb the waters within. The Zombies had immediately 'awakened' and attacked. With his command and knowledge of fire spells the Inferi easily purged with the two students picking off the odd one that escaped the flaming inferno he had summoned.

Dumbledore shuddered to think at how it would have turned out had the trap been sprung if they were on the middle island instead.

Another thing that he noted might have turned out differently had he gone alone was as he had ordered the two to continue feeding him the potion no matter what.

Hermione Granger had frowned before transfiguring a rock into a rabbit before proceeding to force feed it the potion instead.

All in all Dumbledore was surprised the expedition had been completed so easily.

He was brought out of his musings as a low trill sounded from the corner of his office.

"Ah, Fawkes." The man smiled at his familiar.

Perched upon its stand the bright red Phoenix gave a low moaning trill.

Severus had notified him that the Death Eaters were infiltrating the castle on this night.

"Yes, my friend, our guest will be heading for the Astronomy Tower where I'm supposed to be."

The bird made a low moaning sound and tilted its head.

"Come now, it not like we wouldn't meet again." The wizened man held out his hand.

The Phoenix displayed its annoyance at the comment with a squawk before flying to the awaiting limb. Instantly upon contact both vanished in a vibrant display of flames.

XXXXX

London

"Have you ever had the nagging feeling that you're being watched?" Harry blurted to Mary who was trailing him.

"If you are referring to your current situation, it would be because I am behind you."

"Ha ha, very funny." Harry said bluntly. "Now do away with the wit. Have you?"

"Of course. Everyone probably felt that feeling at least once in their lives." The girl shrugged. "This doesn't have anything to do with our upcoming mission, does it?"

Harry turned and gave her a look that clearly said, "You Think?".

"Er... Right then. What's it got to do with Vampires?"

Both were in currently walking around Muggle London simply buying time. As two individuals with hoods up didn't really stand out in Wizarding community, they most certainly would in the Muggle world. As such both were once again using Polyjuice Potion and Harry was in his Harriet disguise.

Being the older sister of the two she was currently looking through store front windows in an aim to waste time.

"The ability to sense if someone is watching you is both a gift and a curse. Everyone possesses some level of the skill, be they Muggle or Magical. Think of it as sixth sense if you will." Harry opened the door leading to the main rotating chamber and waved Mary to go in first.

"From the way you talk, you sound like you have it."

"Nah." Harry closed the door and the wall began to spin. "Just a bit every now and then, it helps. Although I do know someone who does."

"Really? Who?" Mary sounded curious.

"Ever heard of Alastor Moody?"

"He was an ex-Auror, considered one of the best in his field of work. The man's a legend. Too bad, he's as snappy as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs."

"He has the gift, which is probably why he is still alive."

"I'd rather not have it if it means being as twitchy as he is."

"Mad Eye Moody had survived the reign of two Dark Lords and is still surviving this one because of that skill, a skill that would prove rather useful tonight." Harry lectured.

"Oh yeah. Vampires are stealth creatures and they aren't easily detected." Mary snapped her fingers.

"Correct." Harry called out the exit and moved towards the door. "So if you feel like you're being watched, get ready to begin cursing." Harry waved a finger at her.

"Yes, yes. Flame spells and anything that can cut off their heads. What about holy water?"

Harry stopped and gave her a look.

"What about it?"

"Using it on them."

"Where were you in Defense classes when Vampires were being covered?"

"Look our Defense classes were severely lacking." Mary grumbled.

"Tell me about it." Harry thought about Hogwarts's bad string of Defense teachers.

"Tell me, do you think that holy water will kill a Vampire like the Muggles believe?"

Mary took a second to think the situation through logically. "No."

"Good answer."

"So why do stakes and decapitation work like the Muggles say?"

Harry raised an eyebrow and sighed. "Mary do you honestly think any creature could survive decapitation or a piece of wood to the heart?"

Realizing how stupid she sounded a few seconds ago. Mary harrumphed and decided to sulk.

"As immortal as they seem to be, Vampires are very much mortal, the only difference being that their bodies are much stronger than ours. Think about it, anyone would become stronger if they were to consume magical blood on a daily basis."

"So, why don't mortals do it? Drink magical blood I mean?"

"Because, firstly, it is unethical. Secondly, it's not a balanced diet and last of all, the curse does play a part. Vampirism grants the victim an immortal life as long as they don't get killed and have a constant fresh blood source. In return you can't stomach anything but blood and become extremely pale from lack of a proper diet and sunshine. Did I forget to mention the sunlight kills you?"

Harry stopped to look into a store that sold charms for different uses. He seriously doubted that they were anything like the magical version. He internally rolled his eyes, placebos the lot of them.

Mary chose to ignore the last sarcastic comment. "So a Vampire would die from a liver exploding curse like you and I?"

"Just not as quick. They would be able to seek medical aid before dying. The killing curse works on them just fine. Despite popular belief, they aren't undead, just blood sucking fiends.

Seeing Mary's look he quickly added. "Don't get me wrong, there's a nice Vampire here and there. I just haven't had the pleasure of meeting one yet. Most of the kind that I run into always tries to take my head off the first thing they get to do."

"So basically while magical blood has power in it, Vampirism is the only way that magic can be extracted." Mary pondered. "Hey, aren't there any that simply works for us?"

Harry moved on towards a café. "Hmm... well there are certain magical creatures that do have blood potent enough. However the side effects kind of make it a moot point to drink them." He took a look at their tea menu.

"Such as?" Mary moved up and peered around his shoulder.

"Unicorns for one have extremely potent blood, powerful enough to prevent death despite being mortally wounded. Too bad the side effect is that it causes you to rot away slowly."

Mary frowned in distaste. "It would be an excellent medical breakthrough if someone figures out how to stop the rotting part."

Harry hummed in acknowledgement as he gestured towards a table and moved to take a seat outside the café. It was after all a rather rare sunny day in London.

"What about Dragon's blood." Mary sat opposite her currently female partner looked about for a waiter. "That's pretty powerful isn't it?"

"You're probably thinking of refined Dragon's blood. Once refined it

looses its potency. It would be rather inadvisable to drink the raw stuff as not only is it poisonous as hell you would probably die from magic overload. Did I mention that raw Dragon's blood occasionally sprouts out magical flames of four hundred degrees?" Harry waved down the attention of a waiter from inside the café.

"So there aren't any?" Mary thanked the man who passed her a copy of the menu.

Harry waved the man off stating she was still unsure of what to get. "If you remember a while back I did toss some Re'em's blood out. The stuff gives a small magical boost, with the nifty side effect of superhuman strength. Excellent points till you find out it can't be stored for long and its effects are temporary."

Mary frowned still looking at her menu and deciding.

"Look at it this way girl. If getting a power boost was as easy as drinking blood, just about every Riddle, Richard, and Potter would have done it." Harry waved back the man who was staring at her.

His partner raised an eye at the way the neo female acted. "Shouldn't it be Tom, Dick and Harry?"

"Congratulations you know a Muggle phrase. Tom Riddle, Dick Richard and Harry Potter, aka me." The disguised boy explained as the waiter arrived.

Both ordered a tea set and salads to tide them till later.

Mary stared at her partner in silence for a while before bringing up the question that was always plaguing her. "Why do you act so well as a girl?"

"Didn't you say I needed a hobby?" Harry smirked.

Mary's eyes widened. She couldn't really remember saying it. "Hey!" She realized he had read her mind again a while ago.

"Dressing and acting as a girl is not a hobby, it's just weird." Mary hissed.

Harry snorted. "I meant that I observe the way people act for fun. It's rather amusing. An example would be that waiter there who's probably contemplating whether to ask me out later." She gestured off to the side.

Mary's eyebrows rose. The man was staring rather blatantly at the disguised girls.

"You Harry Potter, are a very disturbed young man."

"A killing curse to the head does that." Harry smirked.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Death Eater Safe House

"Will he be trustworthy, my Lord?"

"It matters not Bella, at worst, I will require the services of a new Potions Master."

"You believe my nephew incapable of carrying out your will?"

Voldemort gave a dark chuckle at the idea of the Malfoy brat killing Albus Dumbledore and the question itself. Had any other Death eater questioned him in any way, they would be on the floor, screaming from a bout of Cruciatus. Bella had always been his favorite and that allowed her some degree of leeway.

"Had I thought young Draco capable of carrying out the deed, I

wouldn't have had you sister and you force Severus into an Unbreakable Vow." The man pointed out.

"You wish to test his allegiance." The former Azkaban inmate realized.

"If he fails to do so he will die and you, Bella, shall finish the deed. Whether Severus is loyal to our cause will not matter after he murders the old fool. The Wizarding World shall know he played a part in Dumbledore's downfall and curse his existence. He'll never be able to return to them.

XXXXX

London – The Hip Hugger Lounge

"I assure you Mr. Pathertrory, if this is your idea of an ideal date location, you are sorely in need of 'Dating For Dummies'" Mary commented as she looked about the latest establishment James had dragged her off to.

"What's wrong with a strip club?" Mary wasn't sure if the man was just being sarcastic or was truly confused as he sounded.

"It's just isn't the right place to bring a lady to."

"Don't see what's wrong." He currently a she pointed in the direction of two ladies who were avidly making out in a corner of the large room.

Blushing to the roots of her hair Mary tried to stammer out a response.

"Besides we're here on assignment and it was the only way to get you to come along." Harry added as he stared at a particular dancer swaying erotically to the music. "Interesting choice of clothes."

His partner stared dumbly at him for a moment. She was about to comment on his method but gave a sigh instead. She should have known he'd pull something like this.

Rolling her eyes she took note that the girl in question was actually quite nude and didn't have a shred of cloth on her. "What clothes?"

"Exactly my point." She could just see his smirk beneath that shroud of darkness his cloak had.

"Pervert." She muttered.

"I heard that." She jumped in surprised. How he managed to catch a whisper above the loud din of the club, she didn't know.

At this point she noticed something weird, Harry for all she knew was a man despite his current appearance, and no man was likely to enter a strip club without showing some kind of interest in the female anatomy. Despite the fact he was indeed staring at a particular seductive stripper. His posture was one of contemplation and not lust.

"You're not gay are you?" The question came from no where.

"It's called Occlumency, Miss Sue." Harry wondered what made her keep asking that particular question. "Engage your mage sight by the way."

"Don't have any." Her partner reached into one of his dress pockets and pulled something out.

"Here." Harry offered her his heavily charmed glasses.

She looked at him in askance. "Glasses? Didn't know you were of the visually challenged sort.

"Just put them on." She could have sworn she heard him sighing in annoyance.

Complying she wore the bifocals.

"Hey! This thing has a zoom feature." This of course led to the thought as to why it was engaged in the first place.

Mary stared at her partner. Mary stared at the stripper. Now it made perfect sense. Zoom feature and Occlumency.

Her conclusions were cut off however when Harry prodded her. "Engage the zoom and mage sight feature by concentrating. Look at that stripper and tell me what you see."

Shrugging her shoulders she looked. He always had a definite reason for things. "I don't see anything different except for a better view of the female reproductive system up close."

"Focus on her ring and concentrate using the mage sight."

"What, the ones on her nipples?" The girl seemed annoyed.

Harry rolled his eyes and muttered about perverted partners. "The ring on her hand." He stressed the last part.

Following his words she did, suddenly the naked woman wasn't so naked anymore. In fact she was modestly dressed in what would pass as a frilly laced gothic dress.

"What the?" She voiced her confusion. "This is a Muggle establishment right?"

"Indeed, a magical bracelet that enables the use of a Veela like compulsion charm as well as one that makes the wearer appear in

any type of attire they so wish."

Mary cocked her head and tried looking at the other girls.

"Don't bother, only this one has the effect. The rest are normal nude girls." Mary wondered how one managed to make such a comment without as much as a twitch.

"You don't think magical folk's got their fingers in this do you?"

"No. From what I can see there isn't any other hint of magic in this area except for that dancer. No wards or anything remotely magic. Also look closer at the girl."

"I am already looking close enough for comfort. Her rather large breasts are noticeable even without the zoom feature." Mary commented.

"At her mouth." Harry deadpanned as he ignored her reply.

"Dark red lipstick, nothing wrong with a lady wearing some."

"I meant more specifically her teeth."

"Oh." Mary understood. Sure enough, zooming in more she saw the tell tale signs of elongated canines. Moving up she confirmed it as twin red orbs briefly passed over her.

"Busted." Harry muttered as Mary's target's eyes widened slightly.

The stripper spun one last time before waving at the crowd and leaving the stage. Another fully clothed woman soon took her place but neither Unspeakable stuck around much longer.

XXXXX

London – Alleyways

"Why must they always run?" Harry called out to the retreating figure that had been discretely making her way out from the backdoor towards the more populated streets.

Ignoring him the female vampire instead hastened her pace.

"Going somewhere Miss?" Mary appeared at the exit effectively trapping her between the two of them.

"Non magical from the looks of it, otherwise she would have Apparated out, but just in case." He waved his wand and a satisfying heaviness in the air implied a ward had been set.

The Vampire being a natural hunter had simply backed up, placing equal distance between her two would be ambushers. "Hunters." She snarled.

Harry snorted. "Not likely. Unspeakables." He indicated his blue robes that were hard to distinguish in the badly lit alleyway. Somehow he doubted the Vampire would be having a problem despite the darkness.

The blood sucker's eyes widened. "The treaty..."

"Only applies to Ancients and you my lady, aren't one of them. Sure as hell dress like one though." Harry interrupted as he admired the Gothic dress sense most ancient Vampires favored. The lady was wearing a rather lacy black and white dress with corset combination. This was all finished off with a dark red lace choker.

Mary willing to let her partner do the talking drew out a small dagger in her right and wand in her left. This garnered a hiss from their quarry.

"Don't mind my associate. Miss Sue is just being precautions. I myself merely wish to talk."

"Talk?" The Vampire scoffed. "Why would a wand waving flesh bag wish to talk? Last I heard the Ministry wished nothing to do with our kind."

"It's more of a personal matter and if you aren't aware I don't represent the Ministry per se. Mary." He displayed his empty hands.

Somewhat reluctantly his partner holstered her weapons. This of course didn't in anyway put the Vampire at ease.

"Now, manners first, I'm James Pathertrory, and my partner over there is a Mary Sue." He introduced.

The widening of the woman's eyes definitely showed that the name was recognized. Harry took some amusement at the snort she gave at Mary's name. "Aleicia." She bit out.

"Ah! Excellent." Harry clapped his hands. "Down to business then. Seeing as you aren't an Ancient and we really do have a need for one I don't suppose you would be willing to lead us to him?"

Apparently it wasn't the best way he could have said it. If anything, Vampires were fiercely loyal to their masters. Harry raised his hands in a peaceful gesture at the woman bearing her fangs and hissing at him.

"Don't be hasty. I probably should have said it in a nicer way. We wish an audience with your ruler, master of all Vampires in Europe."

Of all things Harry did not expect the woman to start laughing.

Was it something he said? He replayed his previous words and couldn't see anything amusing in them. Certainly not enough to send

the woman before him into bellyaching laughs. He had to admit though, she did have a beautiful laugh.

When the Vampire had gotten control of herself she spoke in a haughty voice. "You're a fool if you wish an audience with our Lord."

"None the less a fool then I may be. Will you take us to your master? It seems that only an Ancient is aware of the location of the lair."

"No need for that." A richly accented voice cut through the air.

Harry turned his eyes upwards where the voice had come from. He had felt the slight underlying of power within those few words.

"Interesting, I wasn't aware Childe were capable of communicating with their Sires." He pointed out as he moved into a slightly defensive position with his back closer to the wall.

"Indeed." The voice despite being way above them carried directly to their ears. A silhouette was sighted in the darkness above them before vanishing and appearing beside the Vampire woman.

Harry raised an eyebrow at the display of power. The Elder Vampire had either torn through his wards or had just attempted something most Wizards were incapable of. Seeing as the heavy feeling in the air was still there he chose the later.

"Line Of Sight Apparating." Harry identified the ability out loud.

"The Japanese name. We Europeans call it the Flash Step or Shunpo by the Asians." The man was dressed in a dark blood red suit, with a bow lacing up his white ruffled shirt rather than a tie. Like the stereotypical Vampire Elder he had his dark hair down long.

"The ability to Apparate based on line of sight. Wards matter not as you simply require power." Harry stated as he thought back to the

infamous duel between the Headmaster and Voldemort at the Ministry Atrium. He had then thought it was normal Apparation the two were performing but later realized that the Ministry's anti Apparation wards were still up.

"Yes. Now, Aleicia here has informed me that you wish to talk. I'm the Vampire Elder, Remington." He gave a bow, his eyes still focus on the Unspeakable before him.

Harry could see that his partner was getting a bit anxious now with the powerful Vampire's presence.

"My partner behind there is Miss Mary Sue. I..." Harry gave a grin and took a step forwards, when he promptly vanished. "Am Pathertrory James." He finished standing beside a wide eyed Mary.

Both Vampires spun around in surprise, no doubt mirroring his partner's same thoughts.

Harry grinned realizing that they were now blocking the exit. Not that it was anything of strategic importance seeing as the Elder's ability to Flash Step sort of negated a positional advantage. It did however allow him to buy time, should he need to, for Mary to escape.

"It seems Mr. Pathertrory that we have something in common." The Vampire grinned, a hint of respect in its eyes. "May I also enquire why you smell and sound female?"

Here, Mary gave off a chuckle.

Harry rolled his eyes and dropped his hood. "I've gone incognito for tonight."

"As a female?" Aleicia spoke up.

"You, dear Sir, have a very strange hobby." The Elder smirked.

Harry simply rolled his eyes at his partner's increased volume of chuckles.

"Well Vampire Remington, I seek an audience with your Lord and Master." Harry went down to business.

"I regret that I wouldn't be able to arrange one. Our lord values his privacy above all else." The man stated.

"I insist." Harry pressed as he withdrew a sword from within his cloak.

"A sword, child? You think to threaten and convince me with a mere sword." The Vampire condescendingly stared at the weapon in question.

"Hey when negotiations break down, always resort to violence. That's what I say." Harry shrugged.

"Indeed." The man vanished and Harry instinctively ducked.

He was thankful he did as a claw swipe narrowly missed taking off his noggin. He hissed in pain as it did however snare some of his currently long hair, ripping it out.

Harry vanished and appeared further down the alley beside the other Vampire. "You ladies might want to have a chat or two. The Elder and I have a few things to discuss." Harry only hoped that Mary would not interfere as the Vampire was no doubt testing him.

He again vanished as the Elder appeared and tore through the now empty spot. "You're fast and powerful for someone so young." Remington's voice hitched at the end as Harry reappeared only to slam his knee into the man's groin.

He was just about to follow up with a decapitating blow when despite

the effectiveness of his patented squirrel move, the Vampire lashed out with a clawed hand. Harry released his hold in the sword lest his arm got taken off. He avoided the second swipe by vanishing.

The Unspeakable reappeared a distance away as the Vampire bent over in pain. "You'll pay for that." The Elder glared at the spot Harry had reappeared.

"I say bring it." A slightly savage grin that looked out of place on the female face he currently wore appeared. He drew both Basilisk fangs wands from within his robes and held them downwards in a stabbing position.

XXXXX

London – Alleyways

Mary had long ago suspected her partner was constantly holding back in his duels with both her and his opponents, never showing more than he needed to and always responding with the same amount of force thrown at him. He had of course sometimes gone for overkill when she started dishing out the really nasty curses on him.

This however, was new to her, never during their duels had he used or even hinted at Line Of Sight Apparation. She herself had heard about it.

Flash Stepping was a skill so highly beneficial to duelers that the ability to do so usually meant an easy win. All one needed to do was drop an anti Apparation ward and immediately gained an unfair advantage over their opponent.

Duels like those ended extremely fast.

What she was seeing now, was simply amazing. It was rare thing to witness a duel between two with the ability she had heard. Both men

had initially prodded each other's skills by attacking from a distance with spell fire before popping to a new location to dodge.

The constraints of the alleyway and presence of their partners did of course limit the two to non mass damage spells.

That was three minutes ago. Now both had forgone magic and were simply dashing at one another executing melee attacks. Hitting an enemy that could pop around was pretty hard when all you had were non area of effect spells.

It was almost like a complex martial arts spar except instead of dodging and blocking they simply popped a slight distance back to avoid the hit and pop back in.

Despite Mary knowing this was some sort of screwed up test, she couldn't help but wonder if the Vampire was aiming to kill. He wouldn't be breaking any laws, Vampire or Wizarding if he did. Harry had threatened him after all.

She winced as once again the Vampire's claws snagged her partner's hair. He certainly looked like he was playing for keeps.

Harry growled in pain and viciously aimed a stab with his pale wand at the man's arm that was currently entangled.

"I don't think so." The Vampire's free hand caught the incoming blow.

Harry grunted at the pressure the vice like grip had upon his forearm.

Mary's eyes widened in fear as her partner failed to pop away due to being in direct contact with a foreign body preventing him. Remington, in a show of brutality, ripped the entangling hairs from their roots and stabbed his now free hand at the Unspeakable.

"James!" Her voice left her mouth before she even realized it.

"EXPELLIARMUS!!!" The-Boy-Who-Lived roared in pain as the resulting blast of force interrupted the attack and blew the Vampire Elder straight into the nearby brick wall.

Both ladies winced at the crunch of both bone and bricks as the Vampire impacted.

"Yeah, who's your daddy?" Harry hissed out as he was bent over catching his breath and massaging his scalp.

Mary moved in and supported him. It was no doubt extremely taxing on the user's physical, magical and mental state to constantly pull off multiple Flash Steps.

"Master!" The Aleicia called out in panic as she tended to her fallen Sire.

"You won?" Mary questioned.

"Yeah." Harry said, catching his breath. "Should have seen the way his eyes widened when he realized my pair of Basilisk fang daggers were actually wands, caught my most powerful Disarming Hex to the chest at point blank range too.

"A thing that will most likely never happen again." Came the growl from before them.

Mary's eyes widened in shock, she definitely heard multiple cracks from broken bones. Even the wall he had hit had multiple spider lines radiating from the point of impact.

"Fucking resilient bastards." Harry snarled in annoyance.

"You win this round Pathertrory." The Vampire rose brushing the dirt off his suit. His Childe stood by his side giving Harry a look that

promised pain.

"Let me handle him Master." The woman snarled barring her fangs. She was dissuaded in with a hand to her shoulder.

"Settle down Aleicia. The mortal has proven himself. He wishes to visit the lair of our Lord. I say let him." Remington grinned flashing his fangs.

Mary saw his eyes narrow in suspicion. "Just like that?" He asked.

"Just like that." The Vampire confirmed. "You won. I'll show you the way. What our Master does to you upon arrival is not my concern."

Harry nodded. "She comes with me." He tilted his head at Mary and holstered his two wands.

"Acceptable." The Elder withdrew a wand from his suit. "Accio, Portus." He summoned a nearby rock and enchanted it. "This is a one way Portkey. Catch."

Mary's eyes widened as the rock sailed towards her.

Harry immediately gripped her arm and snagged the flying stone, both immediately vanished.

"Master? Do you think they will survive?"

"That man had better have been holding back or he wouldn't survive." He inspected a small tear on his suit.

"You held back as well." She accused puffing out her cheeks.

Remington laughed softly and patted the girl on her head. "That was the infamous James Pathertrory, I only wish to see if he could survive our Lord."

"And if he doesn't?"

He stared pointedly at a spot above them. "Show over Unspeakable, return to your leader."

The disillusioned Unspeakable surveying them broke cover and Disappeared.

"The Vampire Nation will have a new ally either way, undead or alive." He laid an arm across her shoulders and Dissipated, Harry's ward having fallen as he left.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"Nicholas." The man growled as he was allowed entry into the office. "That man will be the death of us all."

"What's he gone and done now?" The old alchemist sat up straight in his chair.

"Done? Oh nothing much just decided to march straight into the lair of the ruler of all Vampires in Europe after threatening and attacking an Ancient." The Intelligence Division Head snapped sarcastically.

"Really?" Instead of worried, the old man's tone sounded amused. "I stand by my case. Haven't your department been trying for ages to locate the Vampire Ruler's lair?"

"That's not the point Nicholas! We have a treaty with them, a non aggression treaty with them."

Nicholas snorted. "Doesn't stop the occasional hunter from going

after them."

"They understand we aren't responsible for idiots who decide to try and eliminate them, just like they can't stop the occasional attacks on the random unlucky Witch or Wizard. Besides when was the last time a hunter took down an Ancient? The occasional hunter dusts weaklings, newborn Vampires spawned from the bite of a rogue Ancient. The Ancients police their own kind and are not to be taken lightly."

Nicholas almost pitied the man. He was obviously freaking out over the political mess this was going to cause.

"That man is invading a vampire's lair dressed fully in Ministry colors. He practically informed the Elder he was an Unspeakable."

"Quietus." The spell reduced the volume of the man's rants. "Lawrence, shut up." The simple command stilled the man's tongue. "Believe me when I say that I have full confidence in Mr. Pathertrory ability to reach an agreement with the Vampire nation."

"You know as well as I do the Vampires respect power, and the only way he's going to meet that man is if he battles his way through his servants."

Nicholas's rather savage grin causes the other Unspeakable to take a step back. "Believe me when I say that the title of Dragon rightfully belongs to Mr. Pathertrory." He worded cryptically.

"Whatever do you mean?" The man frowned.

"Nothing much, just the son of the dragon will be mightily impressed before dawn tomorrow."

Author's Note:

Firstly I would like to say. Bloody hell, Masters Of Business Administration is so freaking hard when you come from a total Science and Medical stream. At least the hours are pathetically short so I get time to study my ass off.

Now on to less ranting topics, I would like to express tons of gratitude and thanks to my current Beta, 'Stalker Of Stories' for all the hard work she's done correcting my horrendous punctuation and grammar mistakes for all current online chapters.

All previous chapters have been corrected and uploaded again. Also, thanks goes to EriKaBaDel who pointed out some plot mistakes that I made after having forgotten what I wrote in earlier chapters.

Stalker Of Stories, aka Kia Lewis, once again thanks for taking all the time to meticulously sift through my massively long chapters and finding all those tiny errors.

On another note, for those of you who read, thinking of reading or just plain curious, check out my new Evangelion Fanfic, 'Reality'.

Since we are on the topic, the new Evangelion, 'You Can (Not) Advance' movie is simply sweet as hell. An induced berserker Unit 02 and Unit 01 going all Godmode in the final battle had me drooling in the Cinema.

Anyway hope you enjoyed this latest chapter as I practically had to write it twice. I was making a backup after finishing half of it when I stupidly overwrote the original with the previous backup copy. Result was me smacking my head on the table multiple times and screaming in annoyance. Knowing the length of one of my chapters, it kind of explains the pain I was feeling. Three weeks wait this time instead of a two year one lol.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Chapter 10 – Nunquam Lamiae Morde 'Me Ictus'

Location Unknown

"Just what in the world are you doing?" Mary stood by watching her superior crawling on his knees.

"Searching." Was the only reply she got.

The girl huffed and conjured a chair to sit down on. She was long used to his style of dealing with things.

Harry smiled and continued to examine the grass before him.

After the usual gut scrambling travel, the Portkey had deposited the two Unspeakables on the outskirts of what looked like a completely uninhabited village.

Mary had voiced her disbelief on that front, when Harry questioned the lack of a welcoming committee, friendly or not. She had pointed out that they were sent to a lair and despite the silent treatment, there was definitely something hiding.

He had then pointed out, that while logical, the Elder Vampire could have just as easily decided to dump them in the middle of nowhere.

It was also definitely 'The Middle Of Nowhere' as Harry had said, both Unspeakables had been unable to divine their current location either by magic or the stars.

They were in a nut shell, lost, or more importantly, FUBARED.

This of course let to Harry deciding to walk into the village. That was until he had been blown back rather violently. While rather violent, the wards surrounding the village were indeed subtle. He had pointed out that anything nastier than what he had just encountered

usually had some sort of warning before they triggered.

Mary didn't buy it. Harry was probably just nursing his bruised ego at being thrown twenty feet backwards.

This of course led to their current situation.

"No. Really, what are you doing?" She moved closer and peered at the ground before him.

Harry had been inching closer towards the space where they both believed the ward line was located. She had somewhat figured that he was trying to find some sort of identifying mark.

"Praying." He answered sarcastically.

"You don't even know where we are, let alone the direction of the Kaaba." Mary pointed out as she held out a still spinning wand, courtesy of a confounded Point Me Charm.

Harry raised his eyebrow at that particular piece of trivia. "The giant black cube in Mecca?" He shrugged. 'Learn something new everyday.' He thought.

"Looking for where the 'Here' ends," He waved his hand indicating their location, "and the 'There' begins." He jabbed his other hand towards the silent village. "Of course, you're more than welcome to simply keep taking small steps forwards till you trigger the ward."

"And get blasted back like you?" She scoffed. "Not likely. You may be my superior Harry Potter, but I would consider that under reckless endangerment to one's teammate."

"It's only twenty feet." Harry mumbled as he warily inched another foot closer. He had no intention of being blasted so soon after the last time.

Mary giggle indicated she had heard him. "Well the ward definitely says we're in the right place."

"Indeed." Harry stood up and arched his back giving it a few pops that left Mary wincing. "Found it." He pointed out.

"Where?" Mary stared at the seemingly normal patch of grass.

"As lame as it sounds, the grass really is greener on one side of the fence." Harry chuckled.

Mary looked closer, and indeed there was a slight discoloration in the green.

"Remember Mary, wards are magic, and like all magic, if left in one place it affects its surroundings." Harry smugly started walking along the supposed ward line with his wand waving every so often.

"And you're now doing?" She followed at a leisurely pace.

"Searching." His simple one word answers were indeed annoying.

"Yes, I noticed. I have these things called 'eyes'. They see. What are you searching for?" She sarcastically snapped.

Harry smirked. His partner was irritated. "Like I said magic affects its surrounding. Thus, positions of concentrated magic have bigger effects. Positions, such as say, a patch of greener longer grass that looks like an animal left its droppings."

Mary stared at the small patch of grass that did indeed look like what her partner had mentioned. "So concentrated magic means?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "I was once told by a friend that Magical folk are rather illogical beings. Didn't believe it at first, now..." He

shrugged. "A magical person would have spent the better part of the day wand waving and incanting charm after charm to locate the ward line. This is before he then spends another identifying it and another breaking it."

"You of course have a more logical and faster idea?"

"Already did the finding part. Identifying? Not really needed for my method. As for breaking..." He lazily pointed his wand at the aforementioned patch. "Reducto."

Harry once again got blasted twenty feet away as his curse detonated upon the small innocent looking patch of tuff.

Mary howled in laughter after she saw him flip up in annoyance.

"Forgot about that." He muttered in annoyance. "Wards stones don't tend to be that heavily charged. Especially ones meant to stay hidden."

"Er... James." Mary used his middle name. "I think hidden stones are going to be the least of our worries."

"Well. I'll be fucked." Harry muttered wide eyed as he felt a heaviness settling down upon them. 'Transportation Wards.' He thought in annoyance.

He had been slightly wrong about the wards he had brought down. It wasn't just a simple security one. Apparently, he had brought down an illusionary one as well as setting off a massive trap.

What was once a large abandoned village was now a massive town complete with ancient castle in the middle.

Both Unspeakables' attention was however focused on the largest ever seen army of Inferi shambling towards them.

"Mary, grab my hand." He focused on an elevated position atop one of the roofs within the town. He made to Flash Step when a wave of dizziness interrupted him. "Well now that's just wrong." He complained as the wards obviously prevented that mode of transport as well.

"Wands out you reckon?" He deadpanned as he drew both holly Phoenix and Unicorn ivory wands.

"Ya think?" Mary was already firing off bone destroying and flame spells into the crowd.

"Retreat?" Mary suggested.

"Not taking my chances in the forest." Harry responded shuddering at what dangers might just inhabit a forest surrounding a village chocked full of undead.

"This feels like a bad 'B Grade' movie." Harry commented as he unleashed a wide area flame spell as more and more Inferi emerged from within homes and alleyways and advanced upon the two living Humans.

"Less talk more shoot!" Mary screamed as she started firing off the purple flame cutter that Harry was quite familiar with from his fifth year.

"Accendo, Ardeo Ardere Arsi, Cremo, Flamma, Inardesco." Harry let loose a torrent of flame and destruction as he recited every quick devastating flame spell he knew from memory. Yet despite all this, the wave after wave of Inferi were simply too many and were slowly moving towards and encircling them.

"This isn't working!" Mary shouted as she switched from the complicated flame cutter to the simple but power consuming flame

thrower.

Harry noticed it was still in vain as the fire, while indeed destroying the Inferi, was only affecting the frontlines. As such, the wall of burning corpses began to build and the ones behind started to advance using their fallen comrades as flame shields.

"Not good Mary! They have cover, blow it." The Wizard snarled as his Unicorn ward shorted out from the constant overload.

"Explodra!" Both had forgone silent casting as it didn't really matter any longer.

Harry turned away as Mary's explosive curse destroyed a small part of the flesh barricade allowing his flame curses to set the shielded zombies alight.

He drew his War Wand and now started firing explosive bursts of magic into the crowd. "Flame spells! I'll blow the cover. Just don't let them encircle us!"

"Too late!" The Witch screamed as her primary wand failed. "Where are your orbs?"

"Ran out! Used the last back with the Giants!" Harry gave a frustrated yell as both his current weapons failed as well. 'Bollocks.' He cursed as he was now down to four remaining wands. "How many wands!"

"Three left! I doubt they were made to take this much punishment!" The circle had shrunk to less than forty feet in radius. "If you have something special you better use it. My wands are smoking." Mary indicated as they were now back to back.

No longer were they able to pull off their earlier combination of explode and burn. Now they were fighting a losing battle as the wave

of dead moved in slowly inch by inch.

"Well fuck me sideways." Harry sighed. "Cover me." He stopped altogether and closed his eyes in concentration.

"What!" Mary screamed in panic as she now had a full circle to hold back. That was when she felt the raw amounts of magic building up beside her. "Holy Shit..." She trailed off. That was one aspect about the young Wizard that amazed her. Despite his lack of complicated spell knowledge he always had an abundance of power to spare. After all, an overcharged Reducto was the equivalent of an Explodra.

"Don't disturb me." Harry's whisper caught Mary's attention.

"Wah?" She turned for just a moment and nearly stepped back in shock.

She had first laid sight upon the emerald eyes of Harry Potter when he had revealed himself. At that time they were shining, a hint of the power he held within himself. Every once in a while they would sparkle when he was teasing or annoyed. Now, they were outright glowing as a small nimbus of light started to form around him.

Not really focusing on anything, Harry took in a deep breath and uttered four words of destruction.

"Ardeo."

The hairs on Mary's skin started to crawl from the barely repressed power.

"Ardere."

The horde of undead stilled as if awaiting judgment.

"Arsi."

The nimbus of power flared as both twin Basilisk fang wands in Harry's hands started glowing at their tip.

"Deflagratio."

Mary ducked as all hell broke loose the moment all that power was unleashed. A blaze so intense erupted from the ends of both wands as the caster swept his arms outwards as if in welcome.

Mary winced as she smelt the ozone coming off her hairs as they roasted from the intense heat.

She knew the curse her partner had unleashed, it had many names, The Dark Flame, The Cursed Fire, or as most knew it best, Fiendfyre.

The searing flames took no shape or form, they simply leapt upon the motionless zombies and disintegrated them.

In one single moment the tide of battle shifted.

Mary stood in amazement as the formless tongues of fires licked amongst the burning Inferi. Both slithering tongues of death had completely left their creator's wands and had now created a ring of immolation.

During this all Harry stood still, his face in complete concentration. All his focus was on the control of the deadly fire. A mistake would have unknown and deadly consequences.

Twisting and waving his wands as if conducting an orchestra, Harry directed the formless flames to begin spreading out into the town. Alleyways, homes and streets all burned as the cursed fires search out victims to continue fueling their unending appetite.

Corpses popped as their watery insides superheated.

Fat flowed as the bodies roasted.

Ozone permeated as hair and skin crumbled under the intense heat.

Bones turned to ash only to be swept up by the firestorm.

Mary gave a whistle.

It was deadly.

It was intense.

It was destructive.

It was pure uncontrolled beauty.

She damn well hoped Harry knew what he was doing. Watching fire surround you and burn was a thing of beauty, getting burnt wasn't.

Harry inhaled deeply as he brought the living flames under control, His mind and magic restricting its flow and desire to consume. He exhaled and with a final roar, the fires of destruction cease to exist.

"That, was hot" Mary indicated the now burning remains of what was once a massive Zombie army.

"I'm tired." Harry stumbled slight, coming off his power high.

"That was Fiendfyre." Mary stated as she supported her now weakened partner.

Harry stared at both his smoking wands in annoyance, overloaded. He had substituted power over control yet again. The flames had been relentless, constantly testing his control as they fought for

freedom. He had experimented with the Cursed Flame once before and it had nearly cost his life.

The fire had a thirst for magic. It was ravenous beast that could only be placated through might of will or bribed with magic.

"Yes Mary, it was." The cost on his reserves was extremely taxing.

"That was amazing." She commented in awe as she lowered him softly to the blistered grass.

"And suicidal." He huffed out as a wave of dizziness overcame him. "Never resort to it unless you have to. The only person I know capable of controlling it in such vast amounts is Voldemort."

Mary's eyes widened as they scanned the village for any remaining undead. "Well shit."

"Yeah." Harry closed his eyes hoping the spinning would cease. "Don't bother, Inferi have the nasty disposition of consuming their crippled comrades. What we had thrown at us were all there was."

"So what now?" Mary handed a flask of water to her companion.

"I need to rest for a moment and our wands need to recover. Yours are no doubt overstressed as well."

Mary snorted and pointed at the smoking remains. "I seriously doubt that Wands were made and designed with the intention to withstand constant high amounts of magical channeling."

Harry snorted. "That's what staffs are for, bigger really does mean better."

Mary chuckled as she dragged him to his feet. "If you can crack horrible jokes like that one, you're most definitely recovered."

The-Boy-Who-Lived rolled his eyes. He was certainly better, not great but better, besides, wherever the hell they were, it was getting dark and being caught outside at night was not the way to go.

He rather chance and assault castle full of blood suckers than fend them off when they decided to attack. His burst of magic and flames would not have gone unnoticed to both denizens of the castle and the forest that bordered the abandoned village.

"A short rest, we must make it to the castle by nightfall. I don't wish to spend a night within a small home waiting to be ambushed."

Mary nodded as she kept a watch on their surroundings.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Outlook

The Vampire stared out across the town below him, easily picking up the red flashes of fire and a black trail of smoke rising in the distance.

"I smell fire." A voice commented behind the man making him look over his shoulder at the newcomer. "Hot chocolate?" The other Vampire held up a steaming mug.

Valdosta gave a frown of slight disgust. "How you can stand that awful Human concoction I will never understand, Michal."

"Well some of us weren't born undead you know. Besides hot chocolate is practically ambrosia." Michal gave a grin, his fangs glinting from the reflected sunlight.

"And you were born undead, Michal, yet you still drink it."

"Meat and poison, we're all entitled to our own individual tastes." He

shrugged. "So what's burning?"

"Some fools triggered the trap again, too far to make out though. They normally try to sneak in." Valdosta said squinting to get a better look, the cover of black smoke was obscuring his enhanced vision. "Doubt we need to inform anyone. Idiots like those tend to die rather fast.

"Nothing of terrible importance then, I'll just reset the wards later." The second Vampire shrugged, took a sip of his chocolaty drink and set the other mug upon a ledge.

"So what brings you up here Michal, other than trying to convince me to partake in that vile substance you ingest?" Valdosta lost interest in the magical battle occurring.

Michal finished off his drink and reached for the other. "Heard that you locked up the Master's little Human pet."

The man growled in annoyance. "Little bitch tried to escape again, made it all the way down from the upper levels this time, almost got out the front door."

"You would too. The Master probably likes them young." Michal gave a dark chuckle. "Pity we can't harm her, too bad really. Virgin blood really hits the spot."

Both Vampires chuckled.

"Besides, what's the little bitch's story?"

Valdosta shrugged. "No idea. Was here way before I came, those that really knows are those that are allowed above beyond the fifth floor, in other words, the Steward himself."

"Ever seen the Master?" Gossip was still present in Vampire society

despite being undead blood suckers.

"Only once, his presence is..." Valdosta tried to find the right word. "Intense." He shuddered. "I can't imagine what he does. Only three people allowed up there to my knowledge, the Master, the Human pet and the Lord Steward."

"That one is old news. Those that go up tend not to come back down."

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town

Mary had to admit that she was slightly unnerved as the two of them moved across the town towards the massive wall of stone ahead. Like many old medieval castles, the one ahead of them had the standard defensive wall surrounding a massive castle. Mary really couldn't classify the thing she saw emerging from within the wall as a castle. It lacked the classical look, most castles she'd seen. It was definitely not Hogwarts.

Unlike the magical school, there was the absence of the high reaching towers that Hogwarts was famous for. Instead it stood as a single massive spike, jutting out approximately four hundred feet towards the heavens.

She supposed it must have been an engineering marvel back when it had been constructed. The Spire, as she had come to refer to the supposed lair of the Vampire Lord, fitted the position of a watch tower so much more than that of a castle or fortress. Then again, a lair did sound like a hideout located deep within the bowels of the earth.

She stared at The Spire in slight admiration. It was no doubt magical or at least required magic during its construction. Such construction just didn't seem possible all those years ago.

However what confused her was the town. It was definitely non magical and felt positively ancient. The buildings were mostly ruins, gone were the wooden doors and thatched roofs. The place had definitely been uninhabited for probably hundreds of years if the state of buildings were anything to go by.

Her partner's nudge caught her attention as he signaled towards a graveyard outside a church they were passing.

Mary's saw the slight irony in the fact that they were willingly visiting a graveyard in a town once full of undead. 'No one ever said curiosity killed a Human before.' She supposed as she silently followed.

"Well. The town's definitely old." The other Unspeakable waved his hands indicating the worn eroded gravestones.

Mary stared at the dates. The general theme was within the mid 1400's. "Inferi can last that long?" She voiced her curiosity.

"With preservation techniques and magic they could last forever as long as the magic holds." Harry shrugged. "The Egyptians were masters at it. Some of their Inferi date back 5000 years at least. That's probably the beauty of it all, a complete inexpensive method to guard something throughout the ages."

She grunted in distaste at the idea, the inexpensive method did require the corpses of Humans. Then again the Egyptians probably used the bodies of dead slaves for that sort of thing. It made her wonder if the Inferi they destroyed earlier had been the bodies of the town's people or were they victims, killed, reanimated and accumulated over the centuries.

She shuddered at the later thought as her partner tapped her on the shoulder.

"Remember how in movies the graveyard scene always has zombies bursting out from the ground." He smirked.

She gave him The Look. "Don't even joke about that."

Harry snorted. "Movies are nonsense. Five centuries would have rotted the pine coffin away and six feet of compressed earth would prevent anything from digging its way out from the ground."

"Let's just leave." Mary walked away from the church. She didn't like the idea of pushing Murphy's Law.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Steward's Office

"Lord Melchior." The Vampire looked up from the novel that he had been reading to see one of the few Vampires inhabiting the Lord's Lair.

The Vampire Lord mentally sighed in annoyance at the interruption. He had just gotten to somewhere good.

He gave a mental frown at the fledgling Vampire entering the threshold of his office despite the open door. They just didn't have the respect to wait outside to be invited anymore.

"Speak." The simple command was filled with hidden message, 'This had better be important'.

"My Lord our outer defenses have been breached." The Vampire's eye twitched.

"Get Valdosta to renew them. Leave me." The Lord returned to his book. The outer defenses were constantly being tested by foolish Hunters and Wizards trying to discover what lay beyond the initial

wards.

The Vampire gave another nervous twitch. "Sir."

The Lord glared at the interruption in annoyance. "What!"

The fledgling flinched. "The Inperi have been annihilated."

The Vampire's red eyes widened in surprise. His earlier annoyance now gone, he snapped the book shut and spun in his chair and approached the window overlooking the spot he had felt the earlier magical disturbance.

Sure enough a trail of black smoke could be seen rising on the outskirts of the town. Focusing, his vision amplified and zoomed in on the pile of burning corpses.

"Where are they now?" He demanded.

The younger blood sucker relaxed, the Steward seemingly no longer irritated, at least not at him. "By the main gate, they haven't been able to breach the wall. It seems they are a party of two. What are your orders?"

"The Master left orders not to be disturbed. Whether they come hostile or in peace, it matters not. Kill them. The Master only holds an audience once every ten years."

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Defensive Wall

"So now what?" Mary pointed out irritated as the two of them stared at the massive portcullis barring them entrance.

"Well we could always get a length of rope, a grappling hook and

start climbing, either that or a good Exploding Hex." He announced sarcastically as he stared at the parapets that made up the top of the wall.

"Someone is cranky today." Mary rolled her eyes. The wall most definitely had enchantments barring climbers and the gate was most likely shielded from mundane straight forward attacks.

"I get blown back a good twenty feet, get attacked by a massive shambling undead army, suffer magic exhaustion, I feel grimy, have the stench of rotting, decaying and burning flesh clogging my nose and finally I have to think how to gain entrance to this stupid fucking Lair. Yes, I am cranky." Harry snapped in annoyance glaring at the grills that dared hamper him from reaching his destination.

Mary jerked back in surprise at his vehement outburst. "Sorry." She had apparently never seen him such a fowl mood before.

He took a deep sigh and counted to ten. "Sorry there Mary. Not your fault. I'm just annoyed. Didn't mean to snap at you there."

The girl grinned. Her partner did loose his temper sometimes. "No offense taken. Just a bit surprised that's all. You just seemed like you always have everything planned and ready for whatever gets thrown at you." She pointed out.

"Yes, That's because I do plan ahead for just about any outcome that arises, that and I'm pretty experienced at winging it when the situation goes to hell. Having yearly run ins with someone out to get you sort of helps." He fired off a spell at the gates, only for it to bounce off and set a nearby shrub on fire.

"Magical folk tend to not really learn from their mistakes and will always use the same method over and over again. This on the other hand," He pointed at the gate, "Is new and thus annoying. I can already tell the thing is extremely warded and unless either one of us

can cast a perfect Killing Curse we are going to have to do this the hard way..." Harry trailed off a smirk gracing his lips.

Mary instantly recognized the look as one in which her partner had just discovered something new and interesting. "Which is?" Mary raised an eyebrow as she leaned forwards.

"Well seeing as I earlier said magical folk are a bit daft when it comes to certain things. I believe this would be an excellent example. Defodio." He pointed his wand at the no doubt thick stone wall and with a jerk caused a massive chunk of rock to come ripping out.

Mary ogled at the sight and smacked her hand to her forehead. "They didn't enchant the actual stones."

Harry smirked. "Plenty of wards, strengthening spells and repelling charms preventing anything from getting to the walls. Heck, plenty of spells on the wall as well. Too bad they didn't enchant each individual stone. Then again who would?" He shrugged as he yanked another large boulder out of the wall. "Well?" He gave his partner a stare.

"Oh, right." Mary drew her wand and proceeded to help.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Steward's Office

The two Vampires were startled as the entire Spire shook slightly from the resounding explosion coming from below them.

The Steward gave a questioning look.

"That would be the front door My Lord." The Vampire had been about to leave to carry out the orders when the explosion had occurred.

"They have breached the wall?" The Elder seemed almost shocked

at the speed that their defenses had been breached.

"From the sound..." His sentence was interrupted by another Vampire running into the office.

"We're under attack. The main doors have been breached my Lord." The newcomer announced.

"Alert the others and summon the ghouls. The Master must not be disturbed." The Elder hissed.

"YES SIR!" Both hastily ran out of the office.

The Lord stared at the book he had been reading. "Wasn't that interesting anyway." He mumbled as he lifted an ancient broadsword from a display stand across the office.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Main Entryway

"So, I guess it's going to be wands blazing for you and sneaking for me." Mary rolled her eyes as she tapped her wand over her head and activated the cloak's disillusionment ability.

"Yeah, I'm the bait, going to cause as much chaos as possible. I'll take right, you go left. All routes generally meet at the Throne Room and that's probably at the higher levels if magical buildings are anything to go by." Harry waved his wand over the woman applying a few more simple yet effective charms.

Mary recognized the silencing, notice me not and scent covering, there were a few more she didn't recognize, but heck if Harry's ability was anything to go by, they probably worked extremely well.

"Now go." Harry ordered as he spied two Vampires hurtling towards

them. "Reducto." The spell impacted on the corridor's stone walls showering the area in shrapnel.

One of the Vampires crumbled as a large piece of masonry smacked its head, the other further from the blast vaulted over it.

Harry dodged backwards avoiding the claw swipe and flashed stepped forwards in one fluid motion. Appearing behind the startled Vampire he drew his blade and swung around in one smooth turn. The blade bit into the left upper torso and the Vampire jerked. Harry's foot followed and rammed the Vampire forwards off his sword.

"Confringo." He followed through with the spell, blasting the assailant into bits of burning flesh. He grimaced, Vampire or not, he had taken a life yet again. Since Mary's encounter with the Killing Curse he had formed his resolve to always deal out deadly force. No matter what, dead was the ultimate method of removal.

Both Vampires, while fast, had been fairly young if their speed was anything to go by. It was a general statistic there were always few Elders a couple mid aged and tons of young fledglings. It was the mid aged and Elders that he had to watch out for.

His main advantage here was the Line-Of-Sight Apparation, he was slightly surprised that unlike the town, the Spire, as Mary kept calling it, wasn't warded. Then again the long thin angled corridors made that ability practically useless.

He absently fired a severing spell as he walked past the unconscious Vampire, liberating its head. He felt a slight pain in his chest at his action.

Harry once again wondered why all magical fortresses had long stone corridors. The Spire had definitely been heavily expanded on the inside he considered as he stalked past a suit of armor.

A slight cold shiver was his only warning as he dived forwards, a long clang of metal on stone indicated he had closely dodged a fatal hit. Harry spun around still crouched, sword and wand held at ready.

"Confringo." The hex, instead of exploding, merely dispersed upon contact.

'Magic resistant armor.' Harry identified as he backpedaled as the hulk of metal swung its poleaxe. 'That rules out animation.'

'Deprimo.' Harry silently unleashed a blast of wind, hurtling the steel clad individual into the wall.

Glad to have put some distance between him and the rather nasty poleaxe, Harry quickly aimed his wand at the wall. "Defodio, Waddiwasi." Using the earlier rock carving method, a large rock dislodged itself from the wall and flung itself into the advancing armor's head.

'Always attack the head.' Harry smirked as the faceplate deformed under the brutal strike and the knight collapsed backwards.

First thing Harry did was to levitate the crude bludgeoning tool and bring it down a few more times. Satisfied he nudged the badly dented helmet off.

Something was definitely wearing the armor. A magic resistant suit of armor just couldn't be enchanted. His left eye twitched at the gruesome sight. Despite his attempts to mash the things skull it was still intact. Harry snarled in disgust at the shriveled and dry face of what used to be a woman.

It was definitely a Ghoul. Not like the ones the Wizarding world were familiar with and kept as pets. Vampire Ghouls were as tenacious as Inferi, just smarter. They could wield weapons and were a lot faster. Thankfully they were extremely rare.

Ghouls were the result of a turning gone wrong. There was a one in a hundred chance of a victim going Inferi instead. Not the usual desired result in mind, but they did make excellent guardians. Coupled with magic resistant armor they were deadly.

Glancing at the armor he made note to smash/pummel all suits of armor on his way, regardless if they were occupied or not. He absently withdrew a small ampoule of blue liquid that he tossed casually over his shoulder. The containment shattered and the blue liquid rapidly evaporated.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Common Corridors

Mary considered herself extremely lucky as yet another group of Vampires rushed past the suit of armor she had taken cover behind.

Normally the chameleon like effects of the Disillusionment Charm wouldn't have protected her from a Vampire's superior vision. However the sounds of explosions from where she had left were no doubt occupying all the Vampires attention.

Twice already the castle had provided for her suit of armor to duck behind as a group ran by cursing. Mary emerged from her hiding place and made sure to stay away from any windows. The sunlight still filtering in played havoc with the charm and left multiple distortions in her image.

She had already made it up two levels with ease. Navigating the fortress hadn't been hard. As it was originally circular on the outside, the insides were similar as well. The main entrance split into two corridors that curved constantly within the tower before meeting with stairs to the next level.

She assumed the design was made not so much to confuse an attacker but to instead make them take a long route of spiraling corridors to make it to the next level.

Along the way she had passed by numerous rooms but held off entering them. She wasn't going to risk walking into an occupied one. Besides, Harry had told her to make it to the Throne Room, and she somehow entertained the thought that despite the defenders he would no doubt arrive before her.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Common Corridors

Harry rolled his eyes as he lazily sent a massive fireball, courtesy of the flamethrower spell down the length of the corridor. Like every other being composed of flesh, fire was a major threat. As such the small confined corridor was perfect for creating a massive wall of flames.

He heard the distinct sound of glass shattering and assumed a Vampire had thrown itself out the window then risk conflagration. As he advanced upon the burning bodies he noticed an open door and a badly singed Vampire in the room.

The thing was moaning in pain, Harry ignored it and spelled the door shut and layered multiple locking charms on it.

The armors hadn't given him any more trouble as the earlier Ghoul inhabited one did. He still didn't hesitate to smash every one he came upon.

He knew it wasn't right, but he was sorely disappointed with the lack of quality Vampires. So far he had only encountered non magical grunts that were most definitely cannon fodder. He supposed it was logical after all. Not many Vampires were magical as Muggles were

easier to prey upon, and the magical ones usually lived longer, thus were further up. Magic was a benefit in keeping one alive after all.

He had yet to encounter a Vampire that could defend against the 'narrow corridor of flames' tactic. Sure he had encountered a few Vampires with wands, but they mostly relied on their superior reflexes to retreat, too bad magical fire advanced faster than one trying to backpedal.

He sighed as a door smashed open as he passed, a small ambush party waiting within the room. 'Deprimo, Deflagratio.' The sudden blast of wind took them by surprise and prevented their exit. The flamethrower followed and the screams of being burnt alive, gave a slight amount of pain in his chest.

'The next ambush I blast them back and lock them in.' He mentally amended as he reached corridor's end and entered the room after flaming it.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Stairway

Mary discretely snuck into the room, silently closing the heavy wooden doors behind her. She stuck to the walls in case a large group of Vampires decided to come down the stairs.

Like before, she hesitated on using the stairs. Focusing, she tried to discern if there was anyone approaching the stairwell, it wouldn't do to be bowled over when someone came rushing down.

Unlike her partner, she doubted she had a chance against a true undead in close quarters combat. She had barely decided to proceed, when a massive wave of searing hot flames poured into the room from the adjacent door.

She reacted instinctively, her wand held before her as a shield. She immediately felt the massive drain on her magical reserves as a brilliant shield covered and protected her from the magical fire.

"Mary?" The surprised voice of her partner called out.

She snarled in annoyance and deactivated the shield. "Ever heard of friendly fire?"

"You're not very friendly at the moment." He joked as he leveled one wand at the stairs and another at the door he just entered from.

"Well, you don't just go flaming every room you're about to enter. I could be in it." She conjured up two massive boulders and barricaded both doors as she fired locking and strengthening charms.

"I expected you'd be way ahead of me seeing as I'm the bait." He raised an eyebrow at her actions.

"I'm sneaking, something you seem to lack the ability to do. Instead of barreling down the corridors, I have to slowly avoid getting caught."

Harry shrugged. "I got rid of most of the Vampires guarding the hallways for you. Just what are you doing!?" He indicated the heavily fortified exit.

"Preventing the Vampires from ambushing us, I heard a couple who ran past me saying they were going to double back and form an attack."

"Did they now?" Harry smirked as he played with a blue test tube.

Mary instantly recognized the look he had. It was the look of someone who just discovered that everything was going according to plan. "You planned on being ambushed?"

"Hey it was a lair. I expected long, narrow passageways deep beneath the earth, this seems pretty close." He shrugged. "They're Vampires, they shouldn't be so easily caught."

"What's it do?" Mary just accepted that he really did plan for just about anything to occur.

"This, my dear is a rather volatile potion I read about a while back. Not so much a potion but the result of a mistake. The book stated that adding one ingredient before the other results in a highly sublime solid." Harry waved the tube about.

"I take it the vapors are dangerous." Mary motioned for him to proceed up the stairs first.

"Not really." Harry informed. "They're actually extremely inert," He saw Mary's look of disbelief and amended his statement, "Inert til a particular amount of time passes."

"And then boom." Mary dead panned, already guessing the most likely effect her partner usually went for.

"Er... whoosh actually."

"Whoosh?" They reached the room above and Mary made for the left corridor.

"Whoosh." Harry confirmed as he left through the right door.

She frowned at his back trying to figure out what made a whooshing sound.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Common Corridors

Michal led the group of Vampires around the bend. He was in the oldest of the group and thus decided to be at the front. Unlike the others who were mere fledglings, he was a good century into his undead life.

Being born a Vampire also helped as he was more naturally used to recognizing and using his powers. As such he had easily picked up the smell of smoke, not that the dead burning bodies weren't a hint. He was in the front so that if anything were to occur his early warning would probably save most of his ambush team from a fiery death.

His ears twitched as banging and screaming came from a door further up the hallway. He jerked his arm as intent based magic was invoked. Natural born magical Vampires didn't require the use of wands like their turned counterparts and were thus capable of much greater feats of intent based magic. It was practically a natural talent.

"Follow me." He ordered as he swept past the doorway moving at superior speeds than his follow group members. The older a Vampire, the faster and deadlier they became.

He paused allowing the rest to catch up. His red trench coat fluttered as wind blew in from a shattered window ahead. Air wasn't a necessity and being born undead he seldom partook in breathing, unless he was hunting. He heard it was an act that the turned refused to give up on.

He took a deep breath tasting the air. The main scent was that of smoke and roasted flesh, the second was blood followed by the smell of rot coming through the window. He never got further, when his sensitive olfactory organs detected an almost faint tint in the air.

He frowned, it wasn't normal, the scent was practically non existent and he doubted any Vampire younger than him would have detected it.

He took another sniff of the air. It was unmistakable, there was a different and unique smell. He held out his arm, halting the members who came around the bend. A few more sniffs and steps brought him to a pile of smoldering Vampire remains. His eyes narrowed at the shatter pieces of glass on the stone floor.

There had been no broken windows nearby and a piece of broken fragments looked like the bottom of a test tube. His eyes narrowed, the scent was definitely coming from the stuff.

The wind shifted, the hairs on his forearms detecting the sudden change of air currents. The air was moving faster, this usually happened when flames were consuming much needed oxygen. However the air flow wasn't in the direction they were headed, it was opposite. His ears twitched as a faint whooshing sound could be heard.

He turned and his vision zoomed in further up the corridor. Small pieces of glass upon the floor reflected the sun's dying rays. The window was intact. He turned and spied similar pieces before his team.

His eyes widened in realization and fear.

"AMBUSH!!! OUT THE WINDOWS!!!" He roared and flung himself out the nearest exit.

He winced as the panes of glass cut into his exposed skin, his advanced healing already healing the flesh wounds. He spun in mid air in preparation to land and to get a look at the building he had just vacated.

His faster teammates had responded and followed his example of diving out the nearest window.

His eyes widened at the sight he received from the lower windows. A great fireball could be seen traveling across the lower floors upwards. Every so often a small fireball could be seen bursting out from a shattered window.

He growled as the fire caught up to his previous location, the small ball of flame consuming the Vampire making to leap out and the rest of the team remaining.

His feet hit the dirt of the courtyard as his remaining team landed around him. He side stepped the screaming body that smashed headfirst into the ground where he stood.

"Fuck." He summarized as half his team had been immolated and the rest having to make the long journey up five levels.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Forbidden Corridors' Entrance

Harry paused in his advance as he came upon a single Vampire awaiting him at the corridor's end.

"Halt." The figure calmly announced.

Harry arched an eyebrow and responded appropriately. "Deflagratio." The overcharged flamethrower spell unleashed a massive wave of scorching white flames down the path.

Harry's view was immediately obscured by the fire and was thus caught by surprise when a distortion in the air sliced into his shoulder. He grimaced in pain and was forced to duck another that flew past his head.

His eyes widened as his flames that were traveling down the corridor

suddenly seemed to be advancing upon himself instead.

"Oh fuck. Deprimo." He fired a blast of wind to hamper the flames advance.

Quick thinking saved him a fiery death like his earlier victims as he blasted down a nearby door and flung himself into it. Ending with a roll he jumped to his feet and blasted another wave of wind at the doorway.

The wind prevented the flames from entering and roasting him as the traveled further down the hallway.

Harry looked about the room. It was large and empty like many of the others that he had passed on the lower levels. It was excellent for dueling or simply storing unneeded stuff. He actually did wonder why someone would go to the trouble of expanding all the rooms in the place to the size of a small family home. 'Space is no matter to magical folk.' He mentally realized. After all, who wouldn't want massive rooms if space cost nothing but a bit of magic?

'Voco Calo Ignigena' Harry waved his wand to his right and conjured up a large magical fire. The red flames rose to his height and constantly sent out small sparks and embers.

His attention however wasn't on the flames, the earlier Vampire had just walked into the room as calmly as he had been standing in the hallway.

"Firing a great ball of flame is not the way one normally introduces himself." The man spoke as if lecturing a small child, which Harry supposed he was if age was taken into account. The Vampire was no doubt an extremely powerful mage when he was alive or a rather aged Vampire. The turning process played havoc on ones living magic and made it weaker than it was in life.

"Neither is trying to decapitate them." Harry replied his sword pointed downwards in anticipation.

"Touché." The man smirked showing off his pearly white fangs. "My names Valdosta, may I enquire as to the name of my opponent?"

"You may." Harry slowly stepped to the right as both began circling one another.

A moment of silence passed as the Vampire approached and glanced at the angry flames. He smiled as he caught Harry's taunt. "And what is your name then?"

"I didn't say I would answer now did I?" Harry smirked despite knowing it probably wouldn't be seen.

The Vampire however did pick up on the emotion. "Rather rude aren't you..." Further conversation was interrupted as the flames gave small flare of red sparks.

"Shit." The Vampire jumped back startled as a gaping maw snapped out from the fire aiming at his legs.

The undead moved by cautiously as the hissing announced the emergence of a Salamander from the flames.

Harry smiled the creature was similar to a large monitor lizard provided one managed to ignore the glowing red scales and small tendrils of flames whispering off between its joints.

"You like?" Harry questioned waving his wand and creating another similar flame.

"Die!" Valdosta hissed as a distortion in the air signified an incoming attack. Harry ducked to his right and smirked as the Vampire was forced to dodge when the Salamander lunged for him and fired off a

shower of embers.

Harry was slightly disappointed with the young fire lizards. The ones he had seen were had been able to literally breath flames. At least they still had teeth. 'Oppugno.' He commanded the two emerging summons to attack the Vampire.

Valdosta hissed in annoyance and waved his arm effectively splitting one of his attackers into two. The lizard gave a moan of pain before exploding in embers. Seeing their brethren's demise only spurred the other two one to attack harder.

However against a Vampire's speed they were merely an annoyance. Harry knew that and instead of making more left the two fires to continue spawning allies.

Harry rolled out of the way of several spells as the Vampire relied on his speed to remain out of the lizard's jaws. Harry mentally congratulated himself on the idea of a constant ally spawning source as another two Salamanders prevented the Vampire from approaching.

He returned fire with a small barrage of slashing and severing spells. The Vampire easily dodged the relatively slow spell and instead of retaliating, chose to kill off the two attacking summons. Valdosta snarled when he realized that in the time it took to kill off the two and evade the spells another four had spawned from the flames.

Harry smirked, continuing his barrage but stayed back and ready, he wanted to see how this turned out. Waving his wand he unleashed a small fireball at the Vampire.

To his surprise, Valdosta leaped upwards and defying the laws of gravity, walked upon the ceiling.

"Enough!" Valdosta announced annoyed and now out of the reach of

attackers. He clapped his hands together and the fires died out.

Harry frowned as his summons moaned as their energy left them and they crumbled into chunks of burnt rock, their fires extinguished.

'Otheo Shatteria.' Harry was surprised when the Vampire's hands glowed white and he simply deflected the bone shattering curse with a swipe.

Valdosta's red eyes burned with annoyance as he flung himself off the ceiling and at Harry. Eyes widening Harry twirled his cloak and flashed to the opposite side of the room.

Valdosta snarled. "We could play this all day mortal. I'm too fast for your spells and you don't seem to want to say still for melee combat."

"Are you now?" Harry smirked and tapped the wall behind him with a wand. "Otheo Shatteria."

Valdosta easily swatted the bone shattering curse but was surprised when it deflected off the wall at an angle and continued flying throughout the room.

"I can shield while you have to block." Harry announced as he began firing off a multitude of spells with one wand and deflecting with the other while keeping to a corner of the room.

Valdosta was wide eyed as his superior vision calculated the increasing number of spell hurtling around the room. His arms were moving at a blinding pace as he deflected the jets of lights. He too had taken shelter at the opposite corner.

"Bye bye now." Harry waved and flashed stepped out the doorway. He conjured a door and flashed to the door that Valdosta had been guarding earlier.

He was amazed when the sound of splintering wood behind him announced the Vampire's return.

Valdosta had escaped managed to dodge most of the spells and had used his brute strength to barrel through the door. The tears and blood on his suit indicated he had not done so unscathed.

The Vampire growled in fury his red eyes gleaming in the setting sunlight. "I'll have your hide for this."

"Really? I suggest you run." Harry wrenched a massive boulder out of the wall and flung it down the hallway.

Valdosta made for another room to avoid getting smash. "Avada Kedavra." The Vampire jerked back as the green Killing Curse flashed by, prevent him from entering.

"Avada Kedavra, Avada Kedavra, Avada Kedavra, Avada Kedavra." The multiple curses prevented him from entering a room or retreating down the bend in the hallway.

Valdosta's eyes widened in fear as the boulder advanced. He cursed and took the only option left. "Curse you!" He screamed as he threw himself out the window, narrowly avoiding being smashed as the boulder rammed into the wall.

Harry snorted at the Vampire falling for the fake Killing Curse barrage. No one, not even Voldemort had the power to constantly fire successful Killing Curses. The Elder he had faced had been much more of a challenge.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Common Corridors

Mary paused in her sneaking and tilted her head in surprise. She

could just pick up the sounds of screaming and banging ahead of her.

Mary approached, picking up her pace, displaying less caution than she had been earlier. If anything, it was not normal Vampire behavior to cause as much noise during an invasion of their lair. Vampires appreciated silence where they could utilize their superior hearing to its maximum potential.

Mary ridiculously entertained the idea that her maniac partner had somehow overtaken her, doubled back down her corridor and locked some non magical Vampires in a room. Mary snorted, the chances he would waste his time on something like that was just ludicrous.

"- Out of this room you stupid blood sucking fucks."

Mary caught the tail end of a screaming rant as she got closer. The woman smirked at some of the more colorful phrases she decided to incorporate into her future repertoire of words.

"Arrrghh!" A sharp crash and wood splintering followed the scream of rage.

The voice was definitely female if the high pitch was anything to go by.

"Let me out! You fucking blood bags can't keep me locked up forever!"

The Witch shrugged, the girl didn't seem to like the Vampires very much and the old saying usually held true, 'Enemy of my enemy, is a friend of mine'.

She waved her wand slashed her wand at the door unleashing a burst of intent based magic. Mary choked out a gasp as the magic left her feeling much more drained than usual. The door had been

warded pretty heavily.

The person inside must have noticed the situation as the banging instantly cut off followed by a click.

Mary warily backed up as the door slowly swung open of its own accord.

A head stuck out through the crack and tilted in Mary's direction. Blue eyes blinked and an eyebrow rose.

"I can see you pretty clearly as you're standing in the worse spot possible for a Disillusionment Charm." The female had a pleasant lilting voice that immediately made Mary jealous.

"Crap." Mary voiced as she realized the sun was in the process of setting and the glaring vermillion rays easily gave away her position. She did however take comfort that it would only last for another fifteen or so minutes before darkness claimed the fortress and at least she now had a potential ally.

"You aren't a Vampire." The girls stated the obvious.

Mary cancelled the Disillusionment Charm as she inspected the girl who had emerged fully from the room.

Her straight raven locks flowed down her shoulders, stopping at her waist, the white streaks brightly reflected in the dying sun. Mary estimated the girl was around five feet tall, and around sixteen years of age, Mary couldn't really be sure as she had the whole gothic Lolita look going for her. The female had a rather thin yet strong facial structure and peculiarly arched nostrils with a high bridged nose.

Looking downwards she refrained from rolling her eyes at the weird neo gothic style that Vampire aristocracy seemed to favor. The girl was dressed in a frilly dark red dress coupled with an assortment of

dark green ribbons and was finished off with a black corset and choker. Mary assumed the numerous buckles on the corset were rather for design than restriction. She had a few rips on some of the lace work, probably caused during her capture.

"Are you checking me out?" The girl she rescued seemed almost amused.

"Your fashion is rather unique." Mary commented as she noted the girl's lack of extended canines and relaxed a bit more. She still turned her head up and down the corridor incase someone was approaching silently.

The female snorted and rolled her eyes. "Stupid Vampires and their fashion traditions, I would much prefer jeans but one can't be choosy from such a limited wardrobe in my current conditions."

"Who are you and why are you locked up?" Mary asked the question that seemed most important.

"Me? I'm Lucy Murray, been here all my life. Been trying to escape for the last few years, but I keep getting caught. Managed to get up to the front doors this time, would have made it out if some idiot hadn't set off the alarms for breaching the wards." She glared at Mary at this point in annoyance.

"Er... Sorry, I guess." Mary shrugged seemingly unconcerned at the girls failed escape. "I'm Mary Sue."

Lucy arched an eyebrow at the name. "Really, well shit, your parent really hated you. On that note, why can't I see your face?"

Mary coughed. "Yes, I am a Mary Sue and I'm an Unspeakable here to meet with whoever owns this Lair."

The raven haired girl snorted. "Unspeakable eh, well good luck with

that, I'm out of here." She started to head in the opposite direction unconcerned as she gave a backwards wave.

"Wait!" Mary halted the girl.

Lucy stopped but refused to turn. "Yes? You already ruined an escape, I should be making the best of the current situation and use your assault and the chaos to escape this den of blood sucking lowlifes."

"Yeah... about that, I doubt you could." Mary pointed out the window she was standing before.

Lucy glanced out the window nearest to her and started to curse in a foreign language. When she was done, she took a deep breath and glared at Mary. "The Vampires are gathered in the courtyard."

"My partner was rather creative in his traps." Mary informed.

The escapee seemed to be thinking things over as she crossed her arms and perched a hand beneath her chin. "Fine." She huffed. "Might as well accompany you then, makes no difference to me now, might as well save the Vampires the trouble of them dragging me back up. At least with you I just might get out of here."

Mary smiled. "That's the way." Mary patted her on the back. "We woman have to stick together." She joked.

Lucy snorted. "Optimists." She mumbled making sure the other girl heard her. The new girl kicked down a nearby armor and requisitioned its warhammer and short sword. She gave a few experimental swings and nodded in affirmation at her new weapons.

Mary raised an eyebrow but held back her comment. "Would you like a wand? I have a spare that might work." Mary offered.

The girl stared disdainfully at the stick in Mary's grip. "I'm not a Witch and I rather prefer a weapon that would actually work for me if a bloodsucker decided to indulge itself on myself."

"Suit yourself." Mary assumed the girl might have something against magic if she had been held captive by magical creatures for as long as she claimed.

"Excellent, now disillusion us both and we can see to getting you to the throne room."

Mary tapped the wand on Lucy's head. The girl seemed to accept magic being used on her but seemed to have something against Mary wielding a wand. 'Weird.' Mary thought.

"Good." Lucy complimented and both proceeded up the tower, pausing for Lucy, who had decided to sidestep and slam a lone Vampire in the temple with her hammer as she swept by.

A further decapitation by sword left Mary slightly pale at the ruthlessness displayed by the teenage female.

"Fucking lowborn shits." The girl had commented as she grabbed a fistful of the Vampire's clothes and wiped off the blood staining her sword before calmly continued on.

'Why do I always get the screwed up teenagers?' Mary thought as she avoided stepping on the pool of blood from the cooling corpse.

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Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Courtyard

Valdosta's eyebrow twitched in pain as the shock of slamming into the ground after a six story dive out the window set in.

The elite Vampire forced his body upright despite the pain shooting up his knees. The Vampire's healing ability was already repairing the torn muscles and cracked bones.

Valdosta's eyes narrowed at the small group of Vampires gathered around the entryway into the fortress.

"Who's in charge here?" He snapped off the question as he stalked towards them.

"Valdosta?" The familiar voice of Michal called out from within the crowd. "Hah! I see he got you as well."

"Cheap Wizarding tricks." Valdosta growled at his wounded pride. "Why are you here Michal? You were supposed to ambush the intruders."

Michal shrugged. "Got ambushed instead, whoever it was left us... presents. My whole team was damn near destroyed via booby traps. Besides we wouldn't have made it to him in time after we had been forcibly vacated. Seeing as you're here he's probably entered the forbidden sectors."

Valdosta gnashed his teeth. "Yes. Pursuit is no longer an option."

Michal shrugged. "Guess we wait outside then, in case they try to exit. I suppose it's up to Lord Melchior and the fortress's defenses now."

Valdosta snorted. "I suppose we wait then."

Michal smirked and held out a mug. "Chocolate?"

Valdosta growled in annoyance as he shot his friend a baleful glare.

Author's Note:

Anyway here's the next chapter. I apologize for it ending a bit suddenly. I originally wanted to finish the entire mission in one chapter like I always do. However, when I sat down and typed this particular excursion up, I just kept going.

The result was a chapter spanning 17000 words and I wasn't even finished yet. As such in keeping with my usual chapter length of around 10000 words as well as my now quite usual update of 3 weeks, I decided to chop the chapter into two parts.

Seeing as I still haven't finished the whole Vampire thing yet, I decided it was best to simply go with posting the update rather than making you all wait another three weeks before I update a massive chunk that would probably stall some slower net users.

On another note, bloody Blizzard announced that Starcraft 2 has been yet again postponed till 2010. I mean WTF? They announced it's released all the way back in 2005 and said it was coming out in 2006. I upgraded my computer and guess what? It got delayed. So basically, they're 4 years behind scheduled release.

I just hope that it lives up to everybody's expectation as 5 years is a really freaking long wait. Not to mention that I already paid for my preordered copy. Having a preorder option just got my hopes up that it really was going to be released soon.

On that note they are releasing each campaign as its own individual game. Thus you have to actually buy the Terran, Zerg and Protoss campaign. How bull is that? The game better deliver or I'm seriously considering boycotting Blizzard games, maybe except for Warcraft 4 (when it does eventually come out in 2015 or so).

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Chapter 11 – Got A Light I Could Borrow?

Pre-chapter Note:

Yeah I'm being generous, decided to up my writing speed and decided to update this chapter way ahead of schedule.

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Obsidian Room

Harry strolled into the room and gave a whistle. He had definitely made it to a new part within the fortress. It was pretty obvious as the stone masonry had immediately been replaced by smooth obsidian rock. If it wasn't for the knowledge of magic, Harry would have assumed the entire room had been carved out of a massive obsidian block.

He looked around the room that was lit by four red flamed torches, each at a corner held up by massive life sized Troll statues. He had forgone his usual method of flaming the room before entering. If there had been anyone inside already, they would have assisted the Vampire during the battle beforehand.

Despite his disappointment at the resistance shown so far, he was slightly glad that the fortress itself was rather isolated. As such there probably wasn't a great need for guards. Had the place been defended like any other fortress, both he and Mary wouldn't have been able to have assaulted the place alone. Then again, Vampires always did believe too much in their supposed superior powers.

Harry frowned. Apart from the four Troll statues and the torches, the room was completely bare. If he hadn't known that there were other levels above the current one, he might have simply seen the room as a rather magnificent dead end.

"Open sesame?" Harry called out lamely. Silence followed and he was glad that no one had been around to laugh at his lame attempt at

figuring out the entrance. He shrugged, it was worth a try.

His thoughts on attempting an intent based method were interrupted by a cacophony of sounds coming from beyond the door adjacent to his.

He raised an eyebrow. Mary really did know how to piss Vampires off if she had managed to get them to give up their normal silent stalking habits.

"Move it, the door, just get into the room!"

"Easy for you to say, I'm the one holding them back! Flamma!"

Harry's eyebrow rose at the unfamiliar female voice. One he definitely knew was Mary, the other had him rolling his eyes. What were the chances that she managed to pick up a stray companion at a remote Vampire lair. 'Part of the Mary Sue curse.' He thought.

A body impacted the door and someone could be heard fumbling with the lock. "Who the fuck locks the doors around here?! You're a witch, open this damn thing!" The unfamiliar voice screamed.

"I'm kind of trying to stop us from getting killed here!" Mary screamed over the cacophony of spell fire.

A wave of his wand and some intent based magic disabled the warding scheme and protections. The lock gave a click just as Mary's voice could be heard screaming.

"Holy Shit!" The other person cried as the door was thrown open and two bodies flew into the center of the room. Harry wisely side stepped in anticipation.

His attention was turned from the bodies by the sound of the door slamming into the wall. Apparently the force was strong enough that

it allowed the door to swing close. A click of the lock was heard, followed by multiple voices and pounding on the other side.

Harry mentally snorted at the convenience of not having to spell the door shut as it seemed to have its own safe guards.

"Found someone?" Harry intoned blandly as he looked on in amusement at the tangle of limbs and lace as he silenced the noise coming from the door.

Immediately when he spoke, the figure in black flipped away from his partner and fell into a defensive stance, her back to the wall. Harry's fingers twitched slightly in anticipation as he analyzed the sword and hammer combination.

"Nice dress." He commented as he focused on the red gem and runes inscribed upon her silver crucifix attached to her choker. "The crucifix seems a bit out of place, this being a den of Vampires."

"All the more reason to have one." The girl hadn't lowered her guard. Harry kept her in his peripheral vision as he watched Mary shake her head.

"You do know that holy objects do jack all to the undead right?" He waved his wand at his partner. The new girl ignored his comment

"James? That you? Urgh... my head. Blasted Vampire threw me into the door." Mary groaned as she sat up.

"Who's your friend?" Harry gestured once he had the attention of the slightly dazed female.

"I'm right here you know." The newcomer snapped in annoyance as she lowered her weapons.

"Then please introduce yourself. I'm James Pathertrory, and my

rather clumsy partner Miss Mary Sue." Harry introduced as he helped Mary to her feet.

"Shit, you mean she really is a Mary Sue?" The teenage female said in surprise. She had taken it earlier as a joke or an alias thought up on the spot.

"Surviving a Killing Curse pretty much proves it."

Harry snorted at Mary's bad joke. "Your name, Miss..."

"Murray, Lucy Murray." The gothic Lolita gave an attempted curtsy and frowned at the rip in her skirt.

"How interesting that someone like you would be found in a fortress full of blood sucking predators." Harry commented.

"Found her locked up in one of the rooms, she had been trying to escape again. Apparently, she's been here since her earliest memory." Mary supplied.

"I see." Harry shrugged and turned towards one of the statues. "Loath as I am to admit it, I'm stuck. Any ideas on how to move upwards, Miss Murray?"

"Blood." Harry stared at the shorter female who had her back to him. "You need to shed blood on to the floor." Lucy said as she studied the carving details of a statue.

"The statue told you that?" Harry snorted wondering why the girl was inspecting the stonework.

"The statue tells me that it's made from plaster and lousy quality if the grain is any indication. As for the blood, Lord Steward Melchior is required to shed some blood whenever he drags me back kicking from a failed escape." Lucy turned around and smirked.

"How Vampire like." Mary rolled her eyes.

"Indeed." Harry agreed. "Diffindo."

Mary yelped and winced as a small cut on her forearm opened up.
"You jackass." She glared.

"Hey," Harry held up his hands in peace, "My blood is rather problematic so I decided on yours."

"There's this thing called permission you know." Mary pointed out sarcastically.

"If I did, you'll only be anticipating the pain and twitching more." Harry reasoned.

"You two married or something?" Lucy cut in.

"NO!", "No." Mary screamed while Harry gave a monotonous answer.

A drop of blood dripped and landed on the floor.

Harry snapped his eyes shut as the room suddenly flared in magic. He hurriedly turned off his glasses' Mage Sight as the blood seemed to have activated a rather complex ritual circle throughout the room. Multiple lines and runes could be seen appearing on the room's surfaces. Harry was slightly fascinated by the lavender glow and complexity of the design. He would have immediately panicked had he not vaguely recognized a few runes as safety and transportation based. He had been involved in a few too many rituals for them to be a good experience.

"Oh, oops."

Harry mentally groaned, that was the sound he least wanted to hear.

"Er... I think only the Steward's blood works, because this is not the normal reaction I'm used to." She had just finished the sentence when the ritual circle powered down, the inscriptions vanishing.

The group tensed as a low growling sound could be heard echoing in the room.

"Where the hell is that sound coming from?" Mary leaned back to back with the other two.

"More like how." Harry was staring in slight horror at the Troll statue before him.

"Oh shit." Lucy deadpanned as she too seemed fixated on the statue opposite her.

The-Boy-Who-Lived waved his wand unleashing a blast of magic throughout the room. His two companions jerked slightly as the fairly sized ritual room expanded drastically into a hall. "This just might get a little bit ugly. Explodra." His curse detonated the statue with a squelching sound as plaster and something else was dispersed.

"One down." Harry was already on the move before the two females knew what had happened. "Maybe not." Harry amended seeing something the others hadn't.

"Shit, they're alive!" Mary identified the unknown substance as rotting flesh as she too abandoned her spot for mobility. Back to back fighting was not suitable for things such as undead trolls.

The remaining three statues roared as they burst from their confines. Fully armored mountain Trolls emerged from the dust, their spiked maces dragging along the ground.

The one Harry had blasted was simply missing its arm. The curse

had been hurriedly executed and lacked its usual power, the armor and size of the Troll had prevented further damage when the spell detonated the plaster.

"Magic resistant armor." Harry informed the girls as his spells dissipated as he held the attention of two of the undead.

"Fuck!" Mary cursed in frustration as she unleashed a blast of wind that merely caused the massive Troll to pause in its advance.

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Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Obsidian Room

Harry winced as a piece of flying stone chip bit into his cheek. The spiked mace had narrowly missed as his second opponent flanked him.

He banished a chunk of rock at the monstrosity but it failed to affect the beast. Harry cursed, Undead Trolls were hell of a lot harder than Inferi or Ghouls wearing armor. The Trolls were a lot faster and weren't as easily damaged or blown over like the ghouls infested armors had been. That, and there was something that was impeding his Flash Steps. Before he had entered the room, the ability was still available, but now it seemed to have been warded against within the upper levels of the fortress.

He jumped aside nimbly as the steel weapon swept by. Harry grinned, magic may not work, but that didn't mean he was out of options. Trolls, he stereotyped, were idiots. That meant that he had a plan.

Dodging again he positioned himself in a classic 'what not to do when fighting two opponents' position. Both Troll were before and behind him.

"Come on you reanimated retards." He muttered as he jumped over

the sweeping blow and ducked under another.

Both Trolls, despite being undead, roared in fury and lunged, their spiked weapons going for a pulverizing blow.

"Deprimo." Harry pointed his wand downwards, the blast of air rocketed him upwards, away from the two simultaneous blows.

If they could, both Trolls would have screamed in horror as their dedicated swings overextended and slammed into each other's ribs.

The nasty crunch of bone and metal crumpling could be heard clearly as both Trolls stumbled backwards at the crippling blow.

"Explodra." Harry exploited the gaping hole left from the friendly fire strike. The spell contacted unarmored flesh and detonated. The sound of a firecracker within a can of soup echoed in the room as the Troll was shredded from within the confines of its armor.

The steel plating had only confined the blast and made the injury all the more devastating. With a low growl the wounded Troll slouched over forwards. Its head smacking the floor, its body hunched over in death, the undead body damaged beyond the limits of what it could sustain.

'Bull's eye on the heart.' Harry thought as he dashed towards the second Troll that was recovering. "Explodra." To his surprise the Inferius had placed an armored hand over the exposed portion of the armor.

"You got to be joking." Harry slouched as he aborted his advance and started backpedaling. 'They're fucking Ghouls. What Fucked up Vampire drinks Trolls' blood?'

The Troll had repaired the damaged torso section by crushing the chest plate. The hole was still there, just smaller now. Recovered, the

Undead gave a roar and with renewed vigor, charged.

The Unspeakable dived out at the last moment and narrowly avoided the follow up mace strike that smashed into the floor. He rolled forwards and sprung up running towards the already downed Troll.

"Voco Imperium Cadaver." He fired the spell through damaged armor and regretted using such a powered up spell. Destroying the heart or brain would easily kill a Ghoul. This particular Troll corpse was still useful.

His danger sense peaked and he ducked as the boulder he had ripped up and fired earlier was tossed at him. Rolling over the corpse, he unleashed a blast of wind to slow the beast's advance.

No such luck was granted as the full momentum of the charge was barely impeded and the monster barreled into its dead comrade knocking both Trolls and Harry over.

"Bugger." Harry spoke as he lay on his back staring at the looming figure of his assailant towering over him. He stared at the metal mace raised above its head ready for the death blow.

The Troll swung and Harry turned away, furiously attempting to flash despite the restrictions.

A breeze of wind and a metallic crunch made him turn back. His eyes widened as his would be killer was flying forwards over him, courtesy of a heavy metal mace slamming into its back.

The body impacted with a metallic thud, Harry's head unpleasantly between its spread legs. A softer hit would have resulted in him getting a face full of Undead Troll crotch.

Harry sat up and stared at his savior. He felt pride and disgust conflicting within him that he had successfully cast the Inferius Curse.

Inferi were a lot hardier than Ghouls, that they were able to function with a destroyed heart. They simply needed their brain intact. Ghouls needed both.

The Inferius Troll had proceeded to further break its former comrade's spine and had decided on pulverizing its skull.

"Assist her." He commanded, pointing out the Gothic clad female as he headed for Mary who had settled for slamming her opponent with multiple boulders while staying out of melee range.

Harry interfered as his spell caught a boulder the Troll had chosen to return fire with. It had given up on getting close, and had settled with target practice. Harry waved his wand maneuvering a boulder to intercept a thrown projectile. Both rocks smashed veering off target.

"James." Mary nodded as she flung another projectile.

"I doubt these love taps are cutting it Su." Harry flung his own causing the Troll to stumble backwards, dropping its mace. The Armor protecting the beast had been dented and had definitely broken bones, however as long as the heart and brain remained intact the Ghoul was in no danger.

"This isn't working." Harry sighed as his attempt to bash the Troll in the head with a levitated rock was thwarted when it shattered the makeshift bludgeoning tool with its mace.

"Bake it?" Mary suggested.

"Not likely, magical fire resistant." Harry pulled Mary out of the way as a boulder flew past.

The Troll roared and charged having given up on range attacks.

"I'm right." With practiced ease, both dived out of the charge,

surrounded the lumbering Troll and continued pelting it with projectiles.

"What I need is a..." Harry trailed off as a thrown mace perfectly slammed into the Troll's head, effectively ripping both helmet and head off. The creature wobbled as if still alive, its mace swung once as if attempting to hit an incoming boulder. "Never mind." Harry shrugged as the monster tipped backwards and impacted the floor. A piece of armor shrapnel narrowly missed as it flashed past his face.

"Argh!" Lucy gasped as the airborne metal had torn her dress leaving a minor cut on her upper arm. "As if wound me after its dead." She squeezed the small cut.

"It was dead to begin with." Mary pointed out.

"Well they're deader now." Harry eyed his recently acquired zombie monster as he cancelled the room's expansion charm.

"Thanks by the way. Was surprised when a Troll snuck up on me and instead of killing, decided on helping." Lucy ripped a torn up piece of lace off her sleeve. Her dress was badly ripped in places, evidence that she had chosen to engage her Troll in melee combat.

"You made an undead Troll." Mary was examining the hulking beast.

"Meh." He shrugged looking at the other girl as she used the strips of lace to bind her newly acquired wound.

"Fuck, I need a new dress." The teenager complained as she tossed the ragged piece of cloth she had been using to wipe the blood off her fingers.

Harry twitched in surprise when the room once again lit up, this time with orange runes instead of the lavender ones. "No what?" He sighed as he spied the blood soaked cloth Lucy had tossed onto the

floor.

"Wow. My blood apparently works." Lucy commented as if surprised.

"How'd you get out in the first place then?" Mary asked.

"Nicked the bloodied handkerchief the Steward used after I smashed his nose in for taunting me."

Harry reevaluated the girl. She had managed to hit an Elder after all.

The ritual runes flared brightly and Harry's vision became a meld of colors flying too fast. His body felt like it was being pressed in on all sides. It was quite similar to Apparation he figured in distaste.

While he blinked the after effects of his color disturbed sight off, his fingers twitched in anticipation. His other senses were on high alert for any kind of attack. As for Lucy, being quite used to the affects was already helping Mary to her feet.

To his surprise and elation, nothing saw fit to attack their group while they were disorientated. He glanced at the dying glow coming off the ritual circle, before moving on to his surroundings.

The ritual transport circle had deposited them in the center of a cavernous throne room. The hall was enormous, easily as large as a Quidditch pitch and just about as high as one normally flew in a game. Thick obsidian pillars reach out towards the ceiling, giving the impression that the whole hall had been carved out of a mountain.

Harry supposed that it was made large enough to both serve as a function room for balls as well as holding court sessions, the place was definitely made to make one feel as insignificant as possible, what with everything scaled up in size.

The massive place had been dimly lit via orange goutts of flames

billowing out from the mouth of gargoyles perched upon crevices among the support pillars and walls. The elevated lighting shrouded the place in intimidating shadows constantly moving and creeping.

He spied the various banners decorating the walls, paying special attention to the steel armor suits wielding maces, swords and various other types of medieval weaponry. Behind them towered a pair of massive cast iron double doors and at the other end of the hall was an elevated dais where a pair of thrones hid within the unlit portion of the hall.

Harry activated his mage vision and the hall flared as if the sun were directly above. He vaguely noted the lack of windows and thus could not tell if they were indeed still in the Spire or had been teleported somewhere new entirely.

"I congratulate the both of you on your ability to make it this far." A booming voice echoed off the walls making it hard to discern the location from which it originated. Despite this, Harry turned to the dais, or more specifically, the smaller less elaborate elevated throne seated to the right at the base of the dais. He had missed it earlier during his initial inspection as it had been nicely shrouded by the darkness.

The unlit gargoyles belched out flames lighting up the area around the thrones.

"Here's where you make mention that we're the first Humans to have made it this far into the lair." Harry taunted sarcastically at the burgundy suited Vampire leaning against the armrest of the Steward's chair.

The Steward sniffed in distaste at Harry's remark. "Hardly. You flatter yourself. Many others before you have breached those ancient doors." His rich accented voice had a certain appeal that put one at ease. "However, none have ever succeeded in assassinating our

Lord and Master."

Harry easily shrugged off the subtle compulsion as he moved out of the circle and towards the thrones. Mary followed directly to his left and Lucy lagged behind slightly.

"Assassinate? We aren't here to assassinate anyone." Mary explained and glared at her partner who snorted at the accusation.

"Both your actions have spoken otherwise woman. Your partner and yourself have assaulted our fortress, killed a number of our kind and going so far as to breach the inner sanctum." The Vampire Elder pointed out as he stalked towards them.

Both Unspeakables raised their wands in preparation as the Vampire got closer and closer.

"I say good riddance to those low born blood suckers." The girl behind them could be heard muttering softly as she distanced herself from the two.

"You child," the Vampire paused in his advance as if suddenly noticing Lucy's presence, "The Master will deal with you personally for your actions today." He informed before dismissing her presence entirely.

"Bite me, Melchior." Lucy spat as she raised her sword in readiness yet still moving away from the two Unspeakables.

Harry smiled at the irony of the comeback statement.

Melchior turned his attention to both of them. "As for you two, I'll gladly enjoy draining your lifeblood and replacing the Inferi you disposed off with you rotting corpses." The Vampire drew a broadsword from the sheath at his side.

"Cocky bastard." Mary muttered seeing the Vampire completely ignore the potential threat Lucy posed. However, she warily moved behind her partner when the Vampire came to a stop twenty feet away. It was, after all, an Elder, and from what she saw of the last one, they had a reason for their cocky attitude when comparing themselves to mortals.

Harry sniffed and rolled his eyes at the implied threat. "Mary, let's double team this bitch."

"Flamma." Mary dash to her left as she immediately fired off a medium sized fireball.

To his credit, the Vampire calmly withdrew a dagger with his free hand. He made no move to avoid the incoming jet of flame, instead snapping his fingers while loosely holding the dagger.

A massive ritual circle flared on the rock beneath their feet and covered most of the hall. Harry who was summoning his second magical Fire Salamander flame paused. He warily eyed the red lines glowing ominously in the dim lighting.

Another snap instantly dissipated the incoming fireball as well as both magical fires that Harry had summoned.

"Now now, you shouldn't be playing with fire children. What if you hurt yourselves before I kill you?" Melchior spoke in a condescending tone.

'Malleolus.' Harry waved his wand. His mind gave a mental hiccup when nothing happened.

Mary stated backing away as she waved her wand around with similar results.

"James, this isn't good." The female Unspeakable pointed out

worriedly eyeing the sword and dagger combination as the Vampire slowly strolled towards her.

"Magic suppression!" Harry yelled sheathing his magical focus and drawing a dagger with his now free hand. He wasn't surprised when his Flash Step failed as well.

Without warning the Elder dashed with unfathomable speed towards Harry's companions and delivered a devastating front kick to her midsection. Her eyes widened as the air was forcibly blasted out of her as she flew away.

Harry growled as his partner lay curled up in agony as she tried desperately to suck in short gasps of air.

The Vampire gave a dark chuckle at the woman's injury. "Weakling. I do hope you present much more of a challenge." He ignored Mary and turned his full attention to Harry himself.

"So one on one it is then." Harry readied himself. He wasn't very confident with taking on an Elder Vampire when both his magic and Flash Step was being restricted.

"One on one." The Vampire smirked and blurred.

Harry's eyes widened as he barely brought up his sword and parried the blow. Still the strike left him open and the sharp sting of the dagger followed as a gash opened up along his forearm.

"Too slow, you're much too slow." The Vampire taunted behind Harry.

The Unspeakable spun but gasped as a shallow wound ripped down his back as the Vampire dashed by.

"Fucking asshole!" Harry snarled as he charged.

Melchior lazily batted away his attempt to stab and once again the dagger sank into his already wounded arm.

Harry cried as he flinched away, dropping his sword. The dagger this time had passed right through his forearm and blood was flowing past his limp finger in excess.

He warily glared at the Vampire that had allowed him time to recuperate after each hit. The man was toying with him. Harry clenched his teeth as he ripped the blade out and fashioned a tourniquet using a ripped section of his robes.

"Done?"

Harry glared at the comment and defended with his only functioning arm.

The one sided battle continued for a few more minutes, the Elder, settling for hit and run tactics whilst Harry defended. By the end, Harry sported multiple cuts and stab wounds as well as a multitude of bruises, all non lethal, the Elder had even been generous enough to allow him each time to recuperate.

The Boy-Who-Lived mentally cursed to high heaven. The fucker was playing around, slowly bleeding him out, each wound made him slower and weaker. He was soundly getting beaten and he knew it.

He glared at the awaiting figure as he buffed his nails on his suit. The Vampire was too fast to engage without his magic. All he had was a thump card he had never been able to fully succeed in using.

"You're almost as pathetic as the female." Melchior taunted as he delivered another breath stealing kick to the girl's ribs as she looked to be recovering from the earlier attack. Mary screamed in agony as she rolled over, armed clutching her side in pain. Harry ignored the taunt and Mary's pained cries as he focused on his magic.

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Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Throne Room

Off to the side, Lucy observed with a passive look on her face. She herself knew very well the limitations of a Human body. A skilled Human would be able to take on a mid-aged Vampire with some difficulty, however against an Elder, there was no way it was possible not without any sort of assistance or magical advantage. She closed her eyes, ignoring the pain filled cries of Mary. The two were the first Humans that she had ever seen making it as far as the Spire's inner sanctum.

She held her assistance, the two had their own agenda and the rule was iron clad. Intruders to the inner sanctum were to be tested should they wish an audience. Too bad failure always resulted in death.

She focused on Mary's partner, James she had called him. The man sported multiple flesh wounds and bruises, he was no doubt in a great deal of pain. Melchior, she knew, was toying with him, the Vampire Elder took a certain sadistic delight in bleeding his opponents to death before ripping their hearts out and devouring them.

When James' resilience gave out it would be Mary's turn under the blade. She really did pity the fragility of the Human body.

She turned towards the two thrones upon the raised dais and shuddered at the punishment she was to receive from the Lord of Vampires when he returned.

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Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Throne Room

"What was that, Boy?" Melchior commanded as Harry mumbled weakly as he hunched over from the pain of the latest hit.

"I said," Harry looked up glaring at his opponent in defiance, "You hit like a girl." He snarled over the pain radiating all over his form.

"Do I now?"

Harry's vision blurred and he realized he was falling. He let out a gasp as he impacted the floor. He reached up to his face and felt the liquid wetness of his bleeding nose. 'Broken.' He noted as forced himself up, his hood falling back and exposing his bleeding face. "I take it back. Mary's punches are stronger than that." Harry spat some blood out.

The Vampire's eyes narrowed at the insolence. "Permit me to change your opinion of that then." He sheathed his sword and dashed forwards at speeds far too fast for the Human eye.

However unlike others, this time was different. There was a meaty thud of flesh impacting, but Harry instead stayed upright a grin forming upon his face. "You know something, Melchior? You're pretty predictable after a while." The Unspeakable's voice was scratchy as if he had spent hours screaming.

Melchior frowned as his fist had been effectively caught by the Human's palm. Harry's free hand reached up and gripped the Vampires forearm in a vice like grip. The Vampire's eyes widened as he realized his opponent's hands had grown blackened claws which penetrated skin as the grip suddenly intensified.

Melchior winced as his free arm rose and stopped as Harry crossed his arms and caught it. "Like I said, predictable." Yellow tinged eyes stared into the Vampire's blue.

The Vampire jerked back at the serpentine pupils glaring at him. His arms however remained trapped, Harry's newfound strength on par with his supernatural one. "What the hell are you?" He snarled in confusion.

Harry's answer was a roar of fury as his leg lashed out. The forwards kick connected with the Vampire crotch propelling Melchior off the ground horizontally. A jumping knee impacted directly on the Elder's face and the force flipped the Vampire around and catapulted him a few feet away.

Harry hunched over breathing loudly, his yellow eyes glaring at his opponent as he allowed the Vampire to regain his bearings. He flexed his newly acquired claws and gave a toothy grin revealing a pair of extended canines.

"What the fuck are you?" Melchior hissed as he nursed his shattered nasal cavity and forcing his rapid healing to repair the damages.

"The supreme predator, top of the food chain, a hunter and your worst nightmare. Take your pick. I'm all of them and you my dear Vampire..." Harry's throaty voice growled as he slowly stalked towards the suddenly wary Vampire. "Are prey." He crouched and lunged, powerful muscles contracted and propelled him airborne the entire way to the Vampire.

Harry gave an animalistic roar, distending his jaw and revealing his sharpened incisors and inch long canines. Melchior, too surprised with the sudden display of strength failed to react and was body slammed into the ground.

Harry pinned the struggling Vampire beneath him as his mouth went for the kill. Melchior's arm came up in time and the powerful jaws clamped down inciting a scream of pain. Further pressure yielded a higher pitched scream as bones were heard snapping.

A glint of light made Harry jerk back, releasing his victim as the blade of a dagger paid a glancing blow across his right cheek and over his eye. A further foot to his chest pushed the Unspeakable off and away.

Harry resumed his prowling slowly, his earlier injuries still hampering him despite his newfound strength. He blinked as thick blood flowed down from the eye wound. A forked tongue slithered out tasting the Vampire blood coating his lips. A predatory grin had Melchior back up slightly as he clutched the wounded arm to his chest.

"Who's the food now, Vampire?" Harry growled in amusement as he slowly stalked around his prey. Melchior glared back as he nursed his rapidly healing broken arm.

Mary who had recovered from her earlier kick to the ribs was watching the events unfold with a wide eyed look of horror and confusion. Lucy likewise had an eyebrow raised and was reevaluating James' chances.

"You are!" The Vampire lost his temper. In a fluid motion he drew his sword and charged.

Harry smirked and did something no one there had been expecting. He took a deep breath as if smelling something pleasant in the air and exhaled sharply.

A jet of white hot flames bellowed out as Harry engulfed the charging Vampire for a few milliseconds.

Despite the short duration the damage was intense. The Vampire collapsed mid charge, his clothes blackened and his body flash roasted by the intense heat. Even advance rapid Vampire healing failed as the blisters on Melchior's exposed skin leaked pus and fluid.

Lucy summarized the event perfectly. "Sweet Dracula, he's a portable flamethrower."

Melchior took in quick pained breaths as Harry reached down and hauled his shivering form up. Claws dug into the Vampire's throat. The message was simple.

'Try something and I rip your fucking throat out'.

"You," Harry spat, "Are pathetic." With a mighty heave he flung the Vampire turned projectile at its throne. The stone seat broke as the body impacted and collapsed amongst the heap of loose rubble.

Harry flashed a toothy grin at the twitching form. 'Who's your daddy bitch?'

He winced and closed his eyes for a moment in relaxation.

Snapping them open he turned to his partner who was using a pillar to drag herself upright.

"Something you would like to tell me James?" The obvious question was unsaid. 'What the fuck are you?'

"I am..." He paused in thought. "Unique." He smiled revealing a row of razor teeth and canines that would make a Vampire jealous. "Eight others share my ability and if the rumors are true, so do many other unrestricted magical beings." His voice had gone scratchy and deep.

"Damn right you're unique." Lucy's long strides took her immediately to Mary as she lent the woman a helping hand.

"Fat lot of help you were." Harry hissed as he nursed a particularly nasty cut.

The girl shrugged. "I'm bound by the law laid down by the Lord of Vampires."

"Coward." Harry jokingly prodded.

Lucy sniffed. "You would be too. The Master's way stronger than Melchior. The Elders are mere bugs beneath his powers. Besides, you won the battle with Melchior. You passed the test the Master set. He'll meet with you as soon as he returns." Lucy winced dreading the event.

"What have you done to yourself?" Mary reached for Harry's hands and turned them over inspecting the change.

"Shouldn't you be more concerned about my wounds?" The newly yellowed eyed teen voiced.

Mary spread his fingers as she prodded his jet black claw tips. "If you're even mentioning that, then you're just fine, though we should seek some medical aid as soon as possible. My ribs seem slightly out."

Mary peered closely at his face. "Your eyes." She blinked and leaned closer.

Harry jerked back. "What about them?"

"You blinked two separate pairs of eyelids." She pointed out.

Lucy chuckled. "Of course he would. Seeing as he's a reptilian creature at the moment."

"Reptilian?" Mary stared at her partner. "I don't remember you being a Half-breed of any kind."

Harry snorted. "I'm not. It's my Animagus transformation."

"Really? Then why didn't you use it earlier?" Mary pointed out.

Harry moaned rubbing his temple taking care of his pointed claws. "Does it look like I did it right? I can't transform fully yet. The process takes years to master. The reason I held off transforming is that I'm stuck until I can get my hands on Mandrake Restorative Draught." At this point a five inched forked tongue slithered out tasting the air.

"So what animal are you?" Mary questioned in curiosity.

Lucy rolled her eyes. "He has claws, forked tongue, scales on his hands and breaths fireballs. You figure it out."

"But he can't be a Dragon. They're magical creatures." Mary insisted.

"And where does it say Animagi can't be magical creatures, hmmm?" Harry questioned with an eyebrow quirked.

"Err... it doesn't, but no ones done it before."

Lucy snorted. "No one registered that is. I definitely know one other that's an Augurey. The amount of magic a person has is relative to the creature they can transform into. Therefore turning into a magical creature must mean you're pretty high up on the power department and seeing as you're a Dragon..." She trailed off with a whistle.

"I did not say I was a Dragon you know." Harry crossed his arms careful to avoid opening his clotting wounds. "I myself don't even know what I am, could be a Salamander for all you know."

"True, but he's missing the immolated body though, probably hasn't gotten that part yet." Lucy concluded.

"On that..." Harry was interrupted as a roar of power came from the direction Harry had thrown the Steward.

"I'M STILL ALIVE WORM!!!" Melchior's voice screamed in fury as he used his sword to prop himself upright.

The Steward snapped his fingers and the armors throughout the room started moaning as they advanced towards the group of intruders.

"Melchior." Lucy questioned her eyes bright with fury. "What's the meaning of this? None may activate the room's defenses but the Lord of Vampires."

"I'm still alive!" The Steward hissed hysterically as he commended the armors to advance on the group.

Lucy snarled as she eyed the armors. "He spared your miserable life. Any longer under those flames and you would have been cremated alive."

"I Melchiorcius Vladislath shall not be defeated by a mortal!" He screamed in fury.

"You will stand down Steward." Lucy ordered as she made sure Mary had been able to support herself with the column.

"Don't presume to order me you lowborn spawn of a Mudblood whore." The Vampire's insult caused Lucy to freeze up suddenly.

Harry's new sensitive hearing easily picked up heavy breathing coming from the teenager. She was slouched, her eyes staring at her leather boots. Her fists were clenched tightly and her whole body was shaking in what he could easily tell was anger. He hoped she wouldn't attempt anything stupid. The girl while well versed in martial combat, would not be a match against an Elder Vampire, wounded or not.

"What did you just say?" Lucy's soft voice carried throughout the throne room.

"I called you a..." Melchior froze his eyes widening as he realized his spoken words.

Harry looked from the still shaking girl to the Vampire in confusion. Mary simply decided to remain quiet. Her ribs were giving her enough trouble already. Harry was silently amused to note that whatever it was Melchior's insult was probably not something that should have been said. The Vampire, if possible, was paling further and further as Lucy's anger simmered.

Harry cautiously took a step back. Something big was going to happen. He didn't know what. He just knew he didn't want to be between the girl and the Vampire. His danger sense was going haywire and he had learned early on to trust his instincts.

"You called my mother a Mudblood whore didn't you?" Lucy stated as she lifted her head as she glared at the Vampire Elder.

"I... I..." The Steward stammered as he took a step back in fear.

"ANSWER ME!!!" Harry was taken aback at the sheer fury lacing her voice.

The Vampire flinched. "Y... Y... Ye... Yes."

Harry mentally winced. He had no idea what had the Vampire Steward so freaked out, but whatever it was any answer at this point was just about moot. Probably would have been better if he had simply turned and ran.

The gothic teenager's right palm clutched at her crucifix as she attempted to bore holes into the offending Vampire with her crimson-tinged pupils.

Harry's eyes widened as he zoomed in on Lucy's face, her corneas specifically. Lucy had blue eyes, 'had' being the operative word.

'Oh shit.' He thought as he immediately realized what was going on.

He had initially thought something was off when he had first been introduced to the girl. Her name had seemed somewhat familiar and now he knew why. 'Murray'. Her family name practically screamed her identity amongst those who were familiar with probably the most popular piece of Vampire literature.

Dracula.

Harry's eyebrow twitched. There had been two characters in the book that shared their names with the teenager before him.

Lucy Westenra. The woman had been the Count's first victim in the novel. She had been turned into a child preying Vampire and had been put to rest by her fiancé with the assistance of the Professor Abraham Van Helsing.

Wilhelmina Murray. Also known as Mina Harker, the wife of Jonathan Harker and the one who led the team of Abraham Van Helsing and Jonathan Harker to Dracula's coffin ambushing and killing the legendary Vampire.

Lucy was most definitely a descendent of the legendary bride of Dracula and if Melchior's insult rang true, the daughter of Wilhelmina Murray herself.

That meant deviating from the book, Mina did eventually become a Vampire, and then meant... Harry's thought process trailed off as he took a step away from the red eyed girl he was beginning to doubt was a normal human teenager.

"James?" Mary whispered as Harry moved beside her.

"Don't interrupt. If I'm correct, our Vampire friend is about to receive

the biggest ass whooping of his undead life."

"You can threaten me, curse my name or order your low life blood suckers to lock me up, but don't you ever dare insult my MOTHER!!!" Lucy screamed the final bit as she ripped the crucifix off her chocker.

Harry was amazed as a pure nimbus of magical power blasted out from the girl, illuminating her in the darkened room. Subtle changes began appearing as Lucy's nails sharpened, her canines elongated and her complexion pale as it was from being kept indoors, got paler. The most noticeable change, however, was her hair. The raven locks once streaked with silver had gone completely blonde.

The newly announced Vampire hunched forwards and vanished in a burst of speed. Harry's eyebrow rose as he noticed cracks on the stone where she had lunged.

Melchior had barely recognized what had transpired when Lucy rammed him into the stone dais.

The female Vampire roared in animalistic fury as she tore into her opponent. Melchior tried his best to fend off the attacks but Lucy's superior strength pinned him to the floor as she began the brutal task of dismembering him.

Harry winced as in a show of brute strength Lucy managed to break, crush and rip Melchior's dominant arm off when he had used it to shield himself. Blood splattered as the Elder screamed in agony.

Lucy ignored his plight and instead flung him across the room into the armored Ghouls that had simply frozen up. Melchior bowled a sword wielding knight over as he frantically scrambled to procure the knight's weapon. Sword in hand, he shakily faced a mace wielding Lucy who advanced on him.

Her face emotionless she ducked the decapitating blow and

slammed the spike club into the Vampire's ribs. A follow up blow connected with his chest and effectively crushed his sternum and knocking him to the floor.

"Squeal." Lucy growled her crimson eyes showing her malice. Batting his remaining arm aside, she plunged her fingers into the Vampire's ribcage. The sound of bone snapping made Mary turn away as Harry watched in fascinated horror. The girl had settled with breaking and brutally ripping the Vampire's rib out of his chest one by one. Throughout this Melchior screamed in agony his body pinned with Lucy's other hand.

"I've always heard about how you'd rip your victim's chest open and extract their heart." Lucy spoke softly as she pulled another rib out. "I used your technique as the inspiration for something new. Pity you were the one I'm trying it out on."

Minutes passed as Lucy finally finished in fully extracting every single one of the Vampire's ribs. The creature's chest had collapsed with the added bone support, but Harry seriously doubted it really mattered at this point.

Lucy got off the Vampire as she surveyed her bloody handy work. "Let this be a lesson to you, Worm. Insult my mother again and I'll remove every single bone in your body." She spat at the quivering lump of flesh before turning away.

"Nicely done dear."

Harry damned well nearly had a heart attack. So focused was he on the gruesome display, he hadn't notice someone appearing behind him and his partner.

Both of the Unspeakables spun around, daggers drawn in a defensive position and claws held out in Harry's case.

Harry's eyebrow twitched as he matched the woman before him with the description he remembered.

The Lady had an aura of elegance as she smiled and flipped her raven locks over her shoulder. Like Lucy she was dressed in the favored Victorian styled lace dress and corset combination. However, unlike Lucy's black, hers was red with green ribbons and a black leather corset. She too wore a choker but was missing the crucifix.

"Enough!" The Lady commanded waving the guardians of the hall back to their places. Both Humans noticed the gleaming white fangs she sported as she smiled at Lucy who was approaching her.

"Daughter." She smiled ignoring both the intruders.

"Mum." Lucy nodded. "You're awake."

Mina wrinkled her nose. "With the racket that was going on, how could I stay resting? The noise was good enough to wake the dead."

Lucy's eyes darted around the room as if searching for something. "Where's Dad?"

"The Master is coming. An Elder requested a meeting of the conclave." Mina glanced at the moaning form of the Steward in annoyance "They should be arriving soon."

No sooner had she said this when sigils began appearing throughout the great hall. Flashes of light flared as figures began appearing. Harry noted that the new arrivals kept to the sides of the hall. All were paying attention to them, the two females or the wounded body of Melchior.

Mina patted her daughter on the head and stalked towards the Steward. She paused, briefly acknowledging Harry and his partner with a small nod before continuing. Lucy chose to stop and remain

beside Mary.

Lucy crouched as she picked up her discarded crucifix and replaced it. Immediately her magical aura dissipated she regained her Human appearance.

"You're a Vampire." Mary stated still slightly in shock.

"I am." The girl fingered her crucifix.

"Quite a powerful artifact you have there." Harry commented eying the cross.

Lucy nodded. "It was my mother's." She didn't elaborate further as she was much more interested on what her mother had planned for the Steward.

Mina nudged the quivering form with the toe of her high heeled boot. "Melchiorcius." She purred in fake delight. Her voice heard by all the onlookers. "I believe I arrived to catch the tail end of a particular conversation between my dear daughter and yourself."

"Mercy, Mistress. Please, have mercy." The wounded Vampire choked out as his eyes shone with terror.

Lucy's mother ignored the plea as she continued smiling as she nudged a discarded rib as if inspecting it. "I believe you referred to me as a 'Mudblood whore'." She leaned down to get a closer look at the man.

The crowd started whispering as she announced the Steward's foolish words.

"Mistress, I..." Her hand's firm grip closed around the man's throat as she prevented him from speaking.

"Ssshhhh..." She easily lifted him towards her and placed a manicured finger to his lips. "My daughter saw to your punishment and decided to show you mercy."

Melchior seemed to think he had been spared, when Mina's smile turned feral. "However, I did remember an announcement I made a while back. Surely you haven't forgotten it?" She cooed raising an eyebrow.

"Freaky bloodsuckers." Harry mumbled low enough that the Vampires surrounding him couldn't hear it.

"N... N... No... P... Pl... Please. No." Melchior begged as he struggled against the vice like grip. However his lack of ribs impaired his abilities drastically. Thus Mina was easily able to hold on to the much Larger Vampire.

"Seeing as how your memories seem to have faded, I believe I shall refresh them. Hmmm...?" The Mistress of Vampires smiled, putting a finger to her lips in contemplation.

"No... Gurk..."

She tightened her grip. "You chose to volunteer after all Melchiorcius. Please do be a dear and be silent." She cooed sweetly as her free hand clamped over his face as she increased pressure on both his skull and neck.

A scream of agony tore out from the Steward's throat as Mina started exerting extreme pressure on her victim. Both Unspeakables winced as snapping and gurgling were clearly audible from the twitching Vampire Elder. With a jerk, Mina tore the head clean off as a spray of blood sprayed out messily.

The Vampire closed her eyes and tilted her head back in bliss as she enjoyed the shower of her victim's blood. She paid no mind to the red

staining her clothes.

"I'll say this one more time." She released the body and glared at all those gathered. "Should anyone ever mention my Human ancestry as a negative," She snarled and dangled the severed head to all, "I collect your fucking head." With a show of brute strength she crushed her trophy with one hand.

Mina sniffed as a small bit of brain matter landed on her cheek.

"Now that that's taken care of," She announced as if ripping someone's head off was a daily occurrence to her, "I announce the arrival of his Royal Highness, Vlad Dracula Tepes the Third of Wallachia, Son of the Dragon, Member of the Holy Order of the Dragon and Lord of all European Vampires.

"Oh shit, he's the Lord of Vampires?" Mary hissed at her partner. "I thought he died?"

"I did." A heavily accented voice announced from behind the two Unspeakables.

The response was immediate.

Both Mary and Harry had been having a pretty shitty day so far. They had dealt with a small army of Inferi, invaded a Vampire fortress, battled against an Elder Vampire, were currently surrounded by various clan Elders, witness a legendary Vampire rip a man's head off and coupled with the lack of sleep, they were on high alert.

Therefore Harry hoped that the Vampire Mistress and her daughter would understand when both of them had responded to the Vampire Lord's introduction by slamming him with a dagger, each at various fatal locations.

"Oops..." Harry muttered as he spied the blood forming around the

dagger's hilts. He supposed the situation couldn't get any worse. They had just stabbed Dracula in the neck and heart.

"Snafu." Harry supposed Mary summed up their situation pretty well.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Astronomy Tower

Dumbledore sighed wearily as he stared at the entourage of Death Eaters that had fanned out around him. The headmaster could hear the sounds of the Aurors attempting to break into the tower. The Death Eaters had been thorough in wanting their meeting with the famed Wizard uninterrupted and had barricaded the door.

"Draco." Dumbledore's eyed the young man with a hint of pity. The youth had his wand pointed at him. Dumbledore however doubted he had the heart to commit murder on such a personal scale.

"Do it boy," Bellatrix hissed, "The Dark Lord has granted you this honor."

"Voldemort will lose this coming war Bellatrix," Dumbledore turned his head to the sadistic Witch, "Already most of his inner circle is dead. You're the last I believe."

"Silence!" The only remaining member of Voldemort's inner circle screamed in fury. "My comrades will be avenged! The Dark Lord shall rule supreme!"

"Control yourself Bella." Snape warned as the Witch seemed to be going into one of her hysterical spiels.

The crazed Witch glared at the Potions Master for a moment before turning back to her nephew. "Do it boy, kill the old doddering fool."

Draco's wand trembled as he failed to produce the necessary words.

"The boy isn't going to do it. Too green I say." Fenrir growled. "Let me kill the old man and be done with this."

"No!" Bellatrix ordered. "There is another."

"Me." Snape moved from his side position to flank Draco's directly in front of the Headmaster. "I'll kill him." He spoke clearly amongst the now silent Death Eaters.

"You?!" Fenrir scoffed in distaste.

"Yes me. I made an Unbreakable Vow to kill Albus Dumbledore." Severus pierced the Werewolf with a serious stare as he raised his wand.

Dumbledore's eyes widened as per their act. "Severus? Why?"

The dark haired man's face remained neutral as he stared into the Headmaster's blue eyes. "Voldemort will win." He spoke with conviction as he readied the spell. "Avada Kedavra."

Draco flinched as the blast of green light slammed into the Headmaster of Hogwarts. The old man stumbled backwards tipping over the banister and dropping out of view.

"HA!" Bellatrix screamed in joy as she gave a demented grin and rushed to the edge of the tower. "Long live the Dark Lord!" She screamed into the night as she witnessed the prone form of Albus Dumbledore. "Morsmordre!" She trusted her wand towards the heavens, summoning the infamous Dark Mark.

The other Death Eaters moved beside her casting their own spells and filling the night sky with multiple floating skulls.

"We must leave." Snape informed the groups as he held a shaken Draco by his shoulders. The Aurors could still be heard trying to break into the tower.

"Let them come, then. They're nothing without Dumbledore now." Fenrir flexed his fingers and waved his wand in preparation.

"No!" Snape pressed. "We stick to the original plan. The Dark Lord will not be pleased should harm befall Draco."

Fenrir growled and gave a sniff of annoyance at the blond haired youth. "Fine." He snapped.

Withdrawing shrunken brooms from within their robes, the Death Eaters flew off into the night sky. Beneath them, the fallen form of Albus Dumbledore laid in the school's courtyard.

Authors Note:

Phew another chapter another three weeks. I remember mentioning on the last author's note that the previous chapter of 'Nunquam Lamiae Morde 'Me Ictus' was too long. At 16,000 words I decided to instead chop it in half to make two 10,000 word chapters rather than a massive 20,000 word one.

Well guess what? As you all can no doubt see, I sat down and wrote the rest of the 4,000 words and kept on going. It is now going to be three 10,000 word chapters. Lol. This mission seems to be the longest one so far.

For those of you that aren't first language English speakers or aren't aware of military lingo. SNAFU is an acronym for 'Situation Normal: All Fucked Up'. FUBAR is 'Fucked Up Beyond All Reason'. SNAFUBAR is 'Situation Normal: All Fucked Up Beyond Any Reasoning'.

Another note is that some may have noticed that Harry had gone all fire breathing despite me mentioning he wasn't able to go Animagus due to his slight Tonkymagus ability. Well in this case I made his Animagus ability a dud because face it, his Metamorphmagus ability is a dud as well. Poor bastard got a bit of both.

Exams are coming up real soon and I hope to god that I do well. Never done a Business course before so I'm getting all the horror stories told to me by my Law, Finance and Business friends.

Apparently Marketing is the easiest as the minute you write something down, it's right and you just have to argue your point to get the remaining points. Economics, what ever you write is immediately wrong and only if you argue your point is it then right. Lol. The ideology both cracked me up as well as scared the crap out of me.

On a different topic. I seriously love the new idea Japan has for ergonomic mouse pads. Lol. Only a Japanese would look at breasts, think 'silicon implants', look at an ergonomic mouse pad, think 'silicon implants', look at both mouse pad and breast and think 'we should combine them'. The result, one of the coolest and useful things the perverted industry of Japan has churned out.

For more information just type 'oppai mouse pad' in google image search. Lol.

Wanted to get one, but god damn it, all US stores are out of stock. E-bay rips you off, and believe it or not, all Japan Amazon stores are out as well. Contacted my cousin in Japan and he says that all existing character restocks are preordered out till February. Hence only new characters coming in will be available, provided they don't get preordered out as well.

I now know what I want for my birthday. September 11, hint, hint, wink, wink. Lol. (Yeah my birthday officially became a day of

mourning since 2001. Worst part is, my bother 7 years younger shares the same birthday as me.) What a way to celebrate with five minutes of silence before the birthday song. Lol.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Chapter 12 – I'm Her... Say What?

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Throne Room

Harry stared bugged eyed at the man before him. He really wished he could turn away from the gruesome sight but somehow his body refused. He wasn't sure if it was fascination or horror that made him continue staring.

Then again, it could be that both of them had stabbed the man in seemingly fatal locations.

The Vampire Lord had stumbled back in surprise initially, before straightening and giving them an amused look as blood flowed down the front of his ironically white suit. The white shirt was rapidly turning a dark shade of red as more and more blood escaped. Harry's eye flicked downwards as he spied the small amount of blood pooling at the Vampire's polished formal shoes.

Dracula reached a hand to his throat and fingered the dagger's hilt gently before ripping it out in one quick motion. The serrated blade's hooked tip caught the flesh and literally tore out the throat.

Harry's left eye twitched as he could definitely make out the white translucent cartilage protruding slightly through the red flesh and blood.

The legendary Vampire, seemingly unconcerned with his further injury teased his open wound with a clawed finger. Finding the piece of white cartilage, The Vampire pushed it back into his neck. He grunted and spat out a globule of blood onto the floor.

"That was rather rude of me, sneaking up behind guests when we so rarely have them here. Then again, I don't remember stabbing ones host as a method of greeting." The Vampire gave a feral grin that exposed his fangs.

Harry doubted anyone had met Dracula anytime lately, however as per the novel, Bram Stoker's description of him was rather accurate.

The Vampire lord had a rather strong face, high bridge thin nose and a lofty domed forehead. He currently had white hair pulled back in a ponytail and Harry didn't know whether to pay attention to the man's fangs or to the heavy white moustache that lay above them.

'Even got his eye color right.' He noted as he stared at the Vampire's blue orbs as he proceeded to rip the dagger out of his undead heart using his free hand.

The gathering of Vampires chose to remain in position and silent as they watched the proceedings. Harry almost wished they would do something rather than stand and watch. He never did like people staring.

"Rather nasty weapons you have here." Dracula examined the hooked tips. "Designed so that whoever extracts them incorrectly would further worsen the damage." Here he motioned towards his throat where the flesh and skin had already begun slowly knitting together.

"I thought you said nothing could live without its head or heart." Mary hissed seeing the regeneration process.

"I did. Dracula's a bit of an exception." He really wondered if the good Professor Helsing had indeed killed the Undead Lord or simply thought that he did. "Wish I had his regeneration." He winced at the pain every time he shifted.

Lucy had obviously heard their softly spoken conversation as did most of the Vampires around them. It was rather hard to avoid, seeing as most occupants currently had enhanced hearing in a near silent hall that easily echoed. "Father is an exception. He's sort of

hard to kill."

At this point the Vampire Lord stared at his daughter. "You tried to escape again."

"Er... yeah. Would have made it this time had our guest not blown up the wards." She glanced at the two Unspeakables that were making sure to stay a certain distance from the Lord of Vampires.

"Very well, I'll deal with you later." Dracula announced and exploded into a mist of fine blood.

Mary jumped at the sudden action and took a step back as the bloody mist advanced towards them. Harry's hand clamping down on her shoulder prevented her from moving further and calming her down.

"Blood mist." He informed his partner as he tried his best to remember all the unnatural powers the Vampire Lord was assumed to possess.

The mist ghosted past the two Unspeakables and Lucy. As it passed Mina who had taken to leaning against one of the numerous support pillars, the Vampire Mistress burst into a similar red mist and both flowed quickly towards the dais.

Both Vampires reformed seated upon their respective thrones. As Dracula and Mina formed, high backed chairs rose out of the stone floor appearing besides the various Vampire Elders. Pillows and banners signaling their various clans appeared magically. They each took a seat as a small table formed beside their seats and two bottles and a pair of crystal goblets appeared.

"Come, you two are guest now that you passed the test." Lucy tugged at Harry's robes.

"Test?" Mary questioned still a bit lost with the sudden proceedings.

"If you make it to the throne room and defeat its guardian then you're allowed an audience with our Lord." Lucy stated as she tugged.

"Please don't do that. While my regeneration is increased in this form, my larger wounds are still healing. Besides can't you do something about that?" Harry gestured at the red runes glowing beneath their feet."

"Not while the Vampire council is in session, security and all that." Lucy said and led the two Unspeakables to a position to the left of the dais, it, like the Steward's platform was raised but lacking a throne.

With a snap of her fingers the stone platform grew wider and formed three high backed chairs for them. "Be glad, for today you're the guests of honor for the Tepes family." She gave them a smile and pulled off her crucifix.

The same blast of suppressed magical energy blasted out from her as her Vampire features were once again revealed. Harry flexed his claws as the magical energy washed over his wounds stinging them slightly.

The Boy-Who-Lived looked at the two bottles and realized they were filled with wine and blood. His animal instincts voiced its preference of something bloody, while his human one much preferred anything but blood. Using the provided corkscrew he popped the bottle, his forked tongue snaked out tasting the smell rather than his nose smelling it. He grimaced as his new senses cringed at the overwhelming sulphuric scent.

Reluctantly he went with a compromise and mixed the two substances in a single goblet. He noticed that most of the Vampires throughout the room had done pretty much the same.

Harry carefully cradled the crystal goblet wary of his newfound strength and tried the liquid combination. To his slight horror, his new taste buds and instincts found the beverage extremely inviting.

He tuned out the voices of the other Vampires taking as he focused on swirling the red liquid in his goblet. It was already nightfall back in England and they had probably been here easily five hours. The time coupled with the day's events had Harry's senses shutting down as more and more of his awareness left him. He mainly focused on swirling the red liquid and staying awake.

Despite being surrounded by beings that could easily kill him without much thought, Harry dozed off into a semi trance like state. After all, if they hadn't killed him for sticking a blade into their Lord they wouldn't be killing him in his sleep.

Harry gave a slight smirk that acquired the curious stare of his partner. If there was one thing he knew about most beings of nobility, they were always ruled by pride.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Throne Room

Mary leaned back into the cushion propped up behind her. She let out a breath as she allowed her body to relax. She winced slightly as her bruised and probably broken ribs caused her to cramp up. Coming off the adrenalin high was never a good thing when one had injuries.

She wondered how much her partner's wounds were affecting him. She knew that some of the deeper cuts he had taken had yet to heal, and Dragon physiology or not, no teenager should have to ignore the amount of pain he was no doubt feeling. She made up her mind to check up on his wounds later.

Her attention was gained when she heard the telltale squeak and pop of a bottle being unplugged. Seeing her mentor and friend slither out a thin forklike tongue to sample the taste sent a slight shiver up her spine. It most definitely disconcerting yet somewhat ironic that Harry had possessed the snakelike tongue, that most individuals associated with the current Dark Lord.

She raised an eyebrow seeing her partner smirk as he slowly swirled his crystal goblet in a daze. The man was definitely thinking something that would no doubt spell future headaches for her.

"Mary." She turned to see Lucy offering her a goblet filled with what she supposed was wine. Despite the state of her ripped dress, the Vampire Princess sat with the posture, pride and stature befitting her station.

"Thanks." She accepted the drink and took a tentative sip. The heavy body of the wine left a rather particular coppery aftertaste.

Lucy smiled seeing her reaction. "A rather interesting wine made from the sauvage de sang grapes. Cabernet Sang is a popular choice among Vampire kind for its distinctive coppery after taste."

Mary stared at the girl. "If my French is correct 'sauvage de sang' means wild blood."

Lucy smiled ignoring the on going meeting. "Correct. The grapes have high iron content and thus the bloody coppery taste."

Mary took another sip of her wine as Lucy filled her second goblet with a combination of the two drinks.

"Why do you do that? Isn't the wine's taste enough." Mary pointed out as she stared at the blood flowing out of the bottle.

Lucy raised an eyebrow. "To us Vampires, drinking blood is similar to

having a meal. Therefore, you should consider this conclave meeting a formal dine and discuss. While we Vampires enjoy the wine with its bloody taste it has absolutely no nutritional content for us. Next question?" She seemed amused by the girl. "On that note, while it is a rather interesting charm, it is rather disconcerting speaking to a void of darkness. Would you be so kind as to lower your hood, rest assured that your identities shall remain a secret?

Mary looked to her partner that had forgone his hood. His identity was probably secure, the earlier bruises and blood stains had made it hard to discern. Now with his altered facial structure and eye color, most would be hard pressed to connect her partner with the legendary Boy-Who-Lived. That and the evil fanged smirk coupled with his new features dissuaded most for the typical expected image of the Wizarding World's savior.

She shifted her features and lowered her hood. "I'm a Metamorphmagus so this isn't my real face."

Lucy accepted the concession and nodded.

"From your earlier words I thought you hated Vampires and yet you're one? Isn't that a bit hypocritical?" Mary remembered.

Lucy turned to make sure her father was currently distracted by a conversation. "Please do not mention anything about our excursion to my father. He would be most... displeased. In regard to my words, I don't hate Vampires. I hate the lowborn turned arrogant scum that infests this castle. We of the Tepes family believe that Vampirism is not a gift like many others, but a responsibility." She paused to take a sip of her wine.

"We may kill humans who are our prey but we don't do so indiscriminately. With Muggle technology we are able to cultivate blood as well as obtain our nutrition from blood banks. Of course we do pay for magical donated blood which is the best kind. Blood is

blood, whether it comes from a bag donated or a person. The only difference is the cultivated kind, it lacks a certain flavor." She informed the Unspeakable.

"Most turned Vampires immediately go on a power trip abusing their supposed immortality, going so far as to push their superiority on mortals. These are the lowborn trash I refer to. We may be superior in most ways, but that doesn't mean we should announce it. After all, quantity will sooner or later overpower quality and six billion humans..." she shrugged as she trailed off.

Mary nodded seeing her point of view. She supposed that Vampires did see the world slightly differently. "So what's this about you escaping? I assume a Princess would be able to do just about anything."

Lucy snorted. "I'm a secret. No Vampire other than the trusted and Elders are aware of both mine and mother's existence. That is the reason I wear this crucifix and pose as a human. The only times I am allowed out of this tower is with the company of either the Master or my mother."

"That sort of explains your desire to get out." Mary wondered how boring it must be being cooped up in a tower.

"It's actually a test of my abilities. No Vampire power and magic allowed, and should I escape the tower into the courtyard, mother and I will be formally introduced to the Vampire community." Lucy explained as she took a sip of her drink. The Vampire Elders were arguing amongst themselves again.

"So how old are you really? I have heard that Vampires age rather slow." Mary curiously asked the girl.

"Fifteen." Lucy smirked. "It's true somewhat. We age slightly slower in stature but our features age normally like humans. It all then than

stops at our prime. It's the reason I'm still so small."

Mary had been wondering if she was just small at first, but now realized the Lolita looking teenager would grow out of the look in a few more years. "So jeans?" She looked at the Vampire's ripped dress.

"Seen them, bought them, wore them, father burnt them. Said it was unfit for someone of my station." She rolled her eyes. "One of the other reasons I'm trying to escape, then I can explore on my own and drop the Gothic Lolita look."

Mary smiled in amusement. The scary Vampire was still a teenager after all. "But you do the 'look' so well."

Lucy gave her an annoyed glare. "Leave me out of your fetishes."

Mary stammered out her denials.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Throne Room

"... Voldemort..."

The name had Harry snapping out of his daze and glaring in the direction it had come from. His awareness peaked as he focused on the current hot topic of discussion.

"He has sent emissaries to our various clans wishing our cooperation in the upcoming conflict." An elderly looking Elder voiced his concerns. Harry saw the irony in his description of the Vampire.

"The arrogance of that man knows no bounds." Mina hissed in annoyance. "We have received similar requests of him wishing an audience. We have so far declined."

"Voldemort is indeed bold to seek assistance from the Vampire clans without my express permission." Dracula added.

"Our clan believes he is hard pressed for support this time around. He ignored us the last time and only focused on the Werewolves." Another Elder suggested.

"We have received reports that most of his inner circle has been eliminated despite his ranks swelling from recruitment overseas."

"He should be dealt with." The Elder nearest to Harry voiced his opinion.

"Not as easy as it sounds. The treaties prevent us from openly declaring war." The older looking Vampire informed.

"I've heard that the man is no longer a mortal my Lord. There is evidence that he has partaken in the vilest of rituals and has shed his mortality."

Dracula's blue eyes narrowed. "None the less he is still a mortal, he can be killed can he not? The child of the Potter proved it sixteen years ago. Voldemort has simply bound his soul to this plane of existence. He is just as immortal as you or I. Death, while difficult, is still a possibility."

"What sort of rituals?" Harry asked, his eyes narrowed and his sudden interruption echoing throughout the hall.

The Vampire Elders turned to him. "You may be a guest of his Highness, but this meeting doesn't concern your Ministry." A thin Vampire dressed in a blue suit answered.

"I'm not asking this as a Ministry employee." Harry stood his goblet left unattended on the armrest.

"It matters not. This meeting is about Voldemort's affect on the Vampires, I doubt a mortal would be able to do much." The blue suited Vampire countered.

"I seriously doubt that." Harry strode forwards and brushed his fringe out of the way. "I took him out once and if you find him so annoying, I'm your best bet at taking him out again."

Most of the Vampire Elder's eyes widened in surprise.

"Besides, I came here to convince you not to join his cause, but hey, you're doing fine on yourselves already." Harry shrugged.

Dracula gave a deep laugh. "Well played indeed Harry Potter. Your faked death was indeed an excellent strategy. Tell me then, why you assume that you would be the one to defeat the current Dark Lord?"

"How about the fact that he has been as interested as a pedophile staking a young girl when it comes to me? After all I have only met him a total of five or so times." Harry pointed out. "Also being The-Boy-Who-Shares-You-Know-Who's-Hyphenated-Name means that I am also a prime candidate for death by his hand personally."

"Truth you may speak young one, however, we were looking for something a bit more... substantial." An Elder pointed out.

'Bingo.' Harry gave a feral smirk, his dangerous look further enhanced by the reptilian features. "Tell me gentlemen and ladies," he spotted two more females other than Lucy and Mina. "What do you know about prophecies?"

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Guest Quarters

"Will you stop fidgeting and hold still." Mary snapped at her partner as she examined his scabbed wounds.

"And I keep telling you that 'I'm fine'." He tried to reach for his shirt but she held it out of reach.

"Not until I have made sure that all your wounds are healed and uninfected." Mary insisted as she forcibly turned him around to inspect his back where a massively long slash had been placed.

She examined the already scabbed wound. She was amazed that there wasn't the need for stitching or magic to seal the flesh. His Draconian physiology apparently had very rapid blood clotting and the ability to seal its own deep cuts.

"Don't bother about infections. In this state as long as all my wounds have scabbed over, I wouldn't be getting any infections when I manage to turn back." Harry informed as he summoned his shirt back and repaired it.

Mary stepped back, a frown on her face. She took in his changes once again noting the lack of a tail. His skin while still human had gotten rougher, as if his entire body was one big callus.

Harry blinked his inner eyelids as he wondered what was on his partner's mind.

"You really should master your transformation." A familiar voice spoke suddenly.

Harry checked his reflex action and instead glared at the corner of the guest room where Lucy in her Vampire form emerged from the shadows.

"Ever heard of knocking?" Harry pointed at the doorway.

Lucy smiled mischievously and knocked her hand on a nearby armoire.

"Why are you here? Shouldn't you be playing evil overlord's little Princess out there?" Harry asked slightly annoyed as he danced out of his partner's reach. His lack of sleep and current physical state was leaving him rather grouchy.

Lucy rolled her eyes and leaned against the armoire as Mary once again grabbed his shirt and forced him into a chair. After Harry's announcement of his identity and information regarding the prophesy, Dracula had them relocated to the guest quarters. The boy turned Unspeakable had been slightly surprised when the Vampire Lord had summoned a house Elf as their escort. Then again, who wouldn't want help that enjoyed work and refused pay?

"I was bored, besides, I rarely attend meetings." Here she seemed to perk up. "On that note, Mary," She addressed Harry's partner who was still examining his wound and applying healing charms despite his earlier refusal, "The Master has formally declared me as heir to the Vampire nation."

"Well good for you." Harry deadpanned sarcastically.

His partner's response held more enthusiasm. "Wow! Really, I thought you had to escape?"

Lucy smirked in glee. "Mother argued that I would have escaped had you two not interfered."

"This is a good thing how?" Harry raised an eyebrow. Being the heir to the Lord of Vampires would most definitely involve politics, and Harry couldn't see why anyone would want any part of it.

"Not so at first, I'll just be required to attend every function hosted in my honor amongst the clans, until they tire of my presence. At least

this will not be till my identity is revealed during the next official conclave meeting." Lucy rolled her eyes showing her opinion of anything formal.

Mary giggled. From what she had seen of the girl so far, she was anything but formal should she choose to be. Her foul language alone was enough to give an English noble woman a heart attack.

"The good part I guess is that I can finally leave this stuffy old tower and explore at my leisure. Father will definitely assign an escort, but meh." Lucy shrugged off that small detail.

Harry snatched his shirt and moved away before donning it. He frowned at the rips and tears in the fabric. "So basically, you were tired of listening to centuries old beings jabbering and decided instead to annoy us mortals in much need of rest." Harry summarized Lucy's visit

"You're not a very nice person Harry Potter." Lucy commented.

"You would be a bitch too if you were bleeding." Harry stared at her crotch making sure she got the message.

Harry smirked at the glare he received from the Vampire. He winced as Mary slapped his arm in retaliation for his comment. "Be nice James. She's our host."

Harry rolled his eyes. Mary still had trouble changing over to his real name. Then again, it probably was better that was. 'It would be pretty hard to explain her shouting 'Harry' during a skirmish.' He thought.

Lucy smiled at the other female in thanks. "Actually," She turned to Harry, "The council has come to a decision and the Master, requests your presence in an hour. I'm here to assist you two in getting presentable."

Harry snorted as he pointedly looked at the current state of Lucy's dress.

Lucy ignored the stare and grabbed his partner. "We ladies are going to freshen up, I suggest you do the same." The Vampire snapped her fingers and the room provided another washroom.

Harry smirked at Mary's lost look as Lucy dragged her into the adjoining room. He took one look at his ruined shirt and wondered if he remembered the correct charm to correctly fix fabric. Giving up he tossed it aside and stalked into the washroom.

Like all the other rooms in the tower, the washroom followed the dark motif. However instead of the obsidian stone that made up the rooms, the washroom was made from black marble with white veins running throughout the stone.

Harry raised an eyebrow at the extravagance the wealthy put into everything. For being a simple washroom it was overly large and had way too many shiny fixtures, the taps all being made from gold. The thing Harry found nice was that the entire room had been illuminated with soft orange light coming from enchanted crystals.

He spied the massive burgundy marble bathtub to his left, it was large enough to hold a small group. Knowing the highly sexual natures of some Vampires, he assumed it was a required feature. Directly opposite the entrance were two red marbled washbasins. Finally to his right were a two small cubicles holding a fairly large toilet and a shower. Beside that was a large walk in closet which he ignored. All in all, the bathroom was done up in a nice combination of red and black marble with gold fixtures here and there. He supposed that it was nice, but still to extravagant for his tastes.

Knowing he definitely didn't have the time for a bath he opted for a hot shower instead. He fumbled with his belt buckle, his long claws getting in the way of his fingers. Finally resigning that the simplest

tasks were now impossible, he waved his wand.

'I feel like a Pureblood wanker using magic for the most basic things.'
He thought as he shed his cloths and stepped into the shower.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Flamel Manor – Nicholas' Study

The fireplace flared up in a burst of green flames as Nicholas Flamel returned to his family manor. He turned around to get a look at the clock on the mantle.

"Six in the morning." He mumbled as he deposited his cloak on a coat rack by the fireplace.

He had finally finished all his paperwork and decided to return home. Harry had yet to report in since his reported disappearance by the Intelligence Department. However Nicholas had faith that the lad would pull through. Harry just had an uncanny way to both get into and out of trouble.

He yawned tiredly as he removed a harness carrying a multitude of daggers and extra wands. It too joined the cloak hanging on the rack as he headed for the alcohol cabinet for a quick nightcap.

Conjuring up a couple of ice cubes he tossed them into a cut crystal glass and followed up with a generous splash of aged Irish whiskey. He slumped into the leather armchair surrounding the hearth as he nursed his drink.

Taking a sip he let out a deep breath in relaxation. Perenelle was no doubt asleep upstairs in their bedroom and would be nagging his ear when she awoke for spending too much time at the office.

Nicholas closed his eyes and enjoyed the crackling of the fire. For

now it was peaceful. For the moment he was able to ignore everything that was going on in the World.

Flamel took a sip, his eyes still closed. He was long overdue on his retirement and had been considering a century of holidaying. This was just after Albus had just defeated Grindelwald. The two alchemists had predicted another century before the next Dark Lord rose. Of course Voldemort had to go and declare himself a Dark Lord curtailing Nicholas' holiday plans.

Nicholas' eyes snapped open at the incisive tapping coming from his office window.

He glared at the bird staring at him through the glass planes. The mail was rather early this morning. He waved his wand lazily, letting the avian messenger in. The delivery owl flew in and dropped an early edition of the Daily Prophet in his lap before flying back out the opened window.

Tucking his wand back up his sleeve, Nicholas used his free hand to unroll the paper. The name of his longtime friend in the headlines immediately caught his attention. He smirked, Albus Dumbledore had never been able to escape getting his name in the papers on a weekly basis. With his plethora of titles he was a constant target for the media, both good and bad.

Finally getting the paper unfurled, he brought the glass to his lips as he read. The liquor never made it to his mouth as fingers suddenly numbed, released their hold. The crystal glass bounced off the wooden floorboards spilling its contents.

Albus Dumbledore Murdered

Nicholas stared numbly in disbelief at the papers. Quickly his eyes scanned through the passages, years of reading the Prophet's tabloid writing styles allowed him to section out the relevant material.

His sleep forgotten, the immortal man sprung to his feet. Penning a note for his wife and leaving the Newspaper on his desk, he donned his harness and cloak. His shaking hands grabbed a fistful of Floo powder and flung it into the fires.

With a roar of green flames the Head of Unspeakables vanished back to the office he had vacated less than an hour ago.

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Location Unknown – Deserted Town – Spire: Guest Quarters

Harry grabbed a towel that was conveniently in reach as he exited the shower. Drying his messy mop of hair he growled in pain as his claws punctured the drying cloth and scratched his scalp.

Staring at his blackened elongated nails in annoyance he tossed the towel aside and used his wand instead. He stared at himself in the mirror. He looked at his body, in his incomplete form he had gained a fair amount of muscle bulk, at the same time gaining a bit of height. Peering closer he noted that he still looked human except for the claws, eyes, elongated teeth and fangs. The last one he guessed wouldn't stand out among the Vampires. He opened his mouth to stare at the pointed serrated incisors as a thin tongue slithered out. He frowned at his new tongue and for a moment wondered how he was still able to speak.

'Magic.' He mentally answered the question.

Making a note to get his hands on Mandrake Restorative Potion as soon as possible he turned to where he had deposited his clothes. Harry raised an eyebrow. The House Elves were rather efficient creatures. All his clothes had disappeared and had been replaced with some new clothes hanging on the door. His Unspeakable cloak was nicely folded beside the new robes.

Learning his lesson he used his wand to put on the black pants, collared burgundy shirt and black vest. He was glad that the shirt was one of the old fashioned ones lacking buttons as he didn't know the spell to do them up. Using magic he threaded the emerald green ribbon through the collar and finished it in a bow.

Once again he approached the mirror and frowned at the messy mop that was his hair. Concentrating, he extended its length till it fell past his shoulder blades. Whipping his head back, he conjured up a ribbon matching his bow tie and bound his elongated side burns behind him. He smiled at the effect it had. His hair had been pulled back completely exposing his scar. The tying of the sideburns had allowed his hair to be loose yet pulled back and cascading down his back.

He prodded his scar with a clawed finger and grimaced. While not liking to show off his main claim to fame, he had learnt how much sway and use it had when reminding people just who he really was. Flash his scar and he cease being a sixteen year old teenager, instead he immediately became The-Boy-Who-Lived, the Wizard who took out the most powerful Dark Lord in the last five centuries.

Picking up his Unspeakable coat he checked that everything was still in place and that it hadn't been tampered with. The elves were excellent tailors and had repaired all the damage. He frowned as he realized that the magic suppression circle had managed to temporarily disable the cloak's protective enchantments. He cursed himself for forgetting his protective Mithril vest which would have saved him a whole lot of pain.

He put on the harness holding his spare wands and various other weapons. Checking that everything was in place he transfigured his cloak into a long black cloak with emerald trimmings to match his current style.

Harry noted he looked like a typical Pureblood noble and snorted in slight disgust as he was reminded of Lucius Malfoy. At least he didn't resemble the pretty boys of the Malfoy family in looks with his current facial features. Blinking with his inner eyelids, he turned and exited the room making note once again to acquire Mandrake Restorative Potion as soon as possible.

He only had to wait a few minutes before both ladies exited from their washroom.

He smirked at Mary blushing up a storm as she came out. The Vampire had no doubt forced her into the shower together. Vampires despite their ancient dress sense, were also well known for their lack of modesty.

Harry was extremely amused that his partner had been forced to adopt the lacy gothic style that Lucy favored. Mary was wearing a long flowing dark purple laced skirt and a purple frilled short sleeved blouse. Black lace covered the entire dress and hung off her sleeves, a black corset had probably been thrown in against her wishes if her lack of breath was anything to go by. Her cloak had no doubt been transfigured into the Witch's cape hanging down her shoulders and back. Harry raised an eyebrow at the fingerless shoulder length gloves.

Lucy on the other hand abandoned her previous clothes and had opted for a simple one piece gown. The black corset and choker was still in place as before. The gown had a red front panel with the rest being black. He noted the band of red around the arms giving the medieval look to the bell sleeve portion.

Harry was amazed that both their hair had been pinned up in elaborate designs. Magic really did make things faster.

"Would you escort us ladies?" Lucy grinned as she held out her elbow.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Whatever." He allowed the Vampire to grab his arm while waiting for Mary to grasp the other.

"Oh right." She realized he was serious and grabbed hold.

"Now don't panic. We're going to shadow meld, way faster." Lucy snapped her fingers, plunging the room into darkness. Harry discovered he had perfect night vision just before he felt like he had been plunged into a pool of freezing cold water.

"That was unpleasant." Mary shivered as she stared ahead at the two enormous giant doors before them. There had appeared outside the throne room.

"What an efficient way to kill someone's sex drive. I'll remember that the next time I require an ice cold dunking." Harry snapped as he felt goose bumps all over his arms. His current draconian physiology particularly hated anything cold.

"Sorry, Vampires aren't that sensitive to the cold. We sort of ignore it." Lucy didn't sound all that apologetic as she gave a smug grin at the group's male companion.

Harry glared at the Vampire as he wondered why all forms of long range magical travel were so horrible. He supposed that it was the price you paid for near instantaneous point to point transportation.

"Brought us outside the hall first, I wanted to get you used to the cold, it wouldn't be good if you started cursing up a storm."

Harry glared at the girl again. So she did know about the cold feeling.

She grinned as she grabbed hold of his arm. "Ready?" She didn't wait for an answer before she transported them again.

Harry had just managed to cast a warming charm before the sensation of cold hit him again. He held back the curse as they appeared in the throne room where Lucy's seat had been, the warming charm seemed to have no affect on the ice cold feeling that came with the Vampiric travel.

Both Unspeakables instantly noticed the lack of the many Elder Vampires from earlier. Instead the center of the room had a long dining table laid out.

A complete breakfast had been set up for them and amongst the usual morning dishes, Harry noticed a small platter of extremely rare steaks as well as a few more bottles similar to the ones before.

Both Vampire rulers were already seated awaiting them. Dracula sat at the table's head calmly sipping a from a crystal goblet, Mina to his left.

Harry seemed slightly surprised at the current setting. It had only been less than two hours ago when a bunch of ancients were having a meeting. He had been expecting a council session and not breakfast. He did take it in stride as he followed Lucy who was already moving towards the table.

"My wife decided on a less formal setting," Dracula stood as they approached, "Come join us. You must be famished."

"Thanks you for your generosity." Harry accepted as he pulled out the chair for his two female companions. He took his place besides Lucy who sat to her father's right. Mary placed herself beside him. Mina smiled at them as she poured some wine into her goblet.

"Eat, go ahead. Don't be shy. We'll discuss the important details later when you two are satiated." Mina invitingly waved at the dishes laid out.

"Indeed." Dracula nodded at Harry. With his part added, all three Vampires immediately helped themselves to the rare steaks.

Harry eyed the blood dribbling off the meat as they lifted it to their plates. He was tempted to try it as well but opted instead for the porridge.

"I thought that Vampire's don't get any nutrition from eating human food?" Mary finally spoke as she witnessed Lucy pouring a generous amount of blood from a bottle into her porridge.

"We don't." Mina said as she added a dollop of honey to her blood wine to sweeten the taste. "Only blood provides us with the necessary nutrients. However, all of us with the exception of Lucy were born human. We therefore still retain the fondness of human meals. It also allows for a longer meal to spend talking." The Vampire lady waved at her husband.

Harry found the situation slightly weird. He was sitting together with the two most famous Vampires in history and having breakfast. He gave a chuckle that caught the Master's attention.

"Something amuses you Harry Potter?" He questioned as he followed his daughter's example of blood porridge.

"Just the situation." The Boy-Who-Lived polished off his bowl.

"I see." The Vampire laid his spoon down. "So you wish to know our information on Voldemort?"

"I do." Harry stared into the Vampire's eyes. He felt the subtle tingle of mind magic and dared the ancient Vampire to try.

Dracula jerked back slightly as if struck as Harry's defenses activated. "A rather unique method of shielding ones mind," He commented, "I caution you that against Vampires the trick is only effective the first

time."

"Noted." Harry broke eye contact. He had been expecting a much larger result.

"Now before I divulge this information I wish a favor of you Harry Potter." The Vampire grinned as he leaned forwards.

"I'm listening." The others at the table either continued to eat or in Mary's case, silently watch the negotiation.

"My daughter," He indicated Mary, "Wishes to travel, you," He waved at the yellow eyed teen, "Shall be her escort and she your companion."

Harry's eye widened. 'Fuck.' He said internally as he thought it over.

"Why?" He finally spoke as he glanced at Lucy who was giving both him and her father a surprised look.

"You travel a lot if this excursion is anything to go by. Lucy wishes adventure, you can provide it and protection if the deaths of forty five Vampires are to be noted." Dracula gave a fanged grin.

"You are also rather interesting." Mina smiled.

"You aren't annoyed at the loss of so many of your kind?" Harry pointed out. He really didn't know he had gotten that many.

"No. I assign the useless irresponsible dregs of our society as security. Should they get eliminated, I wouldn't lose any sleep. Valdosta and Michal are able to keep them in line."

"So I escort your daughter till she gets bored or wishes to leave. In return you give me all information about Voldemort. No other strings attached." Harry confirmed as he remembered what being a

Vampire's companion entailed.

"Yes." Both Vampires agreed simultaneously.

Lucy frowned at her parent's choice but remained silent.

Harry seemed to think it over for a while. "Deal." He reached out a clawed hand.

The Vampire Lord grasped it in agreement. "Protect her, Harry Potter, I would be most displeased if harm were to befall her. While our pact with the Wizards prevents our interference, we are able to provide assistance should you require it in defense of the Princess."

"Nice." Harry grinned.

"You shall be declared an ally of the European Vampire Nation, Harry Potter and..." Here he paused to stare at Mary. "Is your name really Mary Sue?"

Harry couldn't help it. His chuckle broke into a laugh at his partner's name.

XXXXX

Diagon Alley – Madam Primpernelle's Beautifying Potions

All three members of the group appeared outside the beauty saloon with a massive crack.

"Wow. Never tried double side along Apparation before." Harry commented as he steadied his two companions.

Lucy still looked slightly green at the Portkey ride they had taken to exit her home followed by the triple Apparation. "That was horrible. I'll stick to travel, Vampire style."

All three had left immediately after breakfast, both Unspeakables had retained their clothing. Harry had donned his cloak for cover, but had turned it black to prevent association with his job. Mary remained with her Witch's cloak as her ability as a Metamorphmagus allowed her anonymity. Lucy had her crucifix on and was currently 'human'.

"Hey Diagon Alley. Been here once." Lucy said in excitement as she looked up and down the street. "Don't remember it being this quiet though."

"It's the war. Everyone's afraid. They rather Floo into the stores get what they need and leave or use mail order." Mary commented slightly unnerved by the usually loud street turned ghost town.

"Why are you using Madam Primpernelle's?" Mary noticed the beauty saloon they had appeared in front of.

Harry sighed. "Because Slug and Jiggers Apothecary sells ingredients and a few common potions. Mandrake Restorative Potion is slightly more... exclusive." He explained tiredly, his lack of sleep getting the better of him.

His hand lashed out snatching a loose newspaper page before it could smack Lucy in the face.

"Nice catch." The Vampire commented.

Harry however failed to respond as his yellow serpentine eyes bore into the headline printed.

"Fuck." He summarized suddenly pale and shocked before recovering quickly. "Mary." He intoned seriously.

"Yes James?" The woman was getting worried, her partner never got like this.

"Take Lucy back to the safe house. Something important has come up." He pressed the article into the woman's arms as he strode into the store without a word.

"Huh?" Lucy stared as he disappeared into the store. "What's up with him."

"Oh god!" Mary gasped staring in horror at the parchment. "Sweet Merlin, he's dead."

"Who." Lucy snatched the paper out of her hands and read. Her eyes widened in surprise. "Well shit. This is bad for you magical folk." She said dryly.

"Come," Mary placed a hand on her charge's shoulder. "We must go." She activated her Portkey and the two vanished.

Inside the store, Harry dumped a piled of Galleons onto the counter. He ignored the Witch telling him he had overpaid. His shaking claws ripped the cork out and he swirled the liquid in the flask. He glared at the potion in his grip. Dumbledore had just been murdered. His claws tightened around the neck of the container as his rage grew. 'No.' he concluded, he wouldn't need the potion just yet.

His hands closed, crushing the flask in his hands. The shattered glass fragments crunching as they broke further under the intense pressure he exerted. Harry's yellow eyes focused on the liquid dripping from his clawed fingers to the floor.

He opened his palms and stared. There had been no pain when he had broken the flask. His skin had hardened and the faint outlines of scales were showing. His rage and magic had triggered the transformation further. The magical aura of rage and power was permeating the room. Harry vaguely noticed the store owner cowering behind the counter during his episode.

First, he needed information. He knew where to get it. The darker aspects of the Wizarding world were easily accessible. Second, he was going to track down the bastard cock sucking Death Eater who murdered the old man. Then, he was going to slowly render him bit by bit into small unrecognizable peices. He was going to enjoy it and he knew just who to go to first.

'They will pay!' He savagely thought as he Disapparated, his exit punching through the store's wards and leaving a shockwave that blew out the store's windows.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Living Room

Lucy inspected the layout of the living room as she leaned against the mantel of the fireplace. Mary had chosen immediately to slouch into the couch as the Portkey deposited them in besides the fireplace. The Unspeakable shot off a miniature fireball and started a fire in the hearth.

The Vampire spied the girl's hands fidgeting with the cloth of her cloak. The girl was silently staring at the flames with a blank unfocused look in her eyes. If she didn't know better, Lucy would have associated the girl before her as a classic case of the Imperius Curse at work. However, she did know better, and Mary was definitely anxious. Lucy stared waiting for the Unspeakable to come back to herself. Vampires of her standing could be very patient if need be.

"I'm sorry, we don't have any blood, I can however, offer some tea." The woman finally turned her attention to Lucy after a minute of flame staring.

"Tea will suffice." Lucy moved to take a seat on the adjacent arm

chair. "You're worried." The Vampire pointed out as Mary summoned a tea set from the kitchen.

"That obvious, huh?" She sighed as she conjured water into the teapot and heated it using magic. "I'm worried for James."

"James? Why his middle name?" Lucy seemed curious.

"His alias." Mary pointed out. "I only found out about him being Harry Potter less than a week ago."

"I see." Lucy grinned in amusement. "Now, on your topic of worrying. What are you worried about, his safety or his actions?" The Vampire leaned forwards.

"His safety of course," Mary blurted out, "I may not have seen them together but I have heard the rumors. Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter were very close to one another. I'm afraid he might do something that would get him killed."

Lucy's eyes glinted as she stared into the Unspeakable's eyes. "I would be wearier about his actions dear girl." A feral grin spread across her face. "I've seen that look before on many Vampire Elders. It's the look every Vampire Sire gets when they're informed of a slain Childe.

Mary leaned back as the Vampire leaned closer.

"It's the look of revenge. Revenge for a slain loved one, revenge that cannot be denied, revenge that matters not if you're innocent or guilty. It's the look of a man determined to kill." Lucy hissed viciously, her irises bleeding red as her natural instincts surfaced.

Mary turned away. She knew it was true even if she wished to deny it. James, even before she had known who he was, valued those that he befriended to an almost possessive point. She remembered the

day he had given her the Mithril vest she now wore. He was willing to spend a ridiculous sum of money protecting her because she was somewhat close to him.

After she had recovered from the failed Killing Curse she had been approached by some of the Operatives in the main office space while he had been making his report. The Hit Wizards had said they were glad to see her alive and well. They also told her the fate of the man that tried to kill her. Harry had snapped, and brutally and physically assaulted the man. From what was explained, the man would never be able to eat anything other than through a straw, let alone talk or see again. Harry had literally beaten the man within an inch of his life.

Now he was faced with the murder of his mentor. Dumbledore had been rumored to be even closer to the teenager than she was. If Harry's brutal reaction to her death was any indication, she now knew what Lucy meant with her words.

"You don't know for sure, despite his need for vengeance, Ja... Harry would never risk innocents." She stared back at the blood sucker.

Lucy gave a dark chuckle. "Yes he wouldn't, but remember, his current instincts are that of a Dragon. They are awfully possessive, and nothing stands in the way of a Dragon out for blood." She licked her suddenly blood red lips. "Oh! How I wish I could be there as he mercilessly tears his enemies apart!"

XXXXX

Knockturn Alley – The Nesting Newt

Harry reappeared in the middle of the disreputable shopping district with a tremendous boom. Punching through the alley's wards had once again resulted in a small shockwave that blasted two unlucky bystanders away from him. One was knocked unconscious as he

impacted a brick wall, the other dazed when thrown into a barrel containing Dragon's dung fertilizer.

He ignored both the scream from the disgruntled store owner and the two bystanders. Instead his attention was on the faded sign board hanging by the tavern's door.

The Nesting Newt

He grinned. Not bothering to reign in his aura of power, he stepped into the tavern.

Richard Cox.

The name was an alias, the man dealt with information. His network of associates covered most of Europe and within their little circle they traded information amongst each other for profit, information that was most urgently wanted.

Harry strode to the counter where the barkeeper had risen from his stool in alert. Most of the patrons were staring at him warily. Knockturn Alley's reputation for holding the darker aspects of Wizarding society was mostly true. Anyone sitting in a tavern there, most likely had enemies.

"Richard Cox." Harry growled the name out.

The bartender pointed over his shoulder at a booth where two men were having a private conversation.

Two large sized bodyguards stood up from a table and made to intercept him as he approached. One man was still talking, however, the one he identified as his target was keeping an eye on him. The man had yet to draw his wand. Drawing a wand during a business transaction was not proper, not that Harry cared at the moment.

"That's as far as you go." One of the bodyguards spoke with authority as they both bared his way.

Waving both his hands violently, Harry unleashed a burst of raw magical force. Both men were tossed into the private booth and knocking the other two over.

Richard Cox was the first to respond as he was aware of an incoming attack. The man pushed the bodyguard off him and stood drawing a wand.

Harry flashed forwards and gripped the offending arm. Tilting it away, he redirected the curse. He felt the telltale feeling of Apparation as the man tried to escape.

'No.' He forced his magic against the other man's, aborting the escape. A fist into the man's solar plexus prevented any further resistance as he dragged Richard out of the booth.

He twisted the man's wand arm making him relinquish the weapon. Gripping his collar, Harry jerked the man face to face.

"Cox, you're a man who trades in information. I want to know every member of the Death Eater squad that murdered Albus Dumbledore!" Harry demanded throatily as he shook the man.

He felt hairs on his back bristle and spun around. Using his bare hands, Harry slapped the curse aside where it left a scorch mark beside a faded poster. He growled and released a blast of power knocking the attacker into the wall. The other Wizard slumped to the ground, unconscious.

Glaring at the rest of the tavern's occupants, Harry was satisfied when they turned away. Turning back to his captive, Harry was caught by surprise when the man had recovered enough to draw a second wand and fired a curse point blank into his stomach.

Harry stumbled from the force of the spell. His cloak's properties and recent magical resistance shrugged off the spell damage. Lashing out and gripping the arm, he crushed it hearing a satisfying snap.

Richard grunted at the pain and dropped the weapon. Forgoing the collar, Harry went for the throat this time. "Try one more time and broken bones will be the last of your worries." Harry hissed threateningly. "Now Dick, I'll make you a trade you wouldn't refuse. Tell me what I want or you lose the balls!" Harry held up a clawed hand showing just how he would deliver his ultimatum.

The man stayed silent as he glared at the Boy-Who-Lived. Harry growled and jerked his knee up. His kneecap slammed into Richard's groin and the man gasped in agony.

Harry released the choke hold allowing the man to fall forwards. He immediately grabbed a fistful of hair and jerk Richard's head back. "Who!?" He growled threateningly, the draconian features coming into view as his hood slid back slightly.

The informant choked as he gasped out a name. "Jugson... Jason Jugson... Death Eater... been bragging lately about it... Don't know anymore."

"Where can I find him?" Harry demanded.

"Number sixty four, Hanover Street, Liverpool."

"Good." He dropped the man and Apparated out.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Living Room

"Where are you going?" Mary demanded as the Vampire moved

towards the fireplace with a look in her eye the Unspeakable knew only too well. It was the look of determination.

"Harry James Potter, has agreed to the contract between my sire, the Master. As such he has been designated my companion till I tire of his service." Lucy snapped out quickly as she reached into the pot for a handful of the greenish powder.

Before she could throw it, the female Unspeakable had already drawn her wand. Lucy snarled in irritation before glaring at her. "Release the ward, woman. I have had just enough of waiting."

Mary snorted unfazed. "Join the club. James has always been one for disappearances without notification. Besides, what's got your knickers in a twist?"

Lucy blinked at the other female's reaction before frowning. "You have no idea what he agreed to, do you?"

Mary raised an eyebrow and shrugged. "He's been known to do stupid things, so what's a companion?" She did notice that while calmer, the Vampire's twitching fingers showed that patience was not one of her virtues, especially when this 'companion' this was involved.

"A consort of sorts," Lucy explained as Mary's eyes widened, "Not that type of consort." The Vampire corrected heading off the most obvious interpretation. "Of course such situations do occur." The Vampire added.

"Right..." Mary trailed off in slight disbelief. "So he's your consort."

"Companion." The other corrected. "A consort follows me. As a companion I follow him till I tire of doing so."

"I see..." The Unspeakable still sounded unsure.

Lucy sighed in annoyance at the lack of Vampire culture being displayed. "It means where he goes, by the order of my father, I follow, it is a learning journey of sorts for me. Therefore, leaving me behind while he goes off on a rampage sort of breaches the point."

"You didn't seem to mind earlier." Mary pointed out.

Lucy seemed to blush at that statement. "I forgot." She said softly.

Mary chuckled softly at the human like error, before realizing the look the Vampire was shooting her. "What?"

"The wards." Lucy intoned.

"No Vampire popping?" She asked.

"The best route to finding our missing in action query would be at your headquarters, as such I need the Floo. I haven't been to your Ministry Of Magic before."

"Oh, right." Mary stood and waved her wand as both females left through the fireplace.

XXXXX

Liverpool – Location Unknown

Harry appeared at the Liverpool Apparation Point via the use of a Portkey he had purchased in Diagon Alley. Having never been to that part of the country, he was unable to Apparate. The Apparation point was in a Muggle alleyway filled with large garbage dumpsters and the occasional trashcan.

His enhanced vision spotted the heat signatures of several rodents scurrying along the walls. The forked tongue flicked out tasting the

polluted air. He had been forced to calm down considerably during his procurement of a Portkey. The man selling the service had been so terrified of his aura that he had been unable to focus correctly. Still his rage at Dumbledore's killers was slowly simmering away.

Stepping out of the alley he took in the midday hustle and bustle of the city as cars and pedestrians hurried about during the lunch hour break.

Discretely drawing his wand, Harry cast a Muggle Repelling Charm and proceeded to summon a map of the city from a travel agency across the street. He unfolded the piece of paper and discerned his location via the nearest street sign.

He browsed the map for a few minutes before he located the desired destination. The street was half way across the city beyond the river that separated it. Trusting the accurately scaled map he blind Apparated, the location firmly in his mind.

He appeared almost immediately at a street's corner. The magic fueling Apparation prevented him from appearing too near another person or into a wall. He looked up at the hanging sign and noted he was on the correct path. Counting the building numbers he Flash Apparated two blocks down to the correct residence.

Hanover Street while not part of the central business district of Liverpool city, it was still within the main city itself. There were a large number of civilian activities going on around him as he watched his target residence.

Like all the streets in English cities, Hanover Street was lined on both sides by old bricked buildings. They were all roughly four stories in height and some of them had attics present. The ground floors were mostly shops and stores, while the second floor and upwards were residential apartments.

Harry was vaguely amused that a Death Eater purist would be living in such close proximity to Muggles.

Number 64

He eyed the shop lot's number that was printed on a brass plaque above the store's signboard. The olden red bricked building was centered between two modernized counterparts. Both with glass panels facing the street, a yellow tinted one on the right and a clear multifaceted one on the left. He vaguely noted the multistory car park that was being constructed behind him across the street.

Observation of the Muggles walking on the sidewalk quickly showed the magical nature of the dwelling. All the Muggles were pointedly averting their gazes from the red bricked apartment. The entire building from the second floor up was most likely the residence of one Jason Jugson.

Harry's draconian instincts were screaming at him to charge into the place and tear the Death Eater limb by limb. He however hesitated slightly, running in would be foolish. He would walk instead.

Harry James Potter crossed the street and up the stairs leading to the apartment. His yellow eyes glowed in the darkened unlit stairwell.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Tactical Operations

"What do you mean 'you can't track him'?" Lucy hissed dangerously at the Unspeakable as he backed away from the irate bloodsucker.

"I... I mean just that Miss." He addressed the red eyed lady he no doubt suspected was a Vampire."

"Cool it Lucy." Mary placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "How can you not track him?" She once again asked for further clarification. "All Unspeakables have a variety of tracing charms woven into their equipment." It was also true that most Operatives also did indeed strive to remove them as well.

"It's just that, Griffin 08," The Unspeakable paused as his head shifted slightly. "The Operative known as simply Griffin doesn't exist. We have tried this numerous times before out of curiosity." He turned and pointed to a large pin up map of the British Isles behind him. Tapping it with his wand, he zoomed in on the Ministry building itself.

"Normally if one tries to trace an Unspeakable who has removed his tracking charms we get a default location of the Ministry itself. Your partner Miss Griffin 08 just doesn't exist." The man shrugged. "I'm sorry."

"Thank you." Mary waved him off as she turned to Lucy who was suddenly quite.

"Interesting." The Vampire's earlier irritation seemed absent as she pondered the new information. "There are no other methods to locate him?" She asked.

"Believe me Ma'am," The member of Phoenix Division sounded annoyed, "We've tried all of them. What ever he's using, it's good. He just doesn't exist. Only one who's shown a similar reading is You-Know-Who. But somehow I doubt they are one and the same."

"Very interesting," The Vampire turned to Mary, "Let us try my way."

Mary sighed and rolled her eyes, the Boy-Who-Lived really did have too many secrets. In her opinion this would have been easier if they had just gone to The Dragon. However the old man was currently missing as well.

"Where to now?" She turned to Vampire.

"Stonehenge, but first a small detour." The red eyed creature smiled at the challenge.

Mary gave a sigh and wondered why she had to be partnered with the difficult ones.

XXXXX

Liverpool – Number 64 Hanover Street

"Your cooperation has been greatly appreciated Mr. Jugson." Harry's growling voice mocked as he spoke to the badly mutilated corpse before him.

"A pity you resisted too long." He gave a dark chuckle. "Then again I wasn't going to let you live anyway."

Blazing golden eyes glared at the dead Death Eater. "No more mercy." He growled bearing his serrated fangs as he focused his magic.

With a thunderous bang, Harry Potter breached the wards to his next hunt.

Author's Note:

Yes once again I apologize for another late update. No excuse except that I have been really lazy lately. Been doing noting productive during my free time, gotta stop watching anime and playing computer games. A bit hard seeing as Starcraft 2, Tiberium Twilight and Bayonetta is coming out soon. Sigh. Anyway I really hope I can get it in gear and update soon. I promise the next chapter would be out before the 20th of February 2010. Aka a months time.

On another note congratulations to Lady Evans Potter on being my 1000th reviewer lol.

Also once again thanks to my beta Kia Lewis: The Stalker Of Stories.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

Chapter 13 – The Innocence Of Guilt

Manchester – Number 16 Nickerson Street

Emile Murville appeared in his living room after the typical uneventful day of work at the Daily Prophet. The five foot eight brunet ran a hand through his damp hair. His fingers brushing aside his fringe as he placed his briefcase and a small paper bag down.

He had been caught in the usual English showers that came and went when he had gone to purchase some take away. The pleasant scent of hot food wafted from the small paper bag by his feet. He shrugged off his wet cloak and hung it on the available cloak rack. Drawing his wand, he made a simple wave. A simple and quick drying charm resulted in him, his clothes and the cloak immediately returning to their dry clean state.

Satisfied, he picked up the paper bag containing his dinner. Emile had been looking forwards to the weekly special of shepherd's pie at the local magical tavern that he frequented. He ignored his briefcase as he made for the kitchen where he would go about preparing his dinner.

He was ready for a nice quiet evening to himself and thus wasn't expecting anyone. There had been no pre planned attack plans or Death Eater rally. It was going to be a peaceful night alone listening to the Wizarding Wireless without outside interferences.

Thus he was completely surprised by the hooded figure sitting at his dining table facing the entryway into the kitchen. He barely registered the wand aimed at him before he received a vicious stunner to the face.

Harry Potter's eyes flashed in satisfaction as he rose from his seat and summoned Murville's wand. He grumbled when the presence of an enchanted holster prevented its release.

Just in case he shot off an additional stunner, before manually removing the Death Eater's wand and snapping it. Glancing at the bag in the man's hands, Harry's tongue forked out. He picked up the smell of lamb rather than a potion that might be dangerous.

Disregarding the meal, he kicked it aside as he inspected the downed man. "Hello there Mr. Murville, let's get better acquainted with one another." Harry spoke to himself as he hoisted the unconscious man off the floor.

XXXXX

England – Stonehenge

"So, Stonehenge huh?" Mary looked around here at the ruins of the massive stone formation they were centered within.

Her current companion paid her comment no attention as she concentrated on focusing her blood base magic as she slit the throat of rooster.

The female Unspeakable grimaced at the nonchalant reaction behavior of the Vampire. "Must everything with Vampires have to do with blood?" She voiced her slight disgust as Lucy set about painting a small ritual circle with the drained chicken's blood.

"Not really. This just happens to be the most effective way of tracking our missing Unspeakable. This particular locating method requires a minor sacrifice as well as something your Unspeakable department doesn't have."

"What's that?" Mary tried to make out the details of the circle despite the dying daylight.

"The location of a magical nexus." She waved her bloody hand

around them indicating the ancient rock structures. "And his blood." She held up a small tube of dark red substance.

Mary frowned at the ampoule in Lucy's hands.

"Relax." The Vampire assured her. "Your partner's blood is only useful up till twenty four hours since it was collected, so any more would be rendered useless. Thankfully for us, this ritual is within the expiry limit."

"James wouldn't be happy that you got a hold of his blood." Mary pointed out.

The Vampire snorted. "I suspect he wouldn't, however, it is his own fault at not clean up after himself. I believe the stress of battle and transformation may have affected his judgment slightly."

"You don't say." Mary replied sarcastically. "The James that left us looked like he was ready to murder someone."

"That he did Mary." The Vampire Princess grinned savagely. "That he did."

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Two: Auror Headquarters – Head Auror Office

Amelia Bones was stressed.

She couldn't believe the shit that was left in the wake of the latest Minister's administration, let alone the nightmare that was Fudge's.

It was a common practice that most newly voted in Ministers immediately sought to replace political members in key positions with one loyal to themselves or to simply buy their loyalty.

Fudge had been at it for more than half a decade. Both under the influence of the Death Eater Purist Faction and driven by his own greed and incompetence. The Ministry was completely smothered in inefficiency and corruption. Sure Scrimgeour replaced him and no doubt managed to remove some the idiot's influence, however Scrimgeour had only been in office for less than half a year and had only begun to scratch the surface.

Amelia sighed in annoyance. As the Interim Minister her first order of business had been to look into the Minister's policy of dealing with the current Dark Lord.

She was no doubt appalled that despite the growing threat that was Voldemort, Scrimgeour had only implemented a slight increase in the Auror Department's funding and a campaign catered towards increased recruitment and public awareness.

Basically a complete 'look like we are doing something but not' campaign. It was a clear case of 'throwing money at a problem hoping that it would disappear' and it wasn't even a significant amount. She should know. The increase funding was just enough to cover the wages of the new influx of Auror graduates. It was barely enough to even implement newer equipment, and training.

All in all it was a complete fuck up. The Ministry was completely inefficient. The amount of red tape caused by multiple laws being laid down over the centuries and rather stupid ones at that ensure that most matters took an extremely long time to fix.

At least, due to the state of emergency, she had been granted full control of the Ministry. She was definitely going to go through the Departments one by one. Why the hell did they even have a Muggle Worthy Excuse Committee and a Ludicrous Patents Office, that and a completely inappropriate allocation of funds to an Official Gobstones Club and Quidditch League Headquarters? The two were

simply clubs and had nothing to do with Ministry affairs.

That was just the second thing she had to fix, the first was to burn the current law book and adopt the Muggle one. When it came to Muggles, she really did have to admit that they did come with a better command of common sense.

Amelia massaged her temple and pinched her nose bridge. She pressed the intercom at her desk.

"Please send a large pot of extra strong coffee." She ordered her secretary. It was time to make some changes.

XXXXX

London – Alleyways

Harry leaned against the wall as he gave a deep sigh of tiredness. The stress of expanding so much magic coupled with his previous night had finally caught up to him.

He was tired and weary. He closed his eyes as his fingers loosely gripped his yew Basilisk venom wand. Taking another deep breath he collected his thoughts.

Opening his eyes he glared at the wall opposite him. Alfred Normanby, a pureblooded Wizard of two generations. No monetary and political standing. Basically you average Death Eater grunt, recruit and general cannon fodder. Unfortunately he had been part of the team sent to assassinate the Headmaster of Hogwarts.

As such his participation in that act had brought Harry's wrath down upon him. Harry snarled as he looked over his handy work. The man was most definitely dead from blood loss. However he had been forced to regurgitate all he knew before his demise. The Death Eater had been painfully staked to the wall behind him via sharp metal

spikes into each of his wrists and ankles. Everything from his neck down was a mess.

The green eyed Wizard could still hear the man's screams as he begged for death as he was slowly opened up. Harry Potter's lips pursed in aggravation. Normanby was the end of the line his information provided. He had already dealt with 3 others and there only 4 more remaining.

Sure he had the names of the remaining one involved, but they were too well hidden. Snape, Draco, Greyback and the last remaining free Inner Circle member, Bellatrix, all were in hiding and were thus inaccessible.

His hunt would be on hold for now.

Harry gave a grunt as he pushed off the wall and dismissed his silencing and avoidance charms on the alleyway.

He had a grave to visit.

XXXXX

England – Stonehenge

"Found him." The Vampire's grin displayed her elation at the ritual's success.

"Where?"

Lucy didn't answer but immediately grabbed the other woman's forearm. Without warning, both Vampire and Unspeakable had teleported away to their destination in a burst of black smoke.

The glowing blood red circle had formed into a map of Scotland with one word pulsating brightly.

Hogwarts Castle Of Witchcraft And Wizardry

In a matter of minutes the power would fade, leaving nothing behind.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Black Lake's shore

Despite the approach of the summer season, the skies surrounding Hogwart's School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry was covered by the presence of dark clouds. Completely blotting out the sun's rays the landscape was cast into dim facade of night. It was as if nature itself was mourning the passing of Albus Dumbledore.

The massive funeral that had begun at dawn was attended by almost the entire British Wizarding world. Dignitaries from various foreign nations had arrived from all over the Western Wizarding World to pay their respects. Despite the ceremony having ended earlier on in the afternoon, a small handful of magical folk still remained to pay their respects.

As such, in the dying sunlight, the entire area surrounding the white marble sarcophagus had been illuminated by floating crystals. The dying sunlight penetrating the cloud cover and bathe dimly in a surreal blue glow, the gravesite had a feeling of mysticism about it.

Enchanted both by the tranquility and respect for his friend and mentor, Harry Potter felt his anger slowly diminish. Hooded and hidden beneath his invisibility cloak he stood upon the shores of the Black Lake. Out of way of any of those paying their respects, Harry fingered the smooth glass of an ampoule containing his emergency supply of Mandrake Restorative Potion.

His hunt for his mentor's murderers had finally hit a dead end.

Standing there, looking upon the marbled grave the Unspeakable was finally able to calm down and think clearly. He noted with slight amusement that his supposed sarcophagus was in close proximity to his mentor's. Dumbledore, he believed, would have wanted to be laid to rest beside his beloved sister, despite his love for Hogwarts. He could understand the idea as he too would rather be beside his loved ones. He made a mental note to add that into his will. He didn't like the idea of becoming a public monument to be gawked at. While the Headmaster had become used to the attention of the media, Harry himself preferred his privacy.

His thoughts then shifted to the glass tube in his palm. Maintaining a partial Animagus transformation, especially one with as much changes he had, was ill advised. Human and Draconian physiologies were just not meant to mix. As such it was probably a good idea to revert before anything permanent occurred. Seeing no more need for his Draconian strength and abilities, he downed the potion in a single gulp. Wincing at the horrid taste upon his enhanced senses he tossed the phial away towards the Forbidden Forest.

Slowly he could feel the effects of the potion setting in. He frowned at the feelings of goose bumps crawling over his skin as the Draconian transformation reversed. Just as his senses slowly dimmed he took the chance to take in the sight of Hogwarts and its surrounding grounds with his superior eyesight.

Out of the corner of sight, with his dragon eyes catered towards movement, he spied a slight flicker in the rays of light that shone through the clouds. His sensitive eyes had caught one of the light streams bending slightly.

Harry frowned at the phenomenon. The only thing that he knew distorted light in such a fashion was the Disillusionment Charm. Turning in the general direction he concentrated upon the various light streams.

His eyes once again caught the wavering of another beam. Whoever the person that was under the Disillusionment Charm most definitely didn't want the attention of the general populace nor the Auror guards on protection detail surrounding Dumbledore's final resting place.

Blinking, Harry focused and his field of view suddenly entered the infrared spectrum. The advantage was short lived as the restorative properties of the Mandrake's roots forcibly returned his eyes to human ones. Harry made a grunt of irritation at his earlier decision to take the potion.

Once ingested the properties of the potion could last up till approximately six hours, during which, he would be unable to attempt any sort of bodily transformation. He frowned as he noted that even Mage Sight was impossible. At least in that short frame of time, he had managed to discern the general direction in which the figure had been headed.

He was just mentally reviewing what spells he new that would allow him sight of invisible entities, when he remembered the presence of his pair of glasses nesting within one of his numerous pockets.

Donning the visual aid, he engaged the infrared feature and had to blink at the sudden influx of colors. Immediately everything was in shades of blue and green. It was very much different from his Draconian version, where he instinctively knew what was hotter than the other.

The boy turned Unspeakable grinned in satisfaction as he easily spotted a large blob of red and yellow hues amongst the blue and green background.

Shooting off another silencing spell at his boots, Harry moved across the shore of the lake towards the edge of the Forbidden Forest where the figure seemed to be waiting.

It took him a while but the figure remained in place as if he were waiting for someone.

The low visibility cast by the shadows of trees made it hard to discern the identity of the figure that had dropped the charm and was now leaning upon a tree.

Harry drew his wand but held his fire. Suspicious behavior or not, it wouldn't do to shoot first and question later. Despite how appropriate it may seem. It was after all a standard procedure that most Unspeakables out in the field remain unnoticed till it was deemed necessary.

"Basilisk." He called out the identification password when he was near enough.

"Sectumsempra!"

Only his finely tuned reflexes born of dodging bludgers and combat spells saved his head as the figure immediately whipped around and unleashed a curse at his center of mass. Despite his invisibility cloak's ability the spell was dead on target.

Harry dived out of the way as the spell promptly carved multiple lacerations into the bark of a tree. He rolled once before jumping to his feet as another spell impacted the ground. His invisibility cloak abandoned, he waved his wand.

"Leucuspis." Harry whispered under his breath and summoned his favored method of protection.

A total of seven white shimmering shields were erected around him. Capable of negating all curses except the Avada Kedavra that simply cleaved through just about anything, the shield had a single drawback. No matter what the spell, one spell blocked resulted in

one barrier lost. That and another shield spell immediately terminated its effects.

The solution to this, dodge.

'Dodge like hell.' Was Harry's main thought as he sought cover behind the massive trunk of an ancient tree. Whoever this man was, he was good.

Spells continued to barrage his shelter as his opponent preferred to keep his distance, before Harry felt his skin crawl from a massive power build up. Immediately he dashed from his cover.

It was not a moment too soon as out of the corner of vision a bright red spell blew the tree apart.

He flared his cloak shielding his face from the shower of splinters and shrapnel as a barrage of spells eliminated four of his shields. Attempting to engage his Line Of Sight Apparation cost him another two barriers as the discovered that Hogwarts warded against even that form of travel. Instead he jinked to the left to avoid another and retaliated with a small barrage of inconsequential curses made to annoy.

The hooded figure erected a power golden shield that absorbed all his spells before dropping it. The action, however, had bought Harry enough time to dash towards his opponent, rapidly closing the distance. He tossed his wand aside and drew his melee weapon in a swift motion.

Two more curses were deflected haphazardly by the swing of his sword and a third harmlessly splashed upon his chest negating the final shield. Unable to recover from his earlier swings, Harry released his weapon and laid into his opponent with a devastating hay maker.

He flicked his wrist, drawing another wand and immediately followed

up with an overpowered Disarming Hex. His opponent already stumbling was blown further back by the spell at almost point blank range.

The figure's impact on the forest floor was cushioned by the leaf litter and was quick to roll back to a standing position.

Harry snarled in annoyance as his stunner was blocked as his opponent had flung his cloak at the spell.

Finally divest of its cloak the figure's identity was easily recognized despite the dimly lit forest.

"Snape!" Harry growled out as his being filled with fury and malice. "I'm going to rip you apart!"

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Black Lake's shore

Both women had arrived at the gates of Hogwarts via Apparation and made their way towards the congregation of people by the lake's shore. Mary chose to remain hidden under her cloaks camouflage feature as an Unspeakable really did draw too much attention.

As they approached the funeral, Lucy's presence triggered a number of dark detectors which had been set up around the sarcophagus. A number of the floating blue stones begun flashing red and emitting a low buzzing sound.

"I'll get this one." A lone Auror spoke to the group surrounding the coffin.

Mary groaned in frustration as the Auror approached them with his wand drawn.

"What is your kind doing here, bloodsucker?" The Auror demanded as he stared at Lucy in contempt.

"I don't quite like your tone Auror." The Vampire's voice held a touch of frost as she stared down the larger man.

"Your kind is not welcomed here. leave!" The man ordered as he leveled his wand at her chest.

Lucy snorted. "I'm here simply to pay my respects to a man. Besides my presence here is in no violation of any laws, Wizard or Vampire."

"Listen here you..." The Auror made to grab the small female, but his words and advance were both halted when Mary dropped her disillusionment and concealment charms that had been hiding her presence beside the Vampire up till now.

"I would advise against your current thought process Auror." Mary step before the man, partially shielding Lucy with her body. "With the given warning by your detectors, you should be on full alert. Yet, your abilities must be severely lacking if you were unable to notice my presence beside her.

Mary saw his wand twitch. "I wouldn't try that if I were you. Your hostility is not appreciated." She tilted her head at his aimed wand. "At this range, I could easily disarm and incapacitate you. Imagine what a Vampire could achieve."

The man, to both ladies amusement had steadily gone from red to a nice purple coloration as the conversation went. It seemed he had enough when both women saw his fingers twitch.

"Stu..."

The Auror never got to finish his spell.

Mary immediately snapped into action. Slapping his wand arm away from her, she moved in and slammed the palm of her hand into the underside of his chin. Her attack was simultaneously followed up by Lucy darting around her and performing a jumping knee strike directly into his groin.

It was a rather peculiar sight as the Auror toppled backwards as his grab reflex floundered over which to grab, his crotch or his chin.

"Freeze! Back away!" Three other Aurors had reacted to their downed comrade and were approaching the women with their wands drawn.

The Unspeakable immediately held up her hands in a peaceful manner as she stepped away from the downed Ministry personnel. Lucy followed likewise but gave a snort of disgust as the Auror was now curled up in a fetal position as blood gurgled out his mouth from a bitten tongue. "That ought to shut him up for a while." She whispered.

Mary turned a raised an eyebrow, despite the hoods concealment charms, Lucy had been allowed sight. The Unspeakable however, still maintained her disguise. "The squirrel move?"

"Squirrel move?" The Vampire asked in confusion.

"Go for the nuts." Mary explained.

Lucy grinned and nodded her understanding. "I wanted to hit him where it hurts the most."

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Edge Of Forbidden Forest

Harry ducked behind another tree as a familiar buzz saw of purple fire ripped a large gash into trunk of the tree. Snape was in tip top shape as he always was. He conjured up his earlier multiple shield spell and prepared for a finishing move.

The Boy-Who-Lived hated to admit it but out of all his dueling instructors, Snape was probably ranked under Dumbledore who was the best.

Each had their own style with weaknesses and strengths. Dumbledore favored the use of Conjuration and Transfiguration before falling back on the use of extremely powerful spells of mass destruction. The down side to his style was that if your opponent could counter the initial tactic the use of rapid use of power demanding spells would quickly both tire you out and overload your wand's core.

Flitwick preferred his use of Charms to annoy and distract while he laid traps and slowly maneuvered his opponents into them. His small size easily allowed for him to dodge most incoming spells but made him rather slow at running. His style's cons were that they were useless against an opponent favoring spells of mass destruction.

Mad Eye Moody, the aged Auror used the typical Auror 'shoot, shield or duck' method. Its disadvantage was it required the presence of a squad to be effective and was once again rather susceptible to spells of mass destruction.

Snape himself preferred to instead barrage his opponents with an overwhelming repertoire of curses till they slipped up or their shields faltered. The technique was rather limited for use against single opponents and the user could be distracted. It was a style that emphasized taking your adversary down fast, before they could pull something out.

Finally, there was Harry's adopted style coming from Kingsley Shacklebolt. Wide, area of effect spells were key to this style as they were used to herd, maneuver and distract opponents so that the user may close the distance for close quarters combat. Knives, swords, fists and legs were used for this style. It required almost inhuman like reflexes, speed and agility, attributes Harry had in abundance.

Kingsley had pointed out that the style most suited Harry in that it required limited spell knowledge and was easy to pick up. That, and as the large Auror had said, 'Getting in close induces panic and makes them retaliate predictably. Most Magical folk are unfit and untrained in the physical aspects of dueling and combat. Those that are, are usually too old to match up to us spry, young lads. Besides, we can Kung Fu fight.'

Harry chuckled at the last line and was satisfied to note that Snape's nose had been broken by his earlier straight on punch. The greasy git's hooked nose was even more prominent now and a stream of red stained the lower parts of his face.

Once again he had to abandon his cover as it blew apart, he lost two layers as he weaved around the jets of multicolored light and flung a small glass orb at his assailant.

Predictably, Snape retaliated and blasted the thrown projectile before it got anywhere near him. It had actually been nearer to Harry than it was to the Death Eater, which was why he probably wasn't as affected by the brilliant blast of light searing into his eyeballs as the flash grenade prematurely detonated.

Harry, who had shut his eyes and covered with cloak, dashed in a zigzagged pattern at the ex Potion's Master. He felt three more layers fall as they absorbed the man's blind fire.

Recovering far too quickly Snape focused on the incoming human missile and fired off the all purpose win spell.

"Avada Kedavra!"

Harry's eyes widened as the green spell of death cleaved through his remaining shields and impacted his chest. At the same moment he dove at the Death Eater, wand aimed directly for his eye socket.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Black Lake's shore

Mary rolled her eyes as the Aurors surrounded the two of them. She blamed Harry for his sarcastic attitude corrupting her. Even now she was starting to think their Aurors needed a refresher course in guard detail.

While it was true that Lucy was a Vampire and thus posed a rather significant danger. Committing all your Aurors to surround her was pretty stupid. So many things were wrong with that particular tactic. Firstly, Lucy's attack could have been a diversion to draw attention away from the grave, it was definitely working. Second, did they even know about suicide bombers? The Death Eaters were famous for it back in Voldemort's first rise to power, excluding the suicide part of course. She remembered Harry once telling her about a Death Eater who blew up an entire street while hiding his wand behind his back.

"Keep your hands where I can see them!" The Auror she assumed was the Captain of this team ordered.

"I'm an Unspeakable code Griffin 08." Mary's head twitched indicating her badge that was on display for all to see.

"I can see that, but it doesn't explain why Archie is on the ground there grasping his ding dongs." The man gestured at the downed Auror was receiving medical attention for his injured tongue. "Let me check your badge." The leader shot off an identification spell at her

badge and nodded in satisfaction as it glowed orange indicating it was an authentic Unspeakable identification.

Mary shrugged "I'm the guard detail for the Lady Lucy." She waved at the amused looking Vampire behind her. "Protective details tend to engage hostiles who attempt to curse after insulting their charges."

"I see." The Captain answered as he indicated for his men to stand down. "I'm Auror Captain Hayden, Ma'am, Lady." He nodded at the two. "I will have to file a report of assault against a Ministry personnel regarding this matter, Auror Archie Merlot will be question via Veritaserum in regards to your claims. I doubt I am authorized to arrest Unspeakables." He dismissed most of his men as the wounded Auror was Portkeyed away.

Mary nodded in compliance. She loved having Unspeakable immunity.

"May I enquire as to your purpose here?"

"I wish to pay my respects to the late Albus Dumbledore." Lucy finally stepped forwards to address the Captain.

"I see." The man waved two of his Aurors forwards. "These men will accompany you, I apologize, but those classified as dark beings have to be accompanied by a member of the Ministry."

Lucy glanced at her companion and turned back to the Captain with a raised eyebrow.

"I know." The man shrugged. "Just doing me job, consider it extra protection."

The two men approached. "I'm Auror..." His introduction never finished as loud pops distinctively echoed from the direction of the Forbidden Forest.

All present turned their heads.

"Sounded like a muffled explosions." One of them commented.

"James?" Lucy questioned.

"James." Mary confirmed as she turned to the Aurors. "Hold the fort Captain. We'll handle this." She pointed at the two Aurors assigned to them. "You two follow me." Not allowing them to reply, the two women shot off sprinting towards the woods.

"What are you waiting for? Move!" Captain Hayden ordered. "Go! Go! Go!"

The two men jumped and begun chasing after the two females.

"Tell me why we became Aurors again?" One asked the other.

"Shut up Peterson." The other immediately replied as if it were a common question.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Edge Of Forbidden Forest

The green lance that was the infamous Killing Curse dispersed upon contact with Harry's chest. As per the rules governing its proper use, the curse was rendered harmless when hastily cast.

From then onwards, it was the perfect demonstration of all three Isaac Newton's laws of motion.

Any object in motion will remain in motion unless acted upon by an external force. With his full body weight behind his dive, nothing

much could have interrupted the impossible collision from occurring.

The amount of force an object contains is determined by the multiplication of its mass and acceleration. While not a rugby player, Harry's mass was still rather considerable. When compared to the thin Death Eater, it wasn't even a challenge as to which was heavier.

When comparing the affect of an object in motion against one that is stationary, motion always wins. Harry's death blow with his wand aimed at Snape's eye faltered and missed. However his follow up punch and tackle didn't. Both men were thrown to the forest's floor in a tangle of limbs and robes.

Every action results in an equal and opposite reaction. Snape's attempted use of a lethal spell removed all chances he had for survival against Harry's philosophy, not that it really mattered in the first place. Action, Snape attacked. Reaction, Harry pummeling the grease bag the moment he gained an advantage.

Being the more experienced in close quarters combat and physically inclined, Harry easily dominated during their struggle and mounted his opponent.

Harry's third face punch of the day smashed the cartilage that was the Potions Master's nose. The following left hook twisted the man's head so sharply that the cracking of vertebra could be heard clearly.

The Unspeakable flicked his left wrist drawing another wand. He had just been about to deliver the death blow via eye socket piercing when a powerful blow slammed into his side.

Harry let lose a yell of surprise and pain as he was bodily thrown off the Death Eater. His flight through the air ended abruptly as he clipped the edge of a fallen tree before crashing backwards into the ground.

The impact with the soft leaf litter negated any damage sustained. However, the collision with the tree left his right arm with pain every time he tensed the muscles.

Harry grimaced, the bone were undoubtedly cracked if the stinging internal pain was any indication.

Forcing down the pain, both hands reached into his robes. Drawing an additional two wands from his waist holsters, Harry gritted his teeth as he assessed the new situation.

"Five wands?" The newcomer who had summoned his discarded three mentioned in surprise.

The Boy-Who-Lived noted that his wands protective enchantments had failed to kick in if his unknown assailant's non barbecued status was anything to go by.

"Rather nasty runes you have there." The hooded newcomer pointed out as he inspected the captured weapons. Harry tensed as he realized this Wizard was most definitely more powerful than Snape. The figure's posture seemed almost relaxed as he commented on the wand's protections. Harry however noted that his wand, while lowered, was held in a position where it could easily unleash a variety of spells at a moment's notice.

"I don't remember any Death Eaters at your level. Voldemort must be doing something right with his new recruitment plan." Harry taunted as he moved closer towards a tree should he require cover.

"Death Eater?" The man almost seemed appalled. "Given our current situation I can see how." He chuckled and dropped two of Harry's wands by his feet but retained the original Phoenix feathered one. "Isn't that right Harry?"

Beneath his hood, Harry Potter's eyes widened momentarily. "You do

know that I'll probably have to kill you now." The green eyed youth spoke calmly despite being slightly freaked out.

"I very much doubt that." The hooded figure held his wand out clearly.

Harry's eyes widened as he had most definitely recognized the unique make of his opponent's wand. Elder, Old and gnarled like a piece of driftwood. It was probably the only one of its kind that he had seen and only one person possessed such a unique wand.

"Fuck me!" Harry commented as he rolled his eyes in annoyance.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Edge Of Forbidden Forest

By the time small group consisting of one Unspeakable, a Vampire and two Aurors made it to the site of battle, Harry had already propped himself against a tree, right arm in a conjured up sling.

"You're late, as usual." Harry drawled as he spied the two approaching Aurors who were both red in the face from running.

"For once I would actually like to see the Department Of Law Enforcement show up to a public disturbance on time." Harry took advantage of the men's lack of breath.

Turning to his companions he raised an eyebrow in slight surprise at their presence. "That goes for you too Mary, hang around those Aurors too long and you'll begin to pick up their bad habits."

"James? You look like shit." Mary gestured at his slung arm and the blood staining his right shoulder.

Lucy gave a sniff. "Smell like it as well." She commented with a smirk.

Harry shrugged. "It's a forest, there's bound to be some crap on the ground."

"What's going on here?" One of the Aurors had finally recovered from their all out dash trying to keep up with the two women.

Harry sighed and rolled his eyes. "The correct question, Auror, would be, 'What happened here'."

Silence enveloped the five for a few seconds before the Aurors realized that they weren't going to get an answer.

"What happened here?" The man seemed confused.

"What do you think?" The emerald eyed youth replied sarcastically. "There's a mush of grey matter between your ears man, I suggest you use it." He turned to Lucy. "Why don't you show the good man how it's done."

Mary slapped a hand to her forehead in frustration. Her partner seemed to have something against the Department Of Law Enforcement. "Please don't piss the Aurors off James."

"Why not? He seems to be doing their jobs from the looks of things." Lucy pointed out as she looked at the destroyed trees where they stood. "I would go with the assumption that someone who didn't belong thought it was a good idea to attack the funeral. The Unspeakable here found them and a small duel took place. Seeing no body and an injured person I assume that our friend here chased them off."

"You see that." Harry pointed out. "No questions asked and already

she's got the whole scene pegged." Harry noted that the two were probably still rookies and had never encountered the likes of an Unspeakable before.

The lost look on the two sort of clued him in.

He rolled his eyes. "You're now supposed to remind me to submit a statement to my superior that will liaise with yours."

"Er... right." The man's partner agreed.

Harry rolled his eyes. The Aurors Corps were looking less and less inviting if they had really let themselves go this badly. "Medic."

"What?" The Aurors looked around.

"I'm bleeding with an arm in a sling and I just came out of a small battle. Most people would ask if I require a healer." Harry tilted his head at his wounded shoulder.

"Do you..."

"Never mind." Harry cut the man off and grabbed a hold of his partner's arm. "Lucy, grab hold." He instructed.

The Vampire reached out and caught a fistful of his robes before he activated his personal Portkey.

"Hey..." The Auror called out but the Unspeakables and their companion had already disappeared.

"Well shit." One of them deadpanned. "What are we going to tell the boss?"

"What he to us to do." The second one replied. "Somehow I felt really stupid for a moment there."

"Unspeakables. They do that. Meeting one always make you feel like a rookie again."

"We are rookies!" The second pointed out.

"We have been Aurors for two years." The first informed him

"In the office, at a desk."

A moment of silence passed as the two men walked back towards their Captain.

"Tell me why we became Aurors again?"

"Shut up Peterson."

XXXXX

Location Unknown

"He's alive." Snape deadpanned.

"Quite remarkable isn't it. I admit that he was the one that inspired me to pull off my own version." The old man smiled. "Now lie still, you once again underestimated Mr. Potter, like many others do."

"That brat took me by surprise, Headmaster."

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled in amusement. "Really Severus, I find it hard to believe Mr. Potter would adopt the shoot first policy in such a situation."

Snape didn't answering but the gritting of his teeth told Dumbledore all the needed to know.

"In the mean time you get yourself healed up." The aged Wizard smiled as he cast another charm at the Potions Master's smashed in nose. Yes Harry was indeed becoming a force to be reckoned with. Pity he had decided to leave his two best friends out of the loop this time.

Oh he was no doubt certain they were hard on his trail. It was just a matter of how long Harry could stay hidden before they found him. Too bad he would need to interrupt them soon. He had more pressing matters that required their brand of fresh thinking.

Dumbledore smiled to himself as he conjured up bandages to bind his patient's ribs.

Snape's curses against the Potter spawn somehow seemed to bring a smile to the old man's face.

XXXXX

London – Number 12 Grimmauld Place – Library

"Vampires."

"Say what?" Ronald Weasley looked up from the tome of tracking charms he had been perusing.

"Vampires Ron." Hermione lifted the massive volume and dropped it before the red head, the weight of the book causing the old table to groan under the stress.

Ron always was amazed at how such a small person like Hermione could manage to lift and carry such heavy amounts of books without any strain. Being brought up in a magical environment his brain immediately supplied him with the most obvious answer. Magic.

"See here. It is stated here that while Werewolves are excellent trackers, Vampires greatly outclass them with both their excellent sense of smell and their own unique brand of magic." The bushy haired girl seemed excited after their numerous methods of trying to determine Harry's location had failed.

For a moment the two were almost certain that their friend was indeed truly dead. However, the fact that the charm always failed to locate anything meant that Harry was indeed alive and somehow blocking them. Even the dead gave off a location. Harry's was most definitely indicating he was not at Hogwarts and most certainly not encased in a marble tomb.

Hermione sniffed. Dumbledore's death had hit the two hard as they were the last ones to see him alive. Still the two of them were determined to find their friend and knock some sense into him. Remus was currently out of the country and promised to be back soon. Ginny was stuck at the Burrow aiding Mrs. Weasley renovate the place.

Hermione's musing was cut short when Ron pointed out the problem they had. "So all we need is a Vampire. Doesn't sound like someone you could easily find? Doesn't the Ministry keep a record of known Vampires?"

Hermione took a calming breath at the obvious statement. "No Ron, not just any Vampire can cast their version of a tracking spell. Only the powerful or aged ones can. That rules out the Ministry known ones."

"Bugger."

"Language Ron." Hermione warned as she pondered.

Her pondering was interrupted by someone Apparating directly into

the Black family library and startling the two.

Drawing her wand as Ron fumbled with his she was about to curse the intruder when she realized it was the last person she had expected.

Dumbledore smiled at the two students with his ever twinkling eyes. "Ah. Mr. Weasley, Miss Granger, I don't suppose you might have seen a peculiar locket while cleaning the house would you.

The two students could only stare in shock at the supposedly dead man.

XXXXX

Location Unknown – Unspeakable Safe House – Living Room

Harry grinned in amusement as Mary tripped on her own feet and over the couch as the Portkey deposited them in their living room. He supposed that giving what he knew of Tonks balance, it was a Metamorphmagus trait to be clumsy.

Lucy had moved to lean against the couch backrest as she looked upon the Unspeakable tangled in her own robes curse.

The Vampire then turned her attention to Harry himself. "I believe you were quite well verse in Vampire lore Harry Potter." Seeing his nod she continued. "Why did you leave without consulting me?"

Harry raised an eyebrow as he pushed back his hood. "I was not in the best state of mind for a discussion at that time, therefore not being able to make a rational decision I decided to send you here. Your safety is one of my responsibilities I believe."

Lucy seemed surprised at his argument "It is." She conceded. "However, it is also ultimately my decision if I should follow you into

danger as well."

"I'll make sure to inform you the next time I do so then my Lady."

"Please." The Vampire agreed.

"Now that you two are done, James, get out of those robes and take off that shirt. I just patched you up and already you're wounded." The other female made to relieve her partner of his shirt.

Harry sighed and decided to just accept the Asian girl's help.

"You do know that your blood smells absolutely heavenly." Mary mentioned as she gave him a fanged grin.

"Don't remind me." Harry mumbled as wondered how many flasks of Blood Replenishing Potion he was going to need. "On that note we are going to have to return to Hogwarts again."

"Why?" Both girls seemed surprised.

Harry grinned. "You'll never believe who I was dueling in that forest."

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Astronomy Tower

Funny little loophole Harry had noticed about the Hogwarts wards were that they were designed to only zap anyone who entered with the purpose of causing harm within the school on their mind. They were made this way he supposed or else not many would have been able to enter the castle's grounds at all.

This meant that those intending to carry out harm within the school were barred entrance, everything else was fair game. One could easily enter with intent to lure their victim out of the wards or in a fit of

rage commit murder.

It was sad really. The magical school had developed such a formidable reputation for its wards but that was just what they were, a reputation. Sure the castle was indeed excellent when standing up against a siege or invading army. It was however rather susceptible against small infiltration like attacks.

Sure they would be detected and the current Headmaster notified, unfortunately the famed protections were rather lacking until the castle was placed in full lock down. Too bad it took around hour to do so.

Five minutes to lock down, thirty to engage defensive wards and another thirty for the offensive ones, sad really.

At least he supposed it was beneficial for him this time round, seeing as he was breaking and entering. Then again it wasn't really so if he was still registered as a student here.

Harry had been banking on that little loophole that he would be seen as a regular student and not an intruder. Lucy, of course accompanied him but she and Mary were both awaiting him at the edge of the wards.

It had been a while since he did anything solo, his rampage did not count. He grimaced at the biting cold wind atop the tower and once again renewed his warming charm.

He had flown past the Astronomy Tower as he continued to scout out the Auror number before his attempt at entering. As the secret passages were no doubt being monitored he had chosen the most unexpected point of infiltration.

The front door.

It was perfect. It had heavy traffic and thus wasn't monitored with spells. The guards were a problem, but when one had an Invisibility Cloak, they became a minor inconvenience.

Judging by the four patrols of three outside the castle he could easily assume that there would be a further eight patrols within to both patrol and relieve those outside. This would come in handy if everything went south. At least he knew the number he had to deal with.

Thus, with great amusement that Harry Potter infiltrated the castle via the front door, flying over the heads of the Aurors and using the height of the corridors to his advantage to fly over the internal patrols.

XXXXX

Hogwarts School Of Witchcraft And Wizardry – Corridors

Minerva McGonagall had been immediately appointed as the new Headmistress of Hogwarts following Dumbledore's death. She had been voted in unanimously as there was simply no one else with as much experience in running the school as she.

Being the Deputy Headmistress already meant she knew most of the castle's administrative duties and seeing as Albus had been rather occupied with his other posts he had delegated most of his minor responsibilities to her and only took care of the important ones. As it was nothing new for her. The only difference was that she now had to go to the Headmaster's office to collect the documents rather than have Dumbledore send them via House Elf. She was considering shifting to the office but decided it was still too soon.

She had just spoken the password to the stone gargoyle when a voice coming from behind startled her.

"Sorry Professor."

"What..." She never finished as she slumped forwards from the stunner to the back.

Catching the Transfiguration teacher he carefully carried her and step onto the revolving stairs. He wasn't about to leave her out in the corridor when one of the patrols might come upon her.

Other than having to stun his ex Professor, it was probably going to be his most uneventful mission ever.

XXXXX

Ministry Of Magic – Level Nine: Department Of Mysteries – Head Unspeakable Office

"Sit down Harry." Nicholas looked positively haggard.

It had been a few days since the funeral and his breaking into Hogwarts before Harry decided to pay his boss a visit and give him an update on the situation.

Harry immediately regretted not coming to see him sooner. The aged Alchemist had taken the death of his long time friend pretty hard.

"Please get this over with, I'm busy."

"Well for starters, you aren't busy, you're just upset that Dumbledore went and kicked the bucket." Harry offered.

"So what if I am? He was a good friend and a student of mine. I'm certainly allowed time to grieve." Nicholas snapped.

Harry decided to cut the old man some slack.

"Oh quit the moaning and mourning, he isn't as dead as you think."

"What?" Flamel looked alert again.

"Irritating old man like you and him just don't go and kick the bucket, unless it's natural and in your sleep. In your case, you missed yours a few centuries ago." Harry theorized.

"Oh hush. Now what's Albus gone and done this time?"

"Well, I had just returned from the mission with the Vampires and needed to get a flask of Mandrake Restorative Potion. I'll hand in that report in a few days. Everything was in the usual Potter style."

Nicholas sighed in that regard.

"Anyway, I saw the Prophet's headline and lost it."

"Would that be why we have three dead members of society that were suspected Death Eaters?" Nicholas interrupted.

"No idea what you mean old man." Harry calmly replied.

The Head Unspeakable simply grunted. "Continue."

"I turned up at Hogwarts to pay my respects. Dumbledore's funeral had ended but there were still some people arriving. So I stayed back when guess who I saw hiding out in the Forbidden Forest." Harry smiled.

"I would hazard a guess that it was our dear old Albus."

"No, actually it was Snape, and predictably I went after him. Him involved with killing Dumbledore and all that, you know." Nicholas nodded in understanding at Harry's words.

"I hope you didn't hurt him too bad."

"Nothing permanent. I was just about to pike his brain when the old codger decided to show up. Seems like he faked his death with the Draught Of Living Death. Smart of him really, getting Voldemort off his back and ensuring Snape a new position in the inner circle. Too bad he left the Wizarding community in turmoil with the loss of another leader."

"You're skipping a lot of details Harry." Nicholas observed.

"Telling you only what's important. Anyhow, Dumbledore realized that I too wasn't dead, told me he left me something in his office and that it would help. Do you have any idea how hard it is to break into the Headmaster's Office? The stupid gargoyle statue was layered with so many charms that my eyeglasses nearly blinded me when I enabled the Mage Sight, had to knock McGonagall out to get in. Just for that, I took all his journals as well."

"You could have brought this to me sooner you know. The funeral was five days ago." Flamel looked irritated.

"Would you rather I didn't tell you at all? Besides, I had over a century's worth of crap to read through."

"So you only care because you found something important?"

"Nope, I would have come in here sooner or later to drag you out of your funk. My curiosity won out when it came to Dumbledore's life stories. Did you know he managed to get drunk with a pair of nuns back in his seventh year?"

"Interesting." Flamel deadpanned. "Anything of actual importance?"

"Important as in Dumbledore had a crush on Marilyn Monroe, or Voldemort related work?"

Nicholas looked fairly tempted to ask Harry on the crush part but his sense of duty won true. "The Voldemort part."

"In that case, do you know what a Horcrux is?" Harry suddenly asked.

"An extremely dangerous and dark piece of soul magic. I suggest that you don't go attempting it." The old man advised without really taking much time to think.

"I don't intend to anytime soon. I like my existence the way it is, thank you. It's just that Dumbledore suggested that Riddle might have created several in his quest for immortality. The later entries confirmed that he did in fact make several. The Vampires themselves confirmed it as well."

"How many?"

"Six, including himself, seven." According to Albus.

"Sweet Merlin." Nicholas exclaimed.

"A magically powerful number, if not a tad foolish to go splitting your soul into so many fragments."

"Indeed. Do the notes tell of what they are?"

"You'll be happy to know that several of the more recent entries mention their supposed identities in detail. Two have been destroyed and the other five are missing."

"Any clues as to what they are?"

"Funny enough, the first was the diary of Tom Marvolo Riddle back in my second year. The other is Slytherin's Ring. Dumbledore took care of that one. The rest according to his latest notes are Slytherin's

Locket, Ravenclaw's Tiara, Hufflepuff's Cup, Nagini, and Volde himself. The last entry stated he had gone after the locket but failed as it had been replaced by a Death Eater with the initials R.A.B. He seemed in a rush and said he was heading to go destroy the real locket."

"How did Dumbledore come to the conclusion regarding the identities of these Horcruxes?"

Harry shrugged. "Said Voldemort had a slight fetish for collectibles involving the founders of Hogwarts. So he just kept an eye out for missing collectibles. Sure enough, bam, missing ring, locket and goblet. The tiara he questioned the Ravenclaw ghost and Nagini he figured out from my dream back in fifth year. Pity he didn't mention how he was tracking them down."

"You'll figure it out. However, this R.A.B fellow... Curious." Nicholas mumbled as he pondered over the information for a while.

He then went to his filing cabinet and extracted a folder in which he leafed through very quickly.

"Gotcha." He exclaimed and tossed the thick parchment to Harry.

"The youngest Seeker in a century caught it easily enough.

"you have got to be kidding me?" He said when he had barely started.
"Regulus Augustus Black?"

"He fits the profile of known Death Eaters with the initials R.A.B."

"This is almost as interesting as my next piece of juicy information." Harry offered.

"Why is it that you seem to do Raven and Phoenix Division's jobs better than they do?"

"Because I'm the great Harry Potter. You can hide information but I'll find out soon enough." Harry gloated.

Flamel groaned. "What's the rest?"

"Just a small pet theory I have yet to test and confirm. It involves the Horcruxes and a few past memories."

"Nothing is ever small with you." Nicholas noted.

"I don't think there are seven Horcruxes." Harry stated ignoring him.

"I'm not going to like this am I."

"Not really, no."

"So theorize away."

"Seven is a powerful magical number right? Voldemort chose it for the ultimate bad and evil take over the world reason. This was good and all for him because with the lucky number seven he was winning the war back in his first rise."

"Until you came along." Flamel added.

"Yes. He was only defeated because the prophecy said so. I guess that fate didn't really like him. All that killing must have come back to bite him in the ass. Karma's really a bitch when she wants to be."

Nicholas grunted and waved Harry to go on.

"That brought me to realize something. If he had the power of the magical number seven backing him all the time, why did he fail when ever he tried to resurrect himself back in my first and second year?"

"Someone's been busy playing with his Pensieve I see."

Harry ignored him.

"He should have succeeded easily, not that I'm complaining of course. I believe that ole Moldy Shorts screwed up on All Hallows Eve by creating an eight Horcrux."

"Eh? I think I've lost you there Harry." Nicholas spoke slowly running the idea in his head.

"They say that a murder carried out in cold blood tears at your soul. Dark spells can then be used to completely sever the soul and infuse it into an object. Hence the creation of a Horcrux. Through ways that shall not be known, I discovered that my family is actually descendants of Godric Gryffindor."

"Actually you didn't need to use illegal means to find out Harry. Quite a few people know about this piece of information." Nicholas said.

Harry chose to ignore him. "I think Voldemort really chose to come to my house to obtain a possession of Gryffindor, killing my family off was a bonus as well. Killing three birds with one visit and all that. After all he did try to apply for the Defense position at Hogwarts to get at Gryffindor's Sorting Hat, but failed."

"Woah slow down. You mean he wanted to transfer one of his existing Horcruxes into an item of Gryffindor?"

"Completely possible if a tad dangerous, but hey, we're talking Voldemort here. Anyhow, I believe that when Riddle killed my parents he obviously tore at his soul, the rebounded killing curse was the perfect catalyst to rip it, thus creating a soul fragment and my scar."

"So he did get to infuse an item of Gryffindor after all." Flamel joked.

"I think me being human and very much alive classifies me as a being and not an item." Harry stated.

"Why do you think this Harry?"

"See, with eight fragments, Voldie was doomed to failure every time he tried to resurrect himself because lets face it eights an unlucky number in Arithmancy. Fortunately for him, I destroyed one of his Horcruxes in second year making the total number seven again. Hence his luck changed. Wormtail rescued him, his rebirth went ahead and he's had a complete year to plot. That and I start pinging when I get near one of his other little soul repositories."

"So you're saying that Dumbledore destroying one of the other fragments would mean that our luck would start to change?"

"Certainly looks like it." Harry pointed out. "My recent exploits have been surely pissing him off. Not to mention that soon it would be down to five when Dumbledore gets the locket"

"True." Flamel nodded. "So, did you know five is also a powerful number?"

"Oh crap." Harry deadpanned.

Author's Note:

Alright, another update has been posted. I feel amazed that it's before the end of my examinations as well. The chapter would most probably contain an enormous amount of spelling, grammar, punctuation and plot errors as I haven't yet had time to check through and fix them. Not much time when I have an exam in two days time. On that note, Happy Chinese New Year to all you people out there.

Next one would be in about the same amount of time. Already written up most of the end, just need to fill the rest. Just 2 more chapters till

the end from here plus an epilogue of course.

In regards to my other Harry Potter story, it would be on permanent hiatus until I can work out how to fix all the bad plot developments and make a rewrite.

Innocence Of Guilt will be my main focus like it always has been.

As for Reality, my Evangelion piece, I very much recommend reading it and would probably update after I finish uploading the next chapter for Innocence Of Guilt.

For those of you who haven't watched Evangelion I advise watching the Rebuild Of Evangelion. The original was nice but extremely old, the new one is just simply amazing.

ENSIGN

Nunquam Lamiae Morde "Me Ictus"

CHP15